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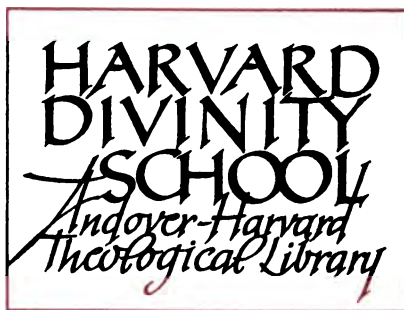
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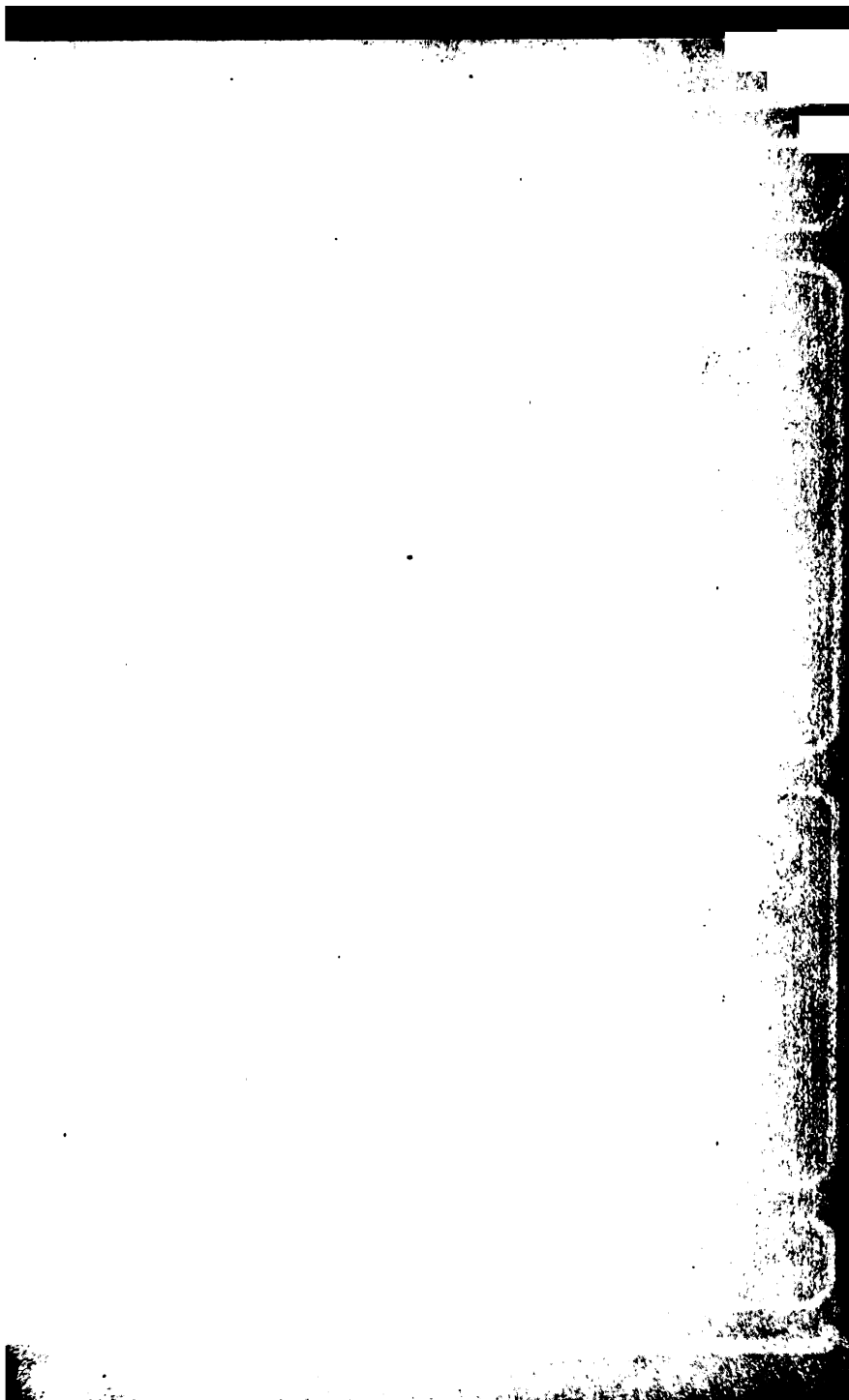


FROM THE ESTATE OF  
**Rev. Charles Hutchins**  
OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS  
*Received June 6, 1939*

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COMPILED BY THORO HARRIS

# ECHOES OF PARADISE

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF  
CHRISTIAN HYMNS SUITABLE  
FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND  
OTHER DEPARTMENTS OF  
RELIGIOUS WORK

CHAS. H. WOODMAN  
144 HAZOVIE STREET, BOSTON.



*Echoes*

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COMPILED BY THORO HARRIS



BOSTON  
CHAS. H. WOODMAN  
144 HANOVER STREET

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MAY 24, 1939

## PREFACE.

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"ECHOES OF PARADISE" is the fruit of an effort to meet the steadily increasing demand for a hymnal that shall fulfil all the requirements of the most advanced standard of musical taste. If, as one writer has felicitously observed, "the mighty harmony whose first full pulse almost burst the enraptured musician's heart descended through dim distances from the angel choir," then this book is not inappropriately named.

A special acknowledgment of indebtedness is due the REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., for the free use of valuable copyrighted music.

THE COMPILER.

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E 2  
17

# Echoes of Paradise.

1

## Where Loyal Hearts.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?  
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old;  
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here;  
 4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,  
 5. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great-ly long to see  
 6. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?  
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?  
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see him near;  
 I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot - less shore;  
 The spec - ial place my dear - est Lord In love pre - pares for me;  
 And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove;

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All  
 Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

STANZAS 1-5. Last STANZA.  
 rit. rall.  
 rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most holy sight. God's most holy sight.

# Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,  
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;  
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought re - mains su - preme sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

## CRORUS.

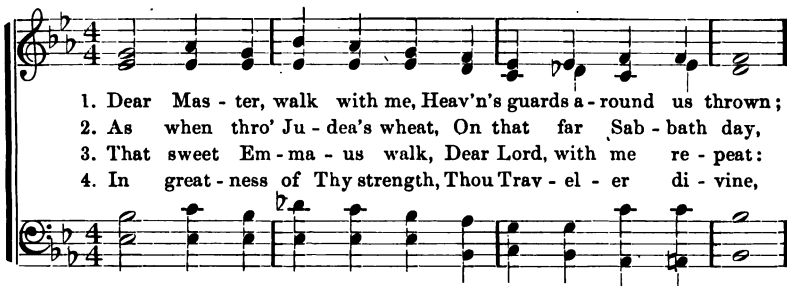
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)

What need I fear since thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me.

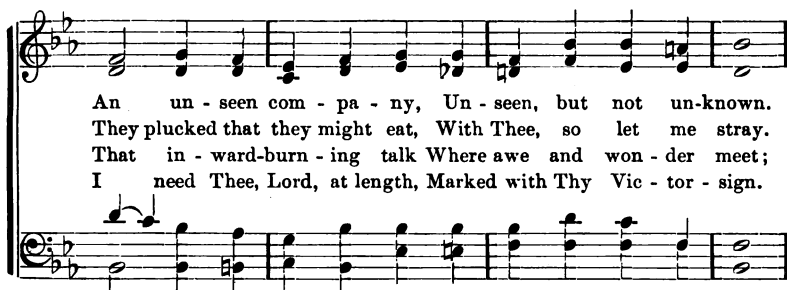
# Dear Master, Walk With Me.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

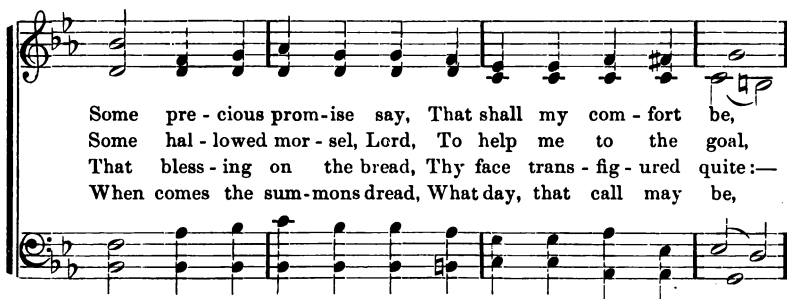
H. L. AMISS.



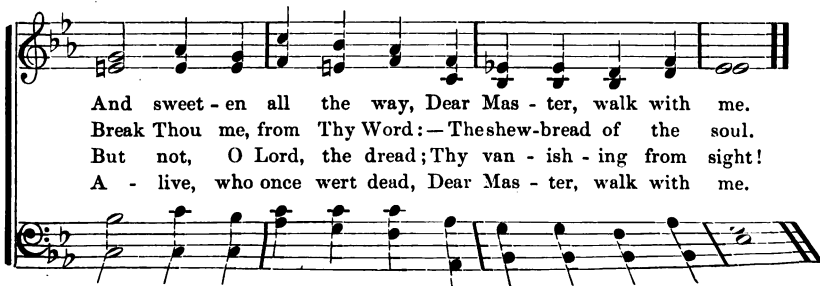
1. Dear Mas - ter, walk with me, Heav'n's guards a-round us thrown;  
 2. As when thro' Ju-dea's wheat, On that far Sab-bath day,  
 3. That sweet Em-ma-us walk, Dear Lord, with me re-peat:  
 4. In great-ness of Thy strength, Thou Trav-el-er di-vine,



An un-seen com-pa-ny, Un-seen, but not un-known.  
 They plucked that they might eat, With Thee, so let me stray.  
 That in-ward-burn-ing talk Where awe and won-der meet;  
 I need Thee, Lord, at length, Marked with Thy Vic-tor-sign.



Some pre-cious prom-ise say, That shall my com-fort be,  
 Some hal-lowed mor-sel, Lord, To help me to the goal,  
 That bless-ing on the bread, Thy face trans-fig-ured quite:—  
 When comes the sum-mons dread, What day, that call may be,



And sweet-en all the way, Dear Mas-ter, walk with me.  
 Break Thou me, from Thy Word:—Theshew-bread of the soul.  
 But not, O Lord, the dread; Thy van-ish-ing from sight!  
 A-live, who once wert dead, Dear Mas-ter, walk with me.



## The Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN L. GORCH.

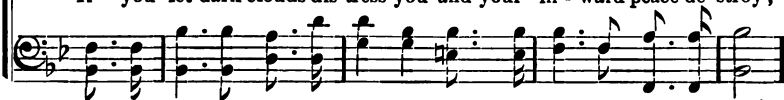
THORO HARRIS.



1. In the se-cret of his presence, how my soul de-lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shadow of his wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell him all my doubts and griefs and fears;
4. Do you think that I could love him half so well, or as I ought,
5. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se-cret of the Lord?
6. You will sure-ly lose the bless-ing and the ful-ness of your joy



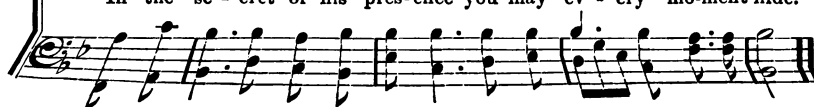
O, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side!  
 There is cool and pleas-ant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring;  
 O, how pa-tient-ly he list-ens, and my droop-ing soul he cheers!  
 If he did not tell me plain-ly of each sin-ful word and thought?  
 Go and hide be-neath his shad-ow; this shall then be your re-ward:  
 If you let dark clouds dis-tress you and your in-ward peace de-stroy;



Earthly cares can nev-er vex me, neith-er tri-als lay me low;  
 And my Sav-iour rests be-side me as we hold com-mun-ion sweet;  
 Do you think he nev-er reproves me? What a false friend he would be  
 No! he is so ver-y faith-ful, and that makes me trust him more;  
 And when-e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meet-ing-place,  
 You may al-ways be a-bid-ing, if you will, at Je-sus' side;



For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the "se-cret place" I go.  
 If I tried, I could not ut-ter what he says when thus we meet.  
 If he nev-er, nev-er told me of the sins which he must surely see!  
 For I know that he does love me, tho' he wounds me ver-y sore.  
 You must mind and bear the im-age of your Mas-ter in your face.  
 In the se-cret of his pres-ence you may ev-ery mo-moment hide.



# Lo, They Come, the Victors.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

Arr. from LOHENGRIN, by I. V. FLAGLER.

1. Lo, they come, the vic - tors! Ban - ners all are furled;  
 2. They have wash'd their rai - ment White, as snow is white;  
 3. Up the steeps they're throng - ing, The ce - les - tial heights,  
 4. To the Cap - tain's roll - call, All make an - swer, Here!

For the cross of Je - sus Con - quered has the world.  
 Clothed are they with glo - ry, As the sons of light.  
 Ah, what joys a - wait them, What su - preme de - lights!  
 Bless - ed of my Fa - ther, In His name draw near.

Marching home in triumph, Crowd the mighty throng, One their thorn-crown'd  
 Theirs the scars of bat - tle, When the fight was on; Theirs the shout of  
 Theirs the wedding-ban - quet For refreshment spread;—Like great seas the  
 This the purchased kingdom, This the vic - tor-song; The e - ter - nal

CHORUS.


Lead - er, One their vic - tor - song. In the high - est glo - ry,  
 tri - umph, Now the day is won.  
 cho - rus, By their voi - ces sped.  
 cho - rus; Pour its tide a - long.

He from heaven came; Mighty to de - liv - er, Shout a - loud his name.

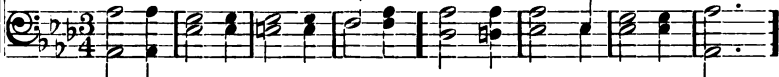

## More of Jesus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.



CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.




1. More of Je-sus, more of Je-sus, More of Je - sus, more and more;  
 2. Heav'nward race with patience running, Heav'nward race, that's set before,  
 3. Till from sin and death he win us, All our sor - rows here be-low,

Of his love from sin that frees us, Reign-ing love, that we a - dore.  
 Every weight and hindrance shunning,—More of Je-sus, more and more.  
 And his image form'd with-in us, We his per-fect love shall know.

God suf - fi-cient grace pro - vid-ing, On his cross we fix our eyes,  
 Things that are be-hind for - get-ting, Nev-er, nev-er our true Friend;  
 Then, all sor-row cast be - hind us, In his beau-ty we shall see



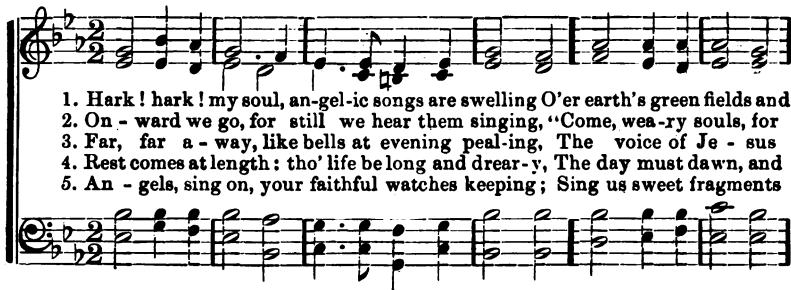

'Neath its shelt'ring shadow hid-ing, 'Neath the dy - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 Still our eyes up-on him set-ting, Look-ing, lov - ing to the end.  
 More of Je-sus, King Im-man-uel, Sovereign of e - ter - ni - ty.



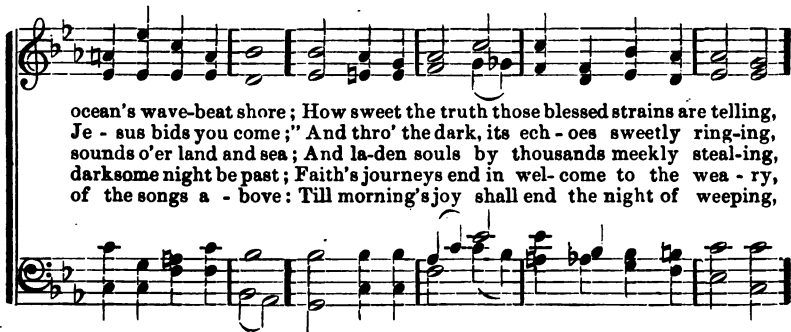
## Angels of Jesus.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

THORO HARRIS.

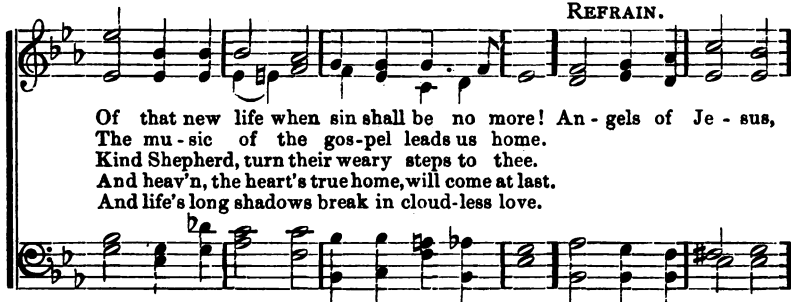


1. Hark ! hark ! my soul, an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus  
 4. Rest comes at length: tho' life be long and drear-y, The day must dawn, and  
 5. An - gels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments



ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,  
 Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweetly ring-ing,  
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,  
 darksome night be past; Faith's journeys end in wel-come to the wea - ry,  
 of the songs a - bove: Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

## REFRAIN.



Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,  
 The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.  
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.




an-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night.


## The Lord's Side.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.


THORO HARRIS.




1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?  
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm,  
 3. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,  
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe,  
 6. Chos - en to be sol - diers In an a - lien land,



Who will be his help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?  
 En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm;  
 But with thine own life - blood, For thy di - a - dem,  
 But the King's own ar - my None can o - ver - throw.  
 Chos - en, called and faith - ful, For our Cap - tain's band.



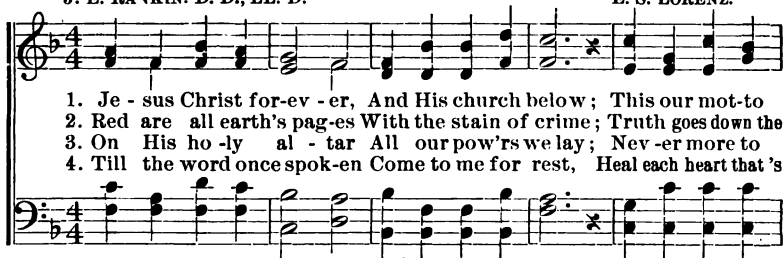
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?  
 But for love that claim - eth Souls for whom he died:  
 With thy bless - ing fill - ing Those who come to thee,  
 Round his stand - ard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;  
 In the ser - vice roy - al Let us not grow cold;



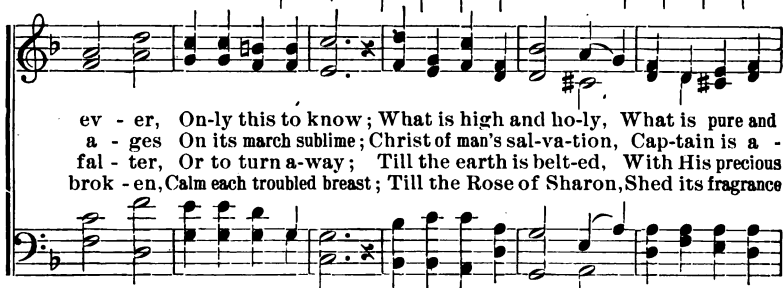
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?  
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on his side.  
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.  
 For his truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure.  
 Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true and bold. A - MEN.

# Jesus Christ Forever.

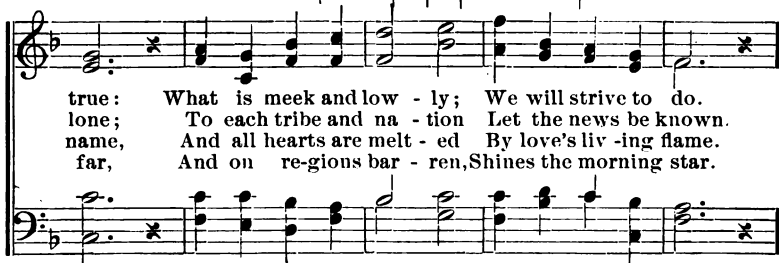
"For Christ and His Church." Motto of Y. P. S. C. E.  
J. E. RANKIN. D. D., LL. D. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Je - sus Christ for-ev - er, And His church below ; This our mot-to  
2. Red are all earth's pag-es With the stain of crime ; Truth goes down the  
3. On His ho - ly al - tar All our pow'rs we lay ; Nev - er more to  
4. Till the word oncespok-en Come to me for rest, Heal each heart that's



ev - er, On-ly this to know ; What is high and ho - ly, What is pure and  
a - ges On its march sublime ; Christ of man's sal - va - tion, Cap - tain is a -  
fal - ter, Or to turn a - way ; Till the earth is belt-ed, With His precious  
brok - en, Calm each troubled breast ; Till the Rose of Sharon, Shed its fragrance

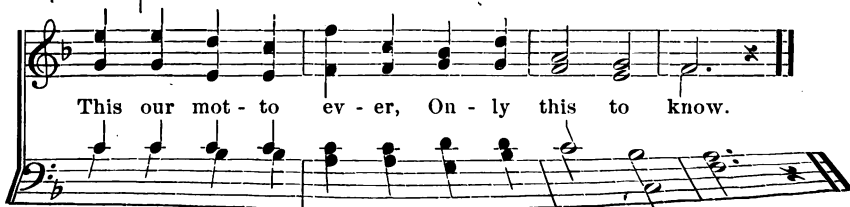


true : What is meek and low - ly ; We will strive to do.  
lone ; To each tribe and na - tion Let the news be known.  
name, And all hearts are melt - ed By love's liv - ing flame.  
far, And on re-gions bar - ren, Shines the morning star.

## CHORUS.




Je - sus Christ for-ev - er, And His church be-low,



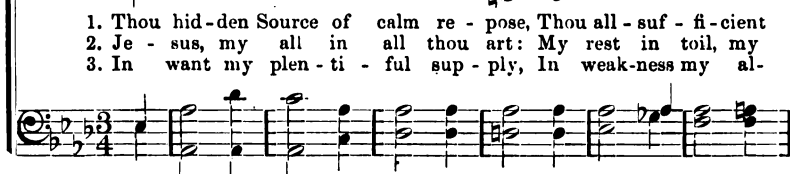

This our mot - to ev - er, On - ly this to know.

CHAS. WESLEY.

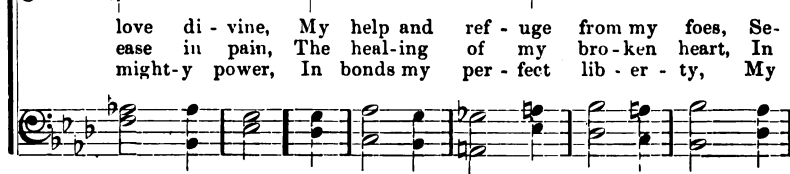

THORO HARRIS.



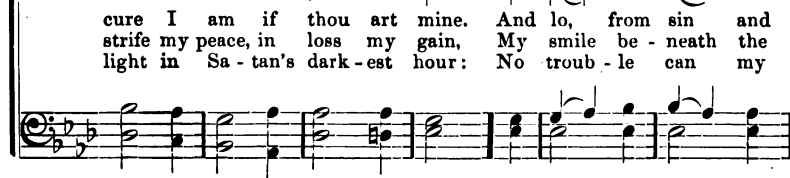

1. Thou hid - den Source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient  
 2. Je - sus, my all in all thou art: My rest in toil, my  
 3. In want my plen - ti - ful sup - ply, In weak - ness my al -

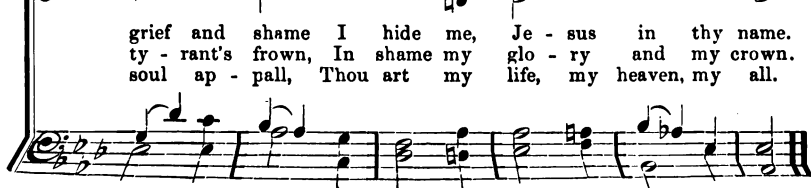
love di - vine, My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se -  
 ease in pain, The heal - ing of my bro - ken heart, In  
 might - y power, In bonds my per - fect lib - er - ty, My

cure I am if thou art mine. And lo, from sin and  
 strife my peace, in loss my gain, My smile be - neath the  
 light in Sa - tan's dark - est hour: No troub - le can my

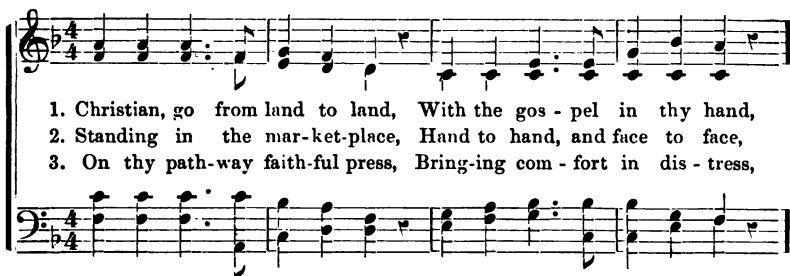
grief and shame I hide me, Je - sus in thy name.  
 ty - rant's frown, In shame my glo - ry and my crown.  
 soul ap - pall, Thou art my life, my heaven, my all.



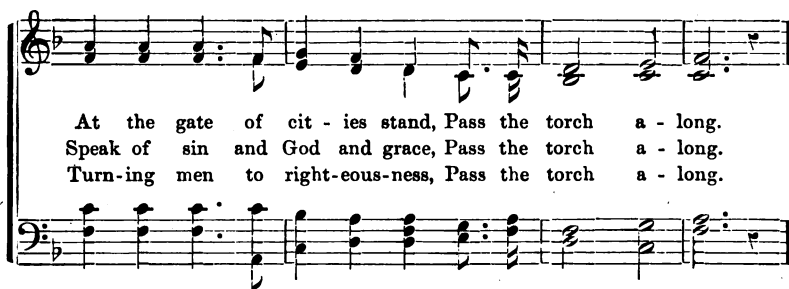
## Pass the Torch Along.

Words and Melody by J. E. RANKIN.

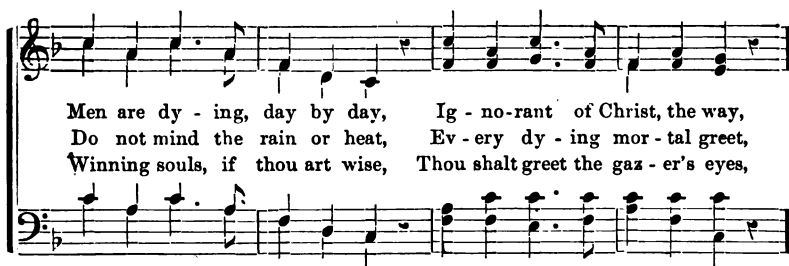
Harmony by O. H. EVANS.



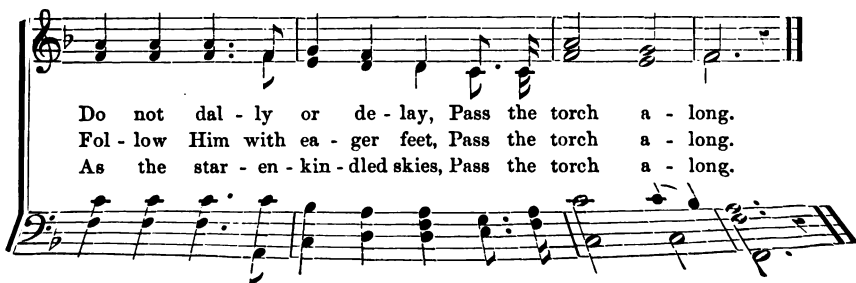
1. Christian, go from land to land, With the gos - pel in thy hand,  
 2. Standing in the mar-ket-place, Hand to hand, and face to face,  
 3. On thy path-way faith-ful press, Bring-ing com - fort in dis - tress,



At the gate of cit - ies stand, Pass the torch a - long.  
 Speak of sin and God and grace, Pass the torch a - long.  
 Turn-ing men to right-eous-ness, Pass the torch a - long.



Men are dy - ing, day by day, Ig - no-rant of Christ, the way,  
 Do not mind the rain or heat, Ev - ery dy - ing mor - tal greet,  
 Winning souls, if thou art wise, Thou shalt greet the gaz - er's eyes,



Do not dal - ly or de - lay, Pass the torch a - long.  
 Fol - low Him with ea - ger feet, Pass the torch a - long.  
 As the star - en - kin - dled skies, Pass the torch a - long.

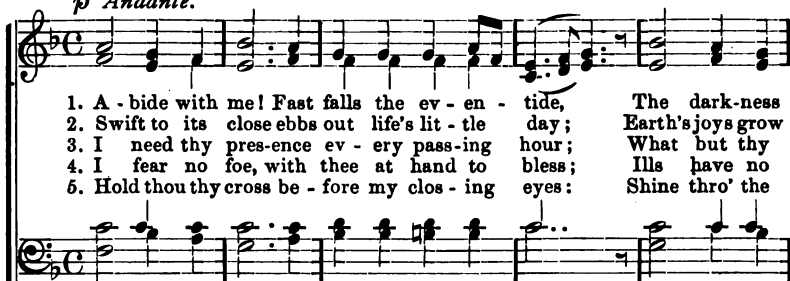


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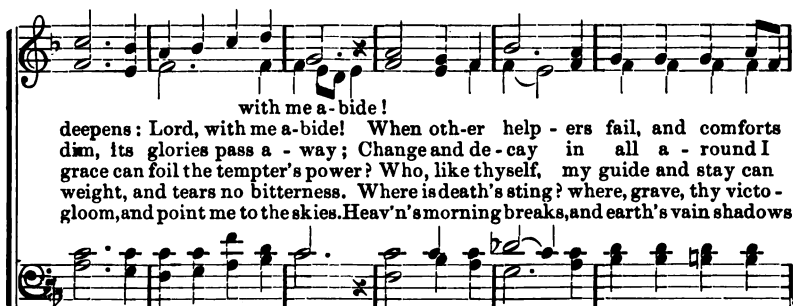
## Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

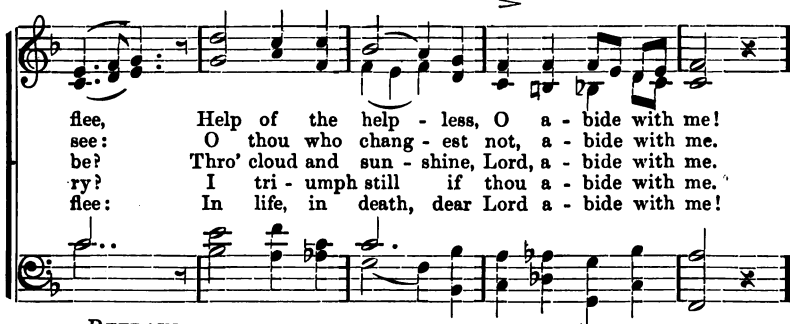
Adapted from LICHNER by THORO HARRIS.

*p Andante.*


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide,      The dark-ness  
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle      day;      Earth's joys grow  
3. I need thy pres-ence ev - ery pass-ing hour;      What but thy  
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;      Ills have no  
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes:      Shine thro' the



with me a-bide!  
deepens: Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts  
dim, its glories pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I  
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can  
weight, and tears no bitterness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victo-  
gloom, and point me to the skies. Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows



flee,      Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!  
see:      O thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
be?      Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.  
ry?      I tri - umph still if thou a - bide with me.  
flee:      In life, in death, dear Lord a - bide with me!

## REFRAIN.

*Piu Allegro.*


Lord, a - bide with me,      Lord, a - bide with me,      Sail - ing

A - - bide with me, a - - bide with me,

## Abide With Me. Concluded.

o'er life's dark, tem-pestuous sea, 'Till earth's shadows flee I will

A - bide with me, a -

trust in thee; Ev - er - more a - bide with me.

bide with me,

13

## Belden. 7.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lord of all— a - bun - dant grace, We would now to thee re - turn;  
2. We have wandered from thy way, Left the bright and heavenly road,  
3. Yet we turn to thee a - gain: Oh, do thou our souls re - store!

We would hum - bly seek thy face, All our sins and fol - lies mourn.  
We have quick - ly gone a - stray And de - part - ed from our God.  
Bid us wash a - way our stain, Go in peace, and sin no more.

## Lord Let Me Fly to Thee.

Words and Music by J. E. RANKIN.

1. Lord, let me fly to Thee, Near Thee, let me a - bide:  
 2. Like hunt-ed hart am I, But Thou canst save my soul;  
 3. Je - sus, I cling to Thee: Hid 'neath Thy shelt'ring wing,


Safe I can nev - er be, But in Thy side:  
 Since Thou hast stooped to die, Lord, make me whole:  
 Thou wilt my safe - ty be, Peace Thou wilt bring:

Wound - ed Thou wert for me, Nailed to the cru - el tree;  
 Cleanse Thou my heart with-in, Blot out my ev - 'ry sin;  
 When the last tem - pests rise And o - ver - cast the skies,


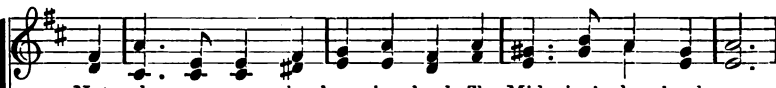
There's noth - ing but Thy blood Can do me good.  
 Form there Thine im - age new, Help me life through.  
 Harm can - not come to me, Hid - den in Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



THORO HARRIS.



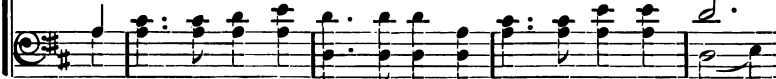

1. Not al - ways as the whirlwind's rush On Ho - reb's mount of fear;  
 2. Not al - ways thus, with outward sign Of fire or voice from heav'n,  
 3. But gent - ly, by a thou - sand things Which o'er our spir - its flash,  
 4. O then, if gleams of heav'n - ly light Flash o'er thy wait - ing mind,  
 5. Tho' her - ald - ed with nought of fear, Or out - ward sign or show,


Not al - ways as the burn - ing bush To Mid - ian's shep - herd seer,  
 The mes - sage of a truth di - vine, The call of God is giv'n,  
 Like breez - es o'er the harp's fine strings, Or va - pors o'er a glass,  
 Un - fold - ing to thy men - tal sight The wants of hu - man kind,  
 Tho' on - ly to the in - ward ear It whis - pers soft and low,

Nor as the aw - ful voice which came To Is - rael's shepherd bards,  
 A - wak - ing in the hu - man heart Love for the true and right,  
 Leav - ing their tok - en strange and new Of mu - sic or of shade,  
 If brood - ing o - ver hu - man grief The ear - nest wish is known  
 Tho' drop - ping as the man - na fell, Un - seen yet from a - bove,

Nor as the flash - ing tongues of flame Or gift of fear - ful words,—  
 Zeal for the Christian's bet - ter part, Strength for the Christian's fight.  
 The sum - mons to the right and true And mer - ci - ful is made.  
 To soothe or glad - den with re - lief An an - guish not thine own,  
 Si - lent as dew - fall, heed it well—Thy Fa - ther's call of love!



## 16

## Leave It With God.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

R. DEWITT MALLARY.

1. Leave it with God, yes, make full sur-ren-der, He is thy Fa-ther,  
 2. Leave it with God, who feed-eth the spar-row, Choo-seth for thee the  
 3. Leave it with God, for He is still near thee, Tell Him thy grief, He's  
 4. Leave it with God, thy losses, thou'lt gain them; Things that perplex thee,

watch-ful and ten-der, Help He will bring, to-day or to-mor-row;  
 path that is nar-row; Hear-eth the pray'r, un-ut-tered, un-spok-en;  
 wait-ing to hear Thee, Tak-er of gifts, as well as the giv-er;  
 He will ex-plain them, He is a Fa-ther, watch-ful and ten-der;

Leave it with God, to Him tell thy sor-row; Leave it with God.  
 Heal-eth with balm the heart that is bro-ken; Leave it with God.  
 Leave it with God, sure He will de-liv-er. Leave it with God.  
 He is a Fa-ther; make full sur-ren-der. Leave it with God.

Leave it with God, Leave it with God, To Him tell thy sor-row.

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## 17

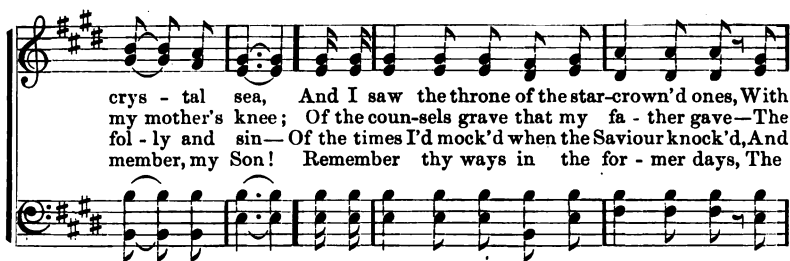
## In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

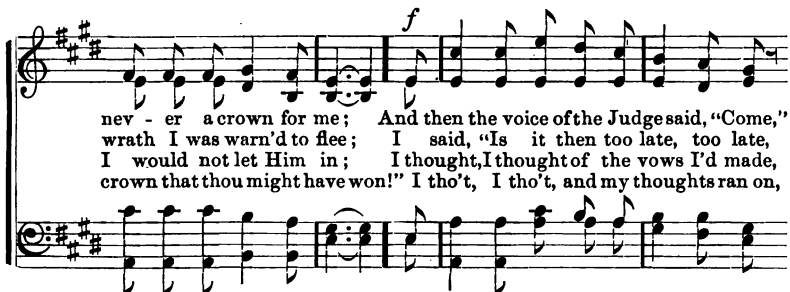
J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. I sat a-lone with life's mem-o-ries In sight of the  
 2. I thought me then of my child-hood days, The pray-er at  
 3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd wast-ed in  
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: "Re-mem-ber, re-

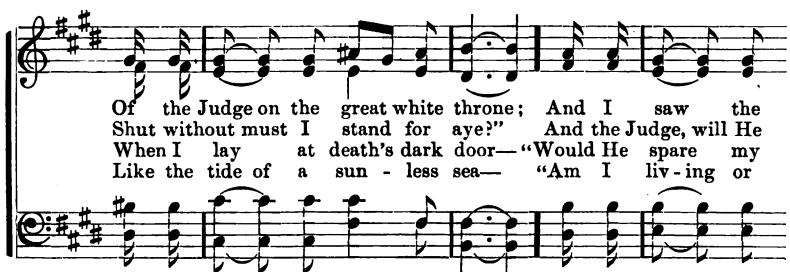
# In Sight of the Crystal Sea. Concluded.



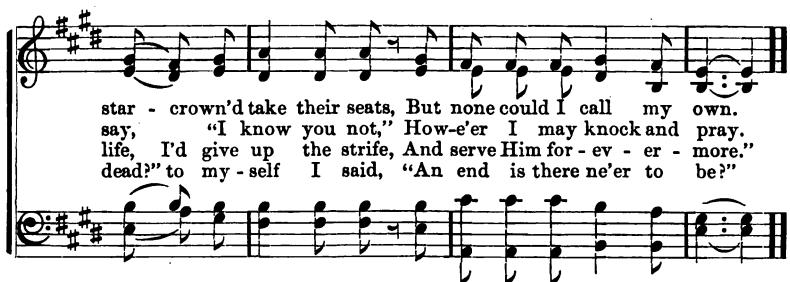
crys - tal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones, With  
my mother's knee; Of the coun-sels grave that my fa - ther gave—The  
fol - ly and sin—Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd, And  
member, my Son! Remember thy ways in the for - mer days, The



nev - er a crown for me; And then the voice of the Judge said, "Come,"  
wrath I was warn'd to flee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late,  
I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made,  
crown that thou might have won!" I tho't, I tho't, and my thoughts ran on,



Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the  
Shut without must I stand for aye?" And the Judge, will He  
When I lay at death's dark door—"Would He spare my  
Like the tide of a sun - less sea—"Am I liv - ing or



star - crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.  
say, "I know you not," How-e'er I may knock and pray.  
life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for - ev - er - more."  
dead?" to my - self I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"

5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,

How sweet was the light of day!

Melodious sounded the Sabbath bell

From towers that were far away,

I then became as a little child,

And I wept and wept afresh;

For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,

And given a heart of flesh.

6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,

And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,

And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd

I know there's a crown for me; ["Come,"

And when the voice of the Judge says,

Of the Judge on the great white throne,

I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crown'd

There's one I shall call my own. [one

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROM. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly manna still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet,

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

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19

## The Bitter Cup. S. M.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. A cup my Fa - ther held; I thought I heard my name;  
 2. I'm in my Fa - ther's hand, 'Tis he that bids me drink;  
 3. I need for oth - ers' woes A keen - er sense to feel;  
 4. There is no more with - in Than souls like mine re - quire;

I shuddered; should I be compelled To take and drink the same?  
 And if it be at his command, Why should my spir - it shrink?  
 To seek, in - stead of life's re - pose, My soul's e - ter - nal weal.  
 He knows the cure for death and sin, And brings the cup en - tire.

20

## Art Thou Heavy-Laden?

T. H.

MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Art thou heav - y - la - den? Is thy soul dis - tress?  
 2. "Leave thy sin and sor - row, Cast on me thy care;  
 3. While he of - fers par - don, Call - ing still for thee,  
 4. He will lead thee up - ward By his ten - der love

"Come to me," saith Je - sus, "Come, and I will give you rest."  
 Wait not till the mor - row Rolls its tide of grim de - spair."  
 Heed his pa - tient plead - ing, To his arms of mer - cy flee.  
 To a home of glo - ry In the realms of light a - bove.



## The Lord Bless Thee.

Num. 6: 24-26.

THORO HARRIS.

*p* The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord bless thee and

The Lord bless thee, the Lord keep thee, the Lord bless thee, bless

*cresc.* keep thee, and make his face to shine on thee and be gra - cious un - to

gracious un - to

thee and keep thee, and make his face to shine on thee and be gra - cious,

thee. . . . . The Lord lift up his coun-tenance up - on . . . . .

thee. . . . . The Lord, the Lord, the Lord lift up his

gracious un-to thee. The Lord lift up his

thee, up - on thee, and give thee peace.

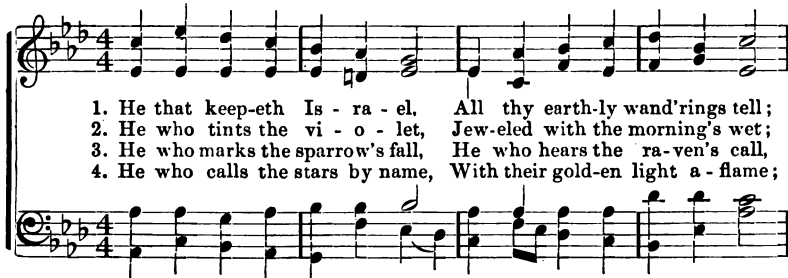
countenance up-on thee, and give thee, give thee peace.

coun - te-nance up-on thee, up-on thee, and give thee peace.

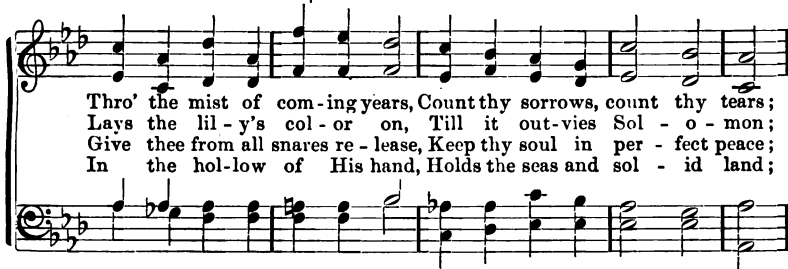
## 22 Watch Between My Soul and Thee.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

Rev. R. DeW. MALLARY, D. D.



1. He that keep-eth Is - ra - el, All thy earth-ly wand'rings tell;  
 2. He who tints the vi - o - let, Jew-eled with the morning's wet;  
 3. He who marks the sparrow's fall, He who hears the ra-ven's call,  
 4. He who calls the stars by name, With their gold-en light a - flame;



Thro' the mist of com-ing years, Count thy sorrows, count thy tears;  
 Lays the lil - y's col - or on, Till it out-vies Sol - o - mon;  
 Give thee from all snares re - lease, Keep thy soul in per - fect peace;  
 In the hol-low of His hand, Holds the seas and sol - id land;



Sundered when..... by land or sea, Watch between my

Sundered when by land or sea,  
 thee,.....



soul and thee, my soul and thee, Sundered when..... by

thee,..... Sundered when



land or sea, Watch between my soul and thee, my soul and thee.

by land or sea,

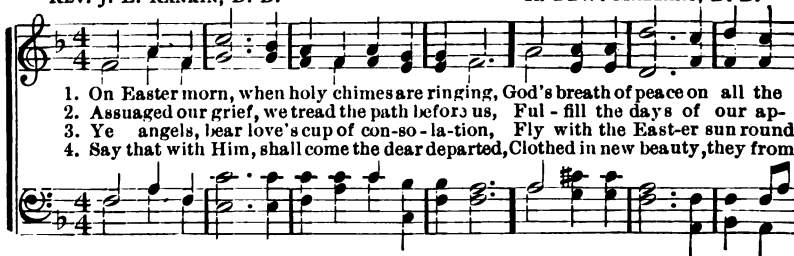
thee,.....

# The Song of the Easter Angels.

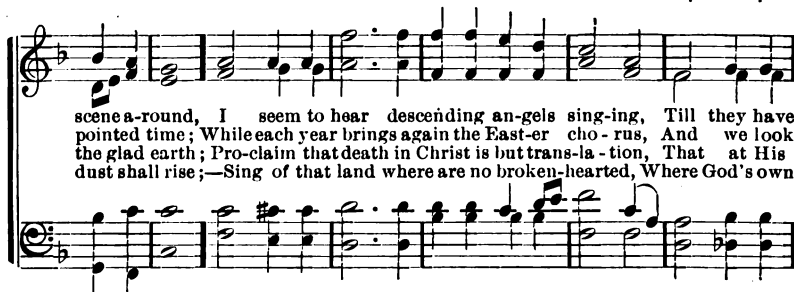
In Memory of Eames Birge Rankin.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

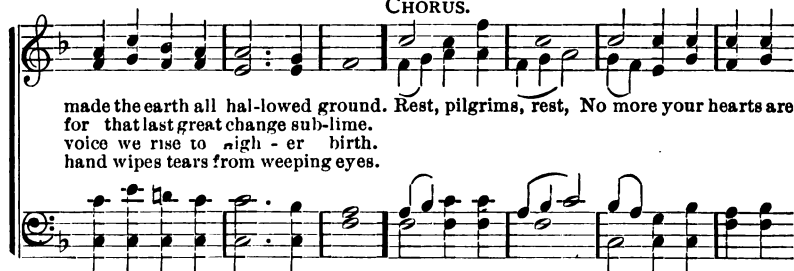


1. On Easter morn, when holy chimes are ringing, God's breath of peace on all the  
 2. Assuaged our grief, we tread the path before us, Ful- fill the days of our ap-  
 3. Ye angels, bear love's cup of con-so-la-tion, Fly with the East-er sun round  
 4. Say that with Him, shall come the dear departed, Clothed in new beauty, they from

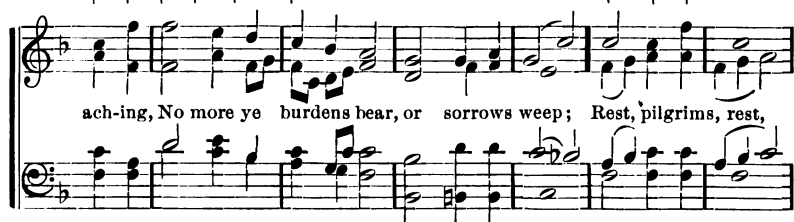


scene a-round, I seem to hear descending an-gels sing-ing, Till they have  
 pointed time; While each year brings again the East-er cho- rus, And we look  
 the glad earth; Pro-claim that death in Christ is but trans-la-tion, That at His  
 dust shall rise;—Sing of that land where are no broken-hearted, Where God's own

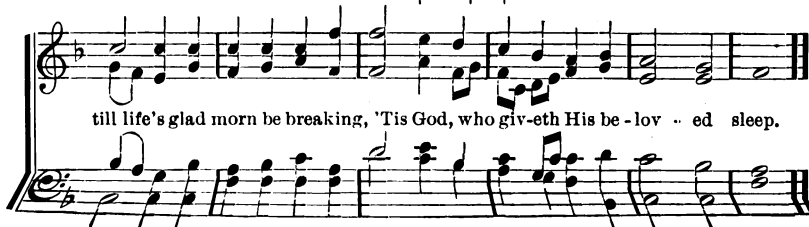
## CHORUS.



made the earth all hal-low-ed ground. Rest, pilgrims, rest, No more your hearts are  
 for that last great change sub-lime.  
 voice we rise to high-er birth.  
 hand wipes tears from weeping eyes.



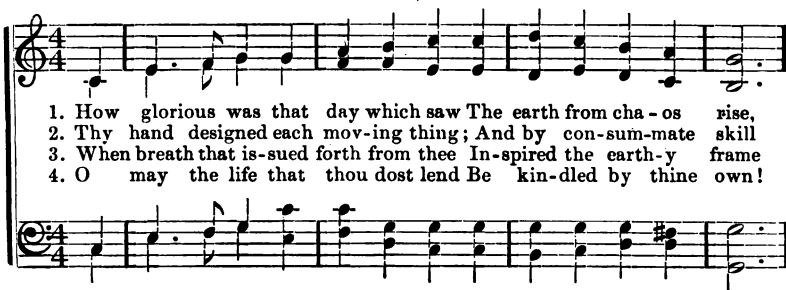
ach-ing, No more ye burdens bear, or sorrows weep; Rest, pilgrims, rest,



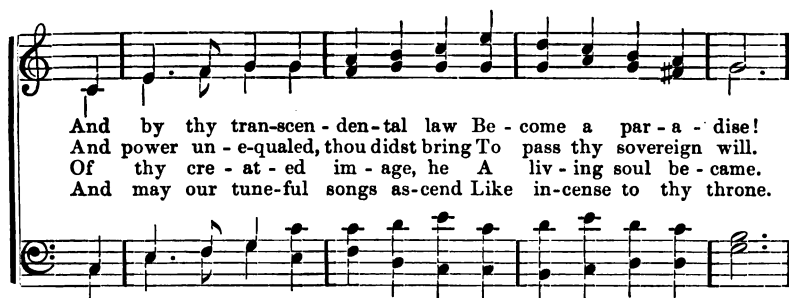
till life's glad morn be breaking, 'Tis God, who giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

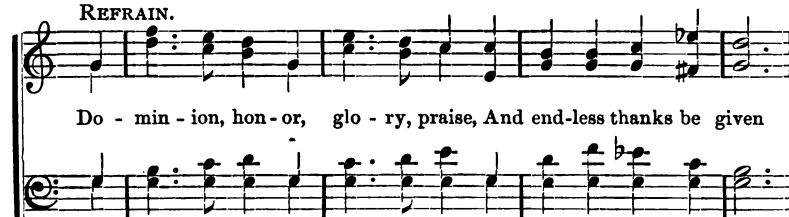


1. How glorious was that day which saw The earth from cha - os rise,  
 2. Thy hand designed each mov-ing thing; And by con-sum-mate skill  
 3. When breath that is-sued forth from thee In-spired the earth-y frame  
 4. O may the life that thou dost lend Be kin-dled by thine own!

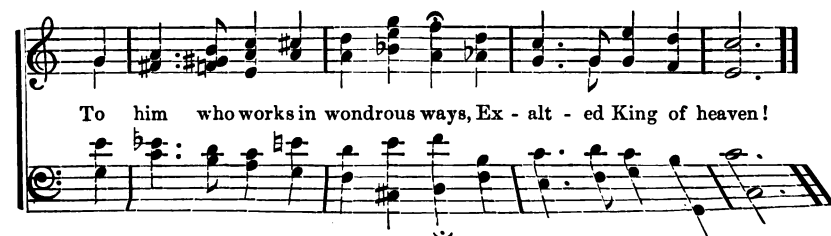


And by thy tran-sen-den-tal law Be - come a par-a - dise!  
 And power un - e-qual-ed, thou didst bring To pass thy sovereign will.  
 Of thy cre - at - ed im - age, he A liv - ing soul be - came.  
 And may our tune - ful songs as - cend Like in - cense to thy throne.

## REFRAIN.



Do - min - ion, hon - or, glo - ry, praise, And end-less thanks be given

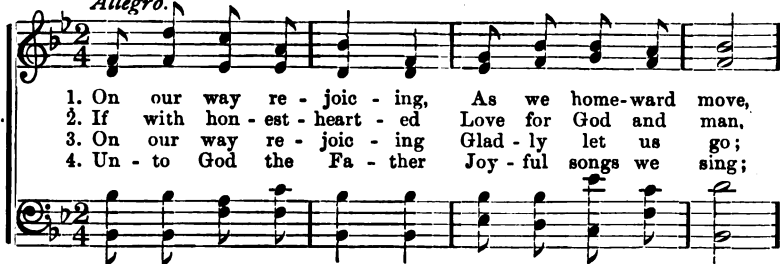


To him who works in wondrous ways, Ex - alt - ed King of heaven!

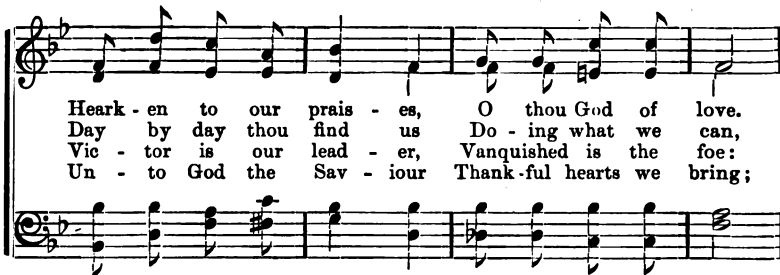
# 25 On Our Way Rejoicing. 6.5. D.

THORO HARRIS.

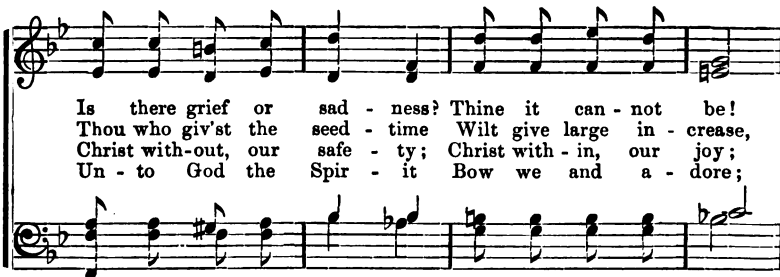
*Allegro.*



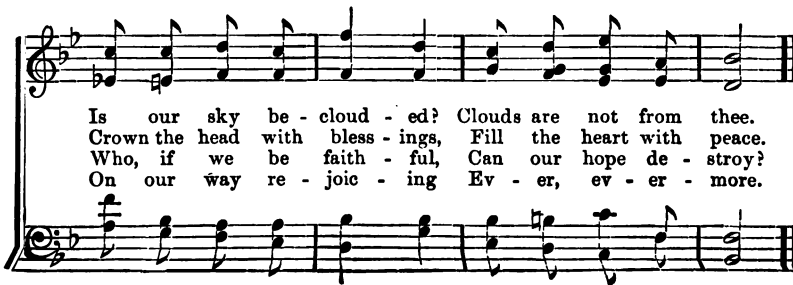
1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move,  
 2. If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man,  
 3. On our way re - joic - ing Glad - ly let us go;  
 4. Un - to God the Fa - ther Joy - ful songs we sing;



Heark - en to our prais - es, O thou God of love.  
 Day by day thou find us Do - ing what we can,  
 Vic - tor is our lead - er, Vanquished is the foe;  
 Un - to God the Sav - iour Thank - ful hearts we bring;



Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!  
 Thou who giv'st the seed - time Wilt give large in - crease,  
 Christ with-out, our safe - ty; Christ with - in, our joy;  
 Un - to God the Spir - it Bow we and a - dore;

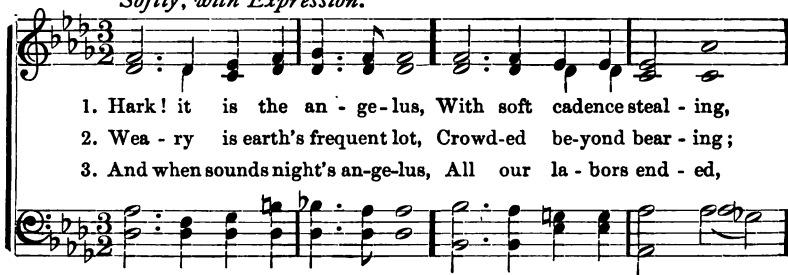


Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Clouds are not from thee.  
 Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.  
 Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de - stroy?  
 On our way re - joic - ing Ev - er, ev - er - more.

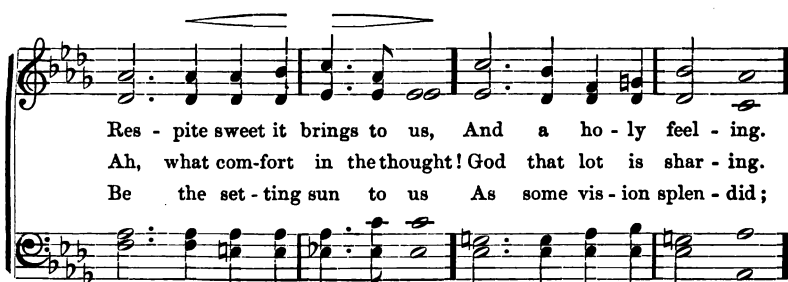
## Hark! it is the Angelus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

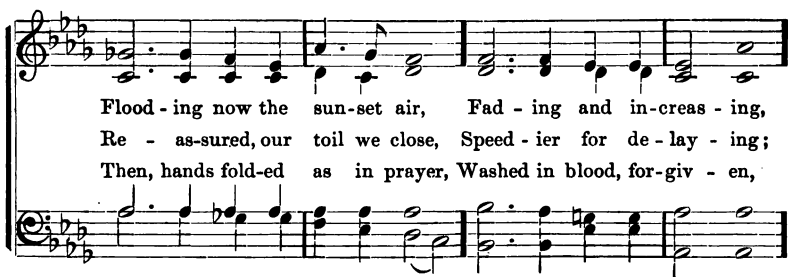
REV. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

*Softly, with Expression.*


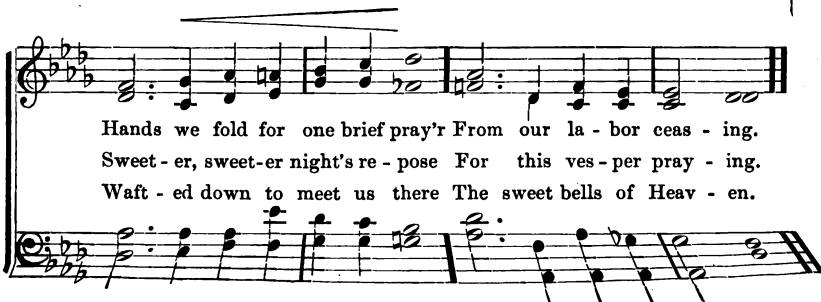
1. Hark! it is the an - ge - lus, With soft cadence steal - ing,  
 2. Wea - ry is earth's frequent lot, Crowd - ed be - yond bear - ing;  
 3. And when sounds night's an - ge - lus, All our la - bors end - ed,



Res - pite sweet it brings to us, And a ho - ly feel - ing.  
 Ah, what com - fort in the thought! God that lot is shar - ing.  
 Be the set - ting sun to us As some vis - ion splen - did;



Flood - ing now the sun - set air, Fad - ing and in - creas - ing,  
 Re - as - sured, our toil we close, Speed - ier for de - lay - ing;  
 Then, hands fold - ed as in prayer, Washed in blood, for - giv - en,

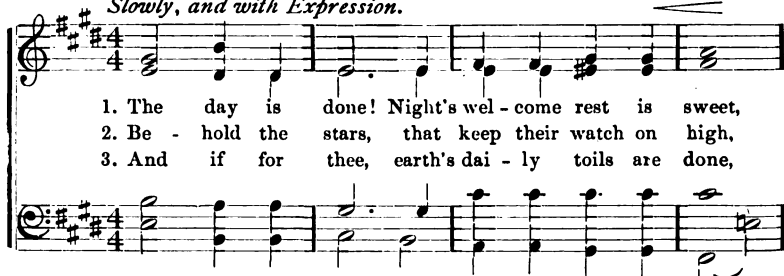


Hands we fold for one brief pray'r From our la - bor ceas - ing.  
 Sweet - er, sweet - er night's re - pose For this ves - per pray - ing.  
 Waft - ed down to meet us there The sweet bells of Heav - en.

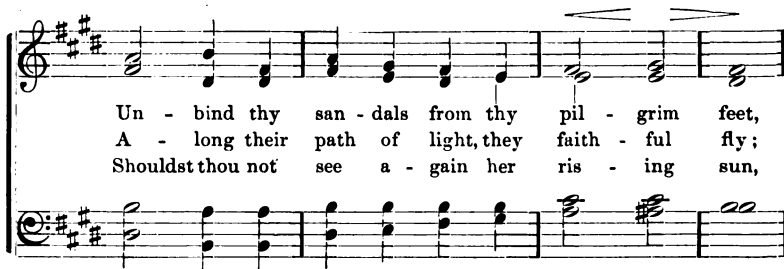
Words by  
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Music by  
R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D.

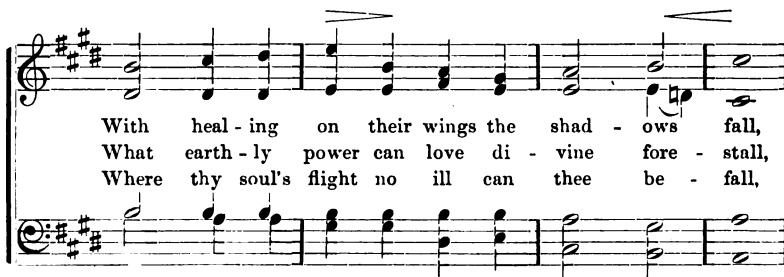
*Slowly, and with Expression.*



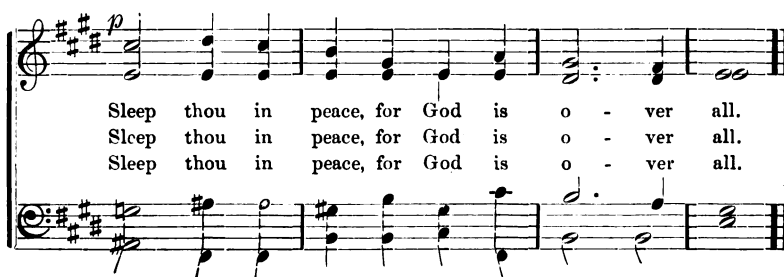
1. The day is done! Night's wel - come rest is sweet,  
2. Be - hold the stars, that keep their watch on high,  
3. And if for thee, earth's dai - ly toils are done,



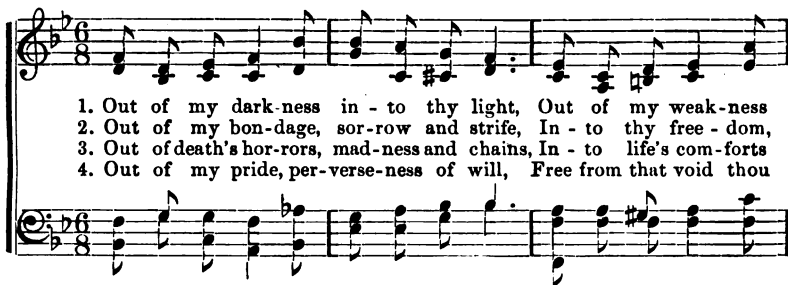
Un - bind thy san - dals from thy pil - grim feet,  
A - long their path of light, they faith - ful fly;  
Shouldst thou not see a - gain her ris - ing sun,



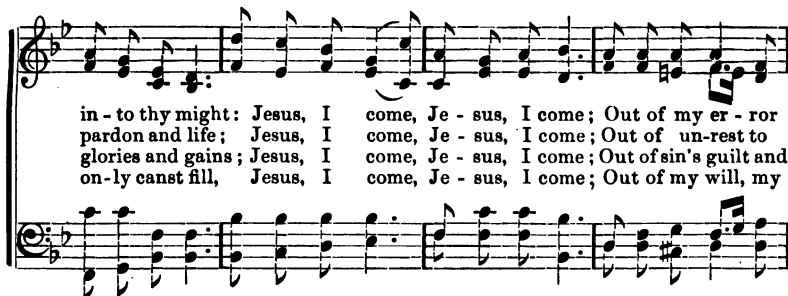
With heal - ing on their wings the shad - ows fall,  
What earth - ly power can love di - vine fore - stall,  
Where thy soul's flight no ill can thee be - fall,



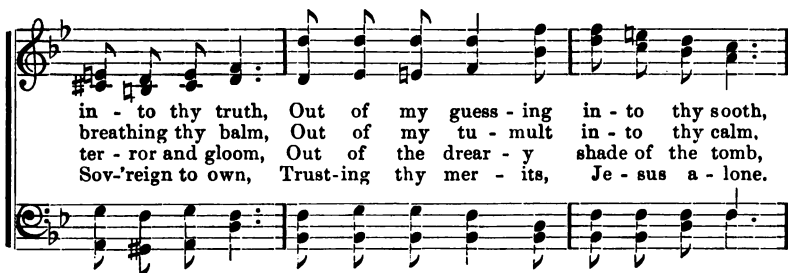
Sleep thou in peace, for God is o - ver all.  
Sleep thou in peace, for God is o - ver all.  
Sleep thou in peace, for God is o - ver all.



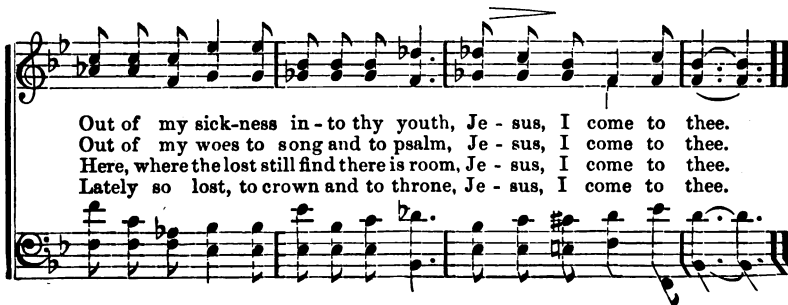
1. Out of my dark-ness in - to thy light, Out of my weak-ness  
 2. Out of my bon-dage, sor-row and strife, In - to thy free - dom,  
 3. Out of death's hor-rors, mad-ness and chains, In - to life's com-forts  
 4. Out of my pride, per-verse-ness of will, Free from that void thou



in - to thy might: Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of my er - ror  
 pardon and life; Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of un-rest to  
 glories and gains; Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of sin's guilt and  
 on-ly canst fill, Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of my will, my



in - to thy truth, Out of my guess - ing in - to thy sooth,  
 breathing thy balm, Out of my tu - mult in - to thy calm,  
 ter - ror and gloom, Out of the drear - y shade of the tomb,  
 Sov'-reign to own, Trust-ing thy mer - its, Je - sus a - lone.



Out of my sick-ness in - to thy youth, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Out of my woes to song and to psalm, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Here, where the lost still find there is room, Je - sus, I come to thee.  
 Lately so lost, to crown and to throne, Je - sus, I come to thee.



## The Old Gospel Hymn.

For Contralto Voice.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

W. J. STEPHENS.

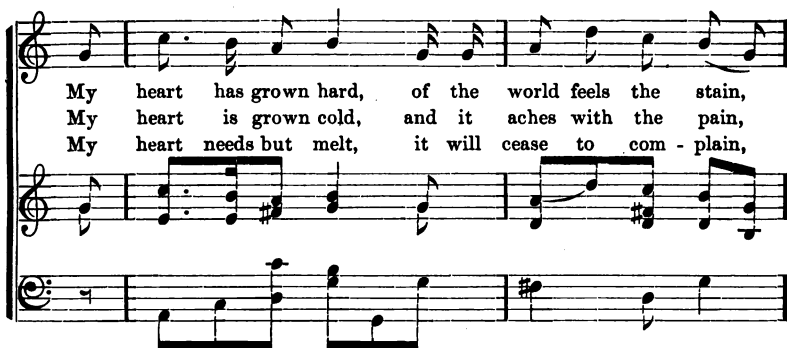
*Andante.*

1. It haunts my tho'ts still, oh, the old gos - pel hymn, That so stirred my  
 2. I think of the time when I heard its notes first, I think of the  
 3. It haunts my tho'ts still, with its meas - ures so sweet, A - gain, will I

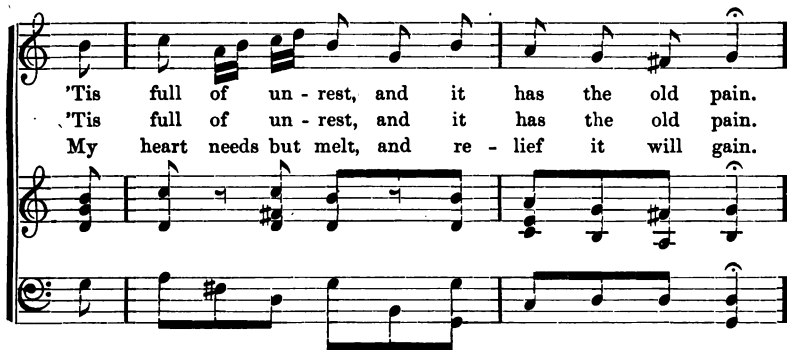
soul, and that made my eye dim, That broke up the dream, of my  
 chains that for free - dom I burst; I knelt at the Cross, there to  
 pen - i - tent, seek the Lord's feet; It may be that mer - cy will

long sin - ful sleep, As tem - pests break o - pen the founts of the deep;  
 weep and to pray, I knelt at the Cross, and the clouds pass'd a - way.  
 list to my prayer; Perhaps, I shall find my lost bless - ed - ness there.

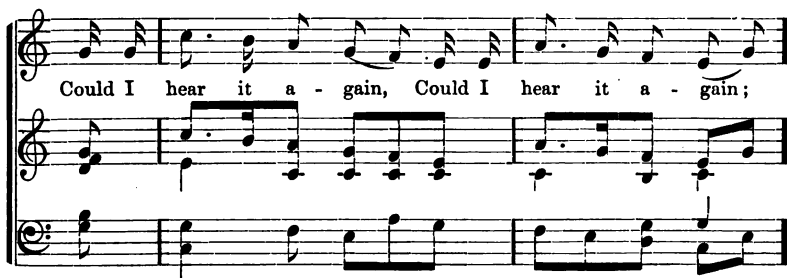
# The Old Gospel Hymn. Concluded.



My heart has grown hard, of the world feels the stain,  
 My heart is grown cold, and it aches with the pain,  
 My heart needs but melt, it will cease to com - plain,



'Tis full of un - rest, and it has the old pain.  
 'Tis full of un - rest, and it has the old pain.  
 My heart needs but melt, and re - lief it will gain.



Could I hear it a - gain, Could I hear it a - gain;



'Twould come like the sun - shine aft - er the rain.  
*rall.*

## I Will Not Let Thee Go.

Words by  
Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Music by  
ERNEST CARTER.

*mf* *p*

1. I will not let Thee go, Thou guest di - vine,  
2. What though the day should break, The shad - ows flee,  
3. What marks are these I see, Up - on Thy brow?  
4. The cross Thou did'st en - dure, The cup, the shame;

*mf* *f*

Un - til Thy name I know, By word or sign.  
Thy leave Thou shalt not take, I'll cleave to Thee:  
O Man of Cal - va - ry, I read Thee now:  
Ah, yes, I'm doub - ly sure Thou art the same:

*mp* *cres.* *ff*

Art Thou the Man who died, Be - tween thieves cru - ci - fied?  
Thy touch my pow'rs may numb, Till, halt - ing, I suc - cumb,  
I read Thy lin - cage well: Make Ja - cob, Is - ra - el!  
The Rock, once riven for me, The Rod, that smote death's sea,

*mf* *f* *mp*

Un - til Thy name I know, I will not let Thee go.  
But till Thy name I know, I will not let Thee go.  
My suit till Thou be - stow, I will not let Thee go.  
Thy bless - ing floods me so, O, Lord! I let Thee go!

E. ELLIS.

THORO HARRIS.

1. We would see Je - sus— for the shad - ows length-en  
 2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock Foun - da - tion  
 3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing,  
 4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're need - ing,

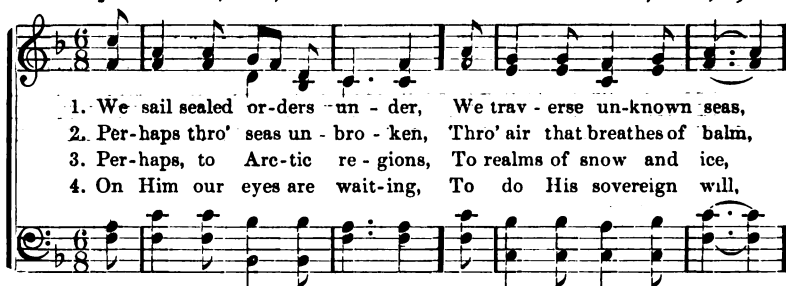
A - cross this lit - tle land - scape of our life;  
 Where-on our feet were set by sov - ereign grace;  
 Which for long years we have re - joiced to see;  
 Strength, joy, and - will - ing - ness come with the sight;

We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strength-en,  
 Not life nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion,  
 The bless - ings of our pil - grim - age are fail - ing,  
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing;

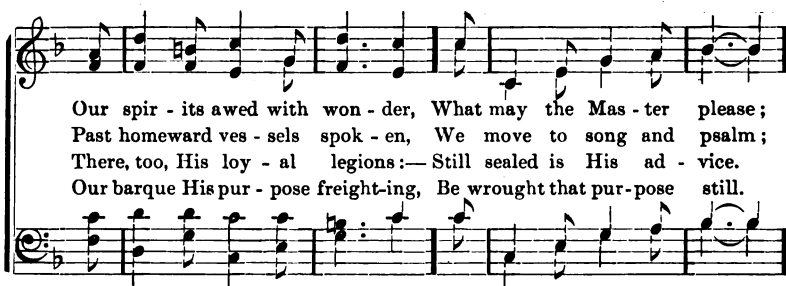
For the last wea - ri - ness— the fi - nal strife.  
 Can thence re - move us, if we see his face.  
 We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.  
 Then wel - come day, and fare - well mor - tal night! A - - MEN.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

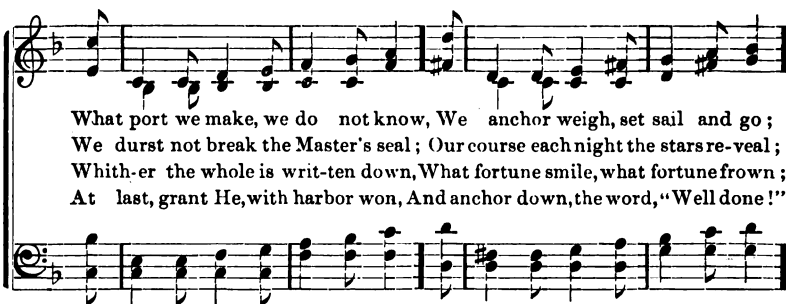
REV. R. DEW. MALLARY, D. D., 1898.



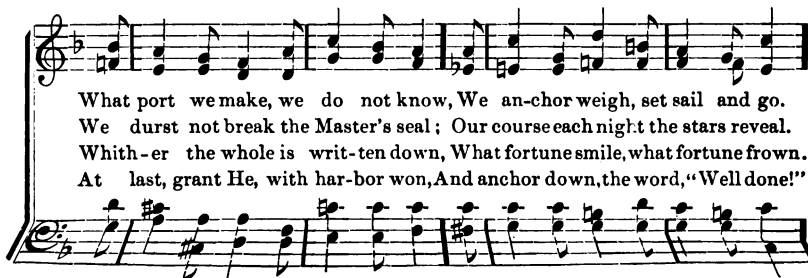
1. We sail sealed or-ders un - der, We trav - erse un-known seas,  
 2. Per-haps thro' seas un - bro - ken, 'Thro' air that breathes of balm,  
 3. Per-haps, to Arc-tic re - gions, To realms of snow and ice,  
 4. On Him our eyes are wait-ing, To do His sovereign will,



Our spir - its awed with won - der, What may the Mas - ter please;  
 Past homeward ves - sels spok - en, We move to song and psalm;  
 There, too, His loy - al legions:— Still sealed is His ad - vice.  
 Our barque His pur - pose freight-ing, Be wrought that pur - pose still.




What port we make, we do not know, We anchor weigh, set sail and go;  
 We durst not break the Master's seal; Our course each night the stars re-veal;  
 Whith-er the whole is writ-ten down, What fortune smile, what fortune frown;  
 At last, grant He, with harbor won, And anchor down, the word, "Well done!"



What port we make, we do not know, We an-chor weigh, set sail and go.  
 We durst not break the Master's seal; Our course each night the stars reveal.  
 Whith-er the whole is writ-ten down, What fortune smile, what fortune frown.  
 At last, grant He, with har-bor won, And anchor down, the word, "Well done!"

## Under Sealed Orders. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



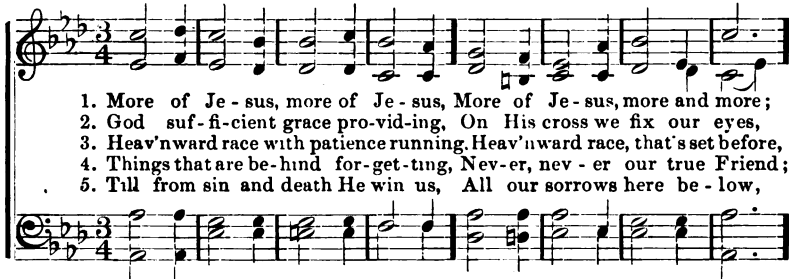
We sail sealed or - ders un - der, We trav - erse un-known seas,  
Our spir - its awed with won - der, What may the Mas - ter please.

33

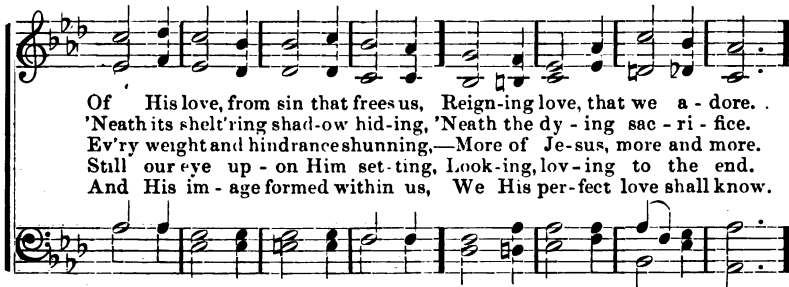
## More of Jesus. 8s & 7s.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



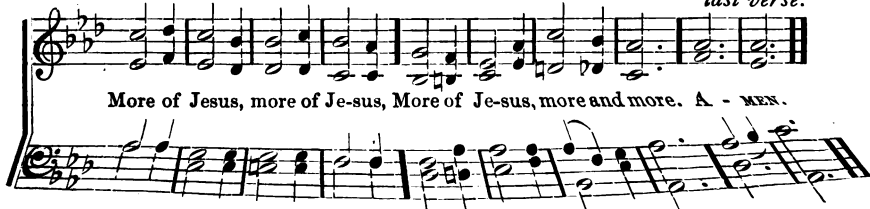
1. More of Je - sus, more of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, more and more;
2. God suf - fi - cient grace pro - vid - ing, On His cross we fix our eyes,
3. Heav'nward race with patience running, Heav'nward race, that's set before,
4. Things that are be - hind for - get - ting, Nev - er, nev - er our true Friend;
5. Till from sin and death He win us, All our sorrows here be - low,



Of His love, from sin that frees us, Reign-ing love, that we a - dore.  
'Neath its shelt'ring shad-ow hid-ing, 'Neath the dy - ing sac - ri - fice.  
Ev'ry weight and hindrance shunning, — More of Je - sus, more and more.  
Still our eye up - on Him set - ting, Look-ing, lov - ing to the end.  
And His im - age formed within us, We His per - fect love shall know.

REFRAIN.

last verse.



More of Jesus, more of Je - sus, More of Je - sus, more and more. A - MEN.

34

## Philip. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are!  
 2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;  
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?  
 4. His good-ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.  
 That hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his chil - dren well.  
 Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.  
 I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

35

## Forever With the Lord. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THORO HARRIS.

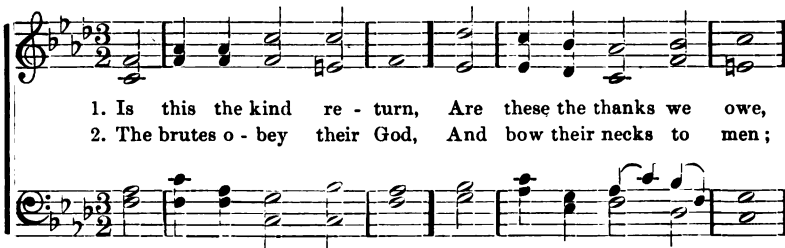
1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" So, Je - sus! let it be;  
 2. Here, in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from thee I roam:  
 3. My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul! how near,  
 4. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will,  
 5. Know - ing as I am known, How shall I love that word,

Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.  
 At times, to faith's as - pir - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!  
 The prom - ise of thy gra - cious word Ev'n here to me ful - fill.  
 And oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "For - ev - er with the Lord!"

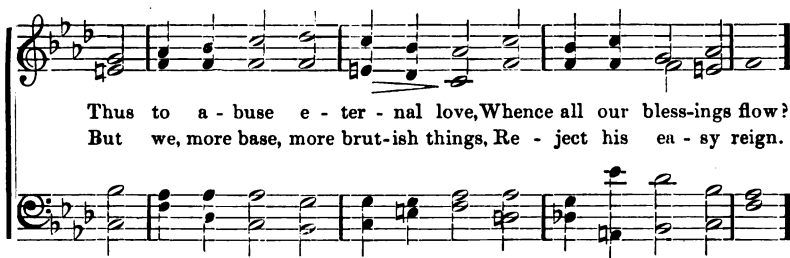
# 36 Is this the Kind Return? S. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS.

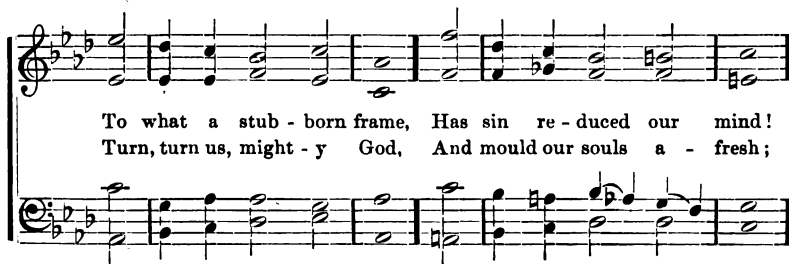
THORO HARRIS.



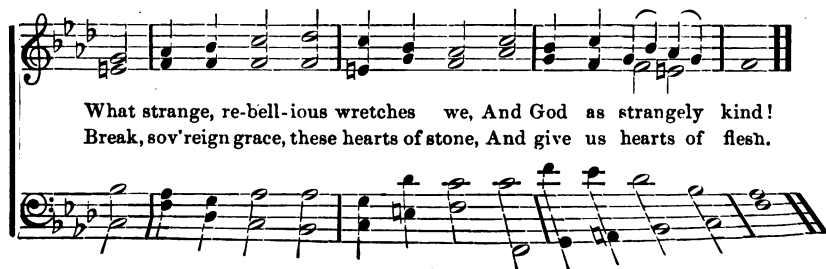
1. Is this the kind re - turn, Are these the thanks we owe,  
2. The brutes o - bey their God, And bow their necks to men;



Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal love, Whence all our bless-ings flow?  
But we, more base, more brut-ish things, Re - ject his ea - sy reign.



To what a stub - born frame, Has sin re - duced our mind!  
Turn, turn us, might - y God, And mould our souls a - fresh;



What strange, re-bell-i-ous wretches we, And God as strangely kind!  
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh.



## Into the Land Elysian.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. R. DEWITT MALLARY, D. D.

*p*

1. In - to the land e - lys - ian, Where faith is chang'd to vis - ion,  
 2. Up to the cit - y gold - en, Where dwell the sa - ges old - en,  
 3. Up to that town de - scend - ing From God, thro' years un - end - ing,

*p*

In - to the soul's home - land: Be - yond death's mystic riv - er,  
 And star - ry fields ex - pand: Where blossoms do not with - er,  
 A - dorned as is a bride: Where flows the crys - tal riv - er,

*A little louder.*

Where the ma - ny man - sions stand In God's own light for - ev - er:  
 In bloom on eith - er hand, Trees yield their fruit for - ev - er:  
 With its life - giv - ing tide, From 'neath God's throne for - ev - er:

*f* *ff*

On - ly the nail - scarred hand Can lead the pil - grim thith - er;

*p*

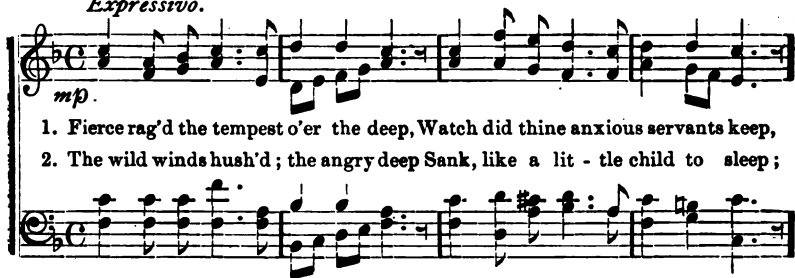
On - ly the nail - scarred hand Can lead the pil - grim thith - er.

# 38. Fierce Raged the Tempest.

GODFREY THRING.

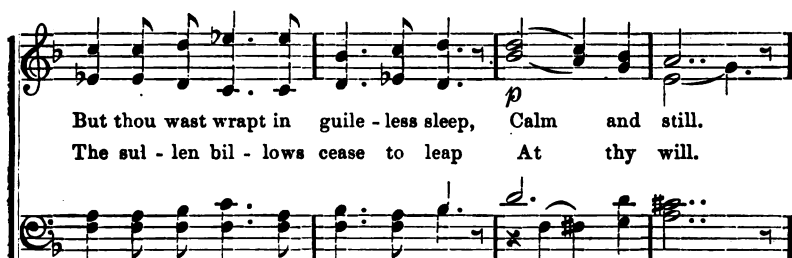
THORO HARRIS.

*Expressivo.*



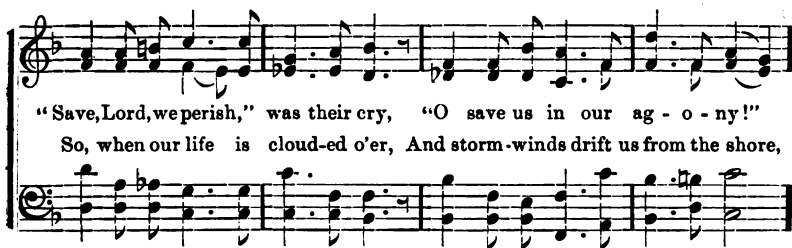
*mp.*

1. Fierce rag'd the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
2. The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep Sank, like a lit - tle child to sleep;

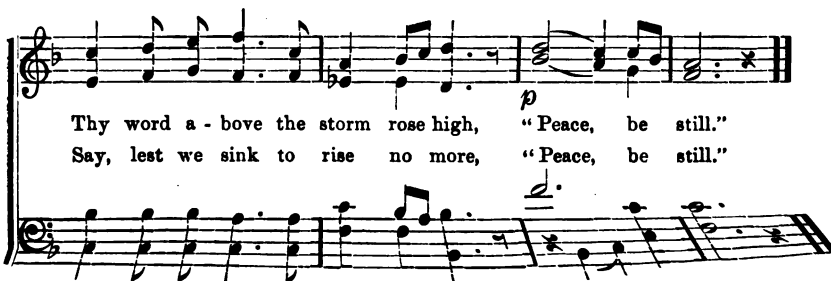


*p*

But thou wast wrapt in guile - less sleep, Calm and still.  
The sul - len bil - lows cease to leap At thy will.



"Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry, "O save us in our ag - o - ny!"  
So, when our life is cloud-ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us from the shore,



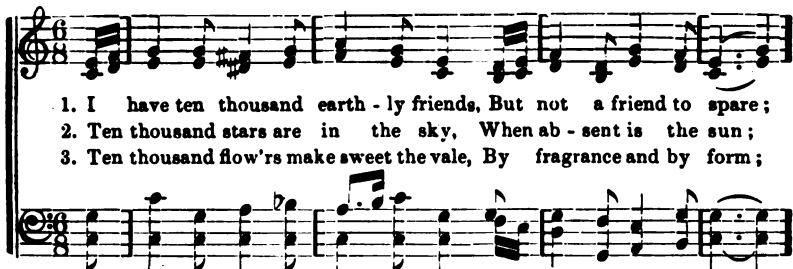
*p*

Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."  
Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

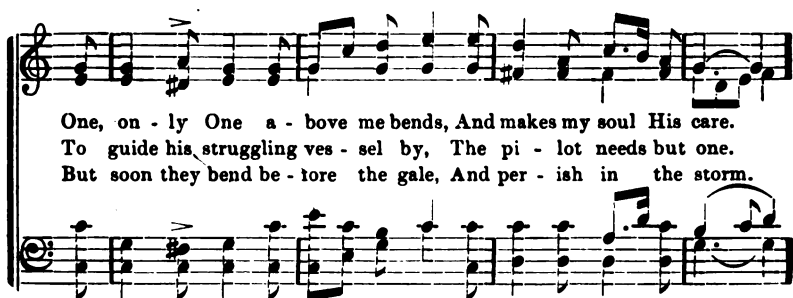
## 39 The Chief Among Ten Thousand. C. M. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

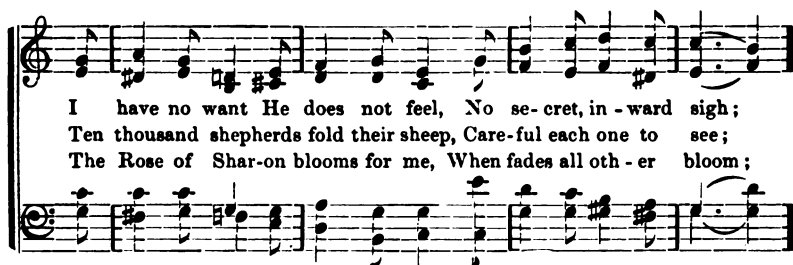
THORO HARRIS.



1. I have ten thousand earth - ly friends, But not a friend to spare;  
2. Ten thousand stars are in the sky, When ab - sent is the sun;  
3. Ten thousand flow'rs make sweet the vale, By fragrance and by form;



One, on - ly One a - bove me bends, And makes my soul His care.  
To guide his struggling ves - sel by, The pi - lot needs but one.  
But soon they bend be - tore the gale, And per - ish in the storm.



I have no want He does not feel, No se - cret, in - ward sigh;  
Ten thousand shepherds fold their sheep, Care - ful each one to see;  
The Rose of Shar - on blooms for me, When fades all oth - er bloom;

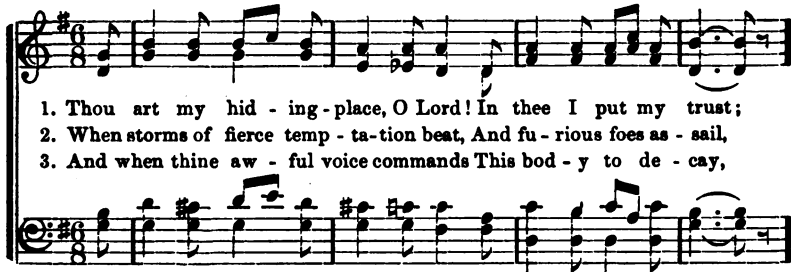


And when at morn and night I kneel, I feel His presence nigh.  
But One I need my steps to keep, I turn, dear Lord to Thee.  
The Chief a - mong ten thou - sand He, Who fra - grant makes the tomb.

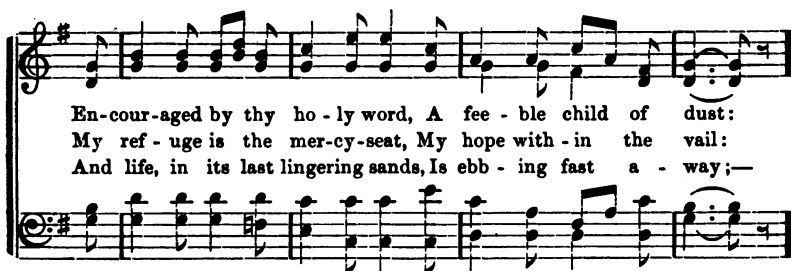
# 40 My Saviour Died for Me. C. M. D.

REV. THOS. RAFFLES, D. D.

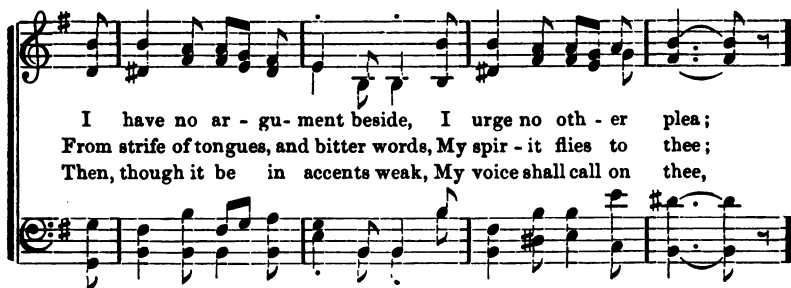
THORO HARRIS.



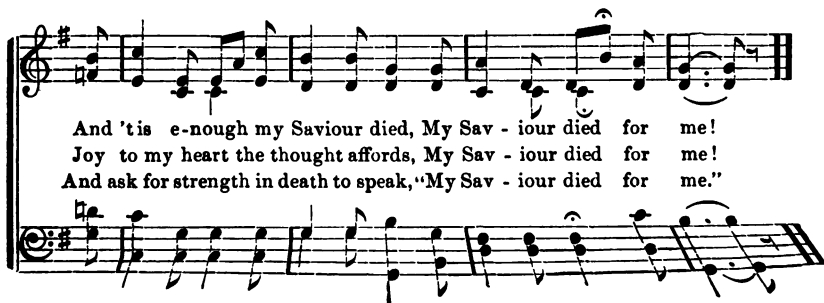
1. Thou art my hid - ing - place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust;  
 2. When storms of fierce temp - ta - tion beat, And fu - rious foes as - sail,  
 3. And when thine aw - ful voice commands This bod - y to de - cay,



En - cour - aged by thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust:  
 My ref - uge is the mer - cy - seat, My hope with - in the vail:  
 And life, in its last lingering sands, Is ebb - ing fast a - way;—



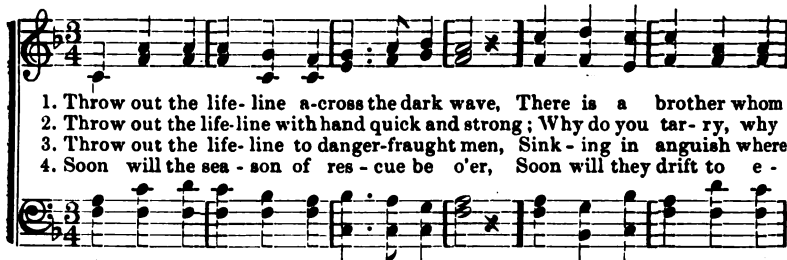
I have no ar - gu - ment beside, I urge no oth - er plea;  
 From strife of tongues, and bitter words, My spir - it flies to thee;  
 Then, though it be in accents weak, My voice shall call on thee,



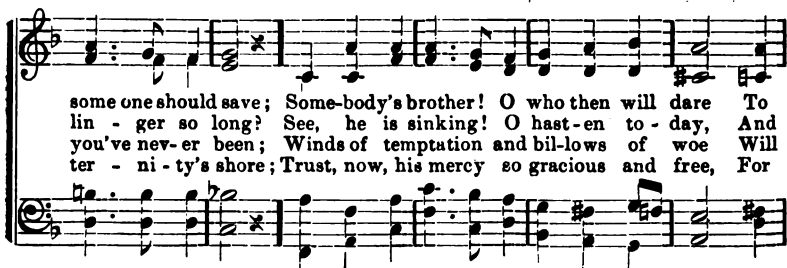
And 'tis e - nough my Saviour died, My Sav - iour died for me!  
 Joy to my heart the thought affords, My Sav - iour died for me!  
 And ask for strength in death to speak, "My Sav - iour died for me."

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

E. S. U. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

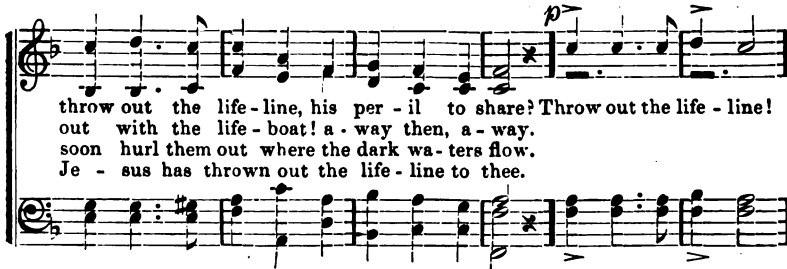


1. Throw out the life-line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom  
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why  
 3. Throw out the life-line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where  
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

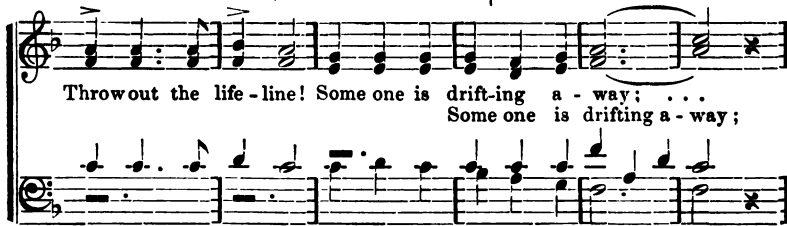


some one should save; Some-body's brother! O who then will dare To  
 lin-ger so long? See, he is sinking! O hast-en to-day, And  
 you've nev-er been; Winds of temptation and bil-lows of woe Will  
 ter-ni-ty's shore; Trust, now, his mercy so gracious and free, For

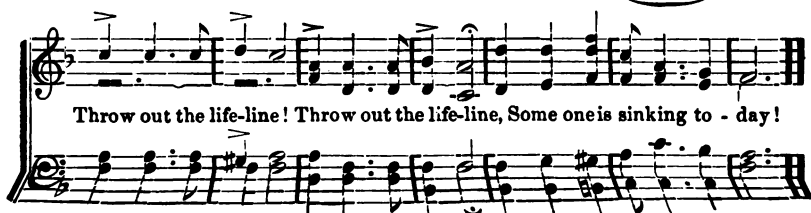
## CHORUS.



throw out the life-line, his per-il to share? Throw out the life-line!  
 out with the life-boat! a-way then, a-way.  
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.  
 Je-sus has thrown out the life-line to thee.



Throw out the life-line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; ...  
 Some one is drifting a-way;



Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line, Some one is sinking to-day!

CHAS. WESLEY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O Love di - vine, what hast thou done! Th'in-car - nate  
 2. Be - hold him, all ye pass - ers by— The bleed - ing  
 3. Is cru - ci - fied for me and you, To bring us  
 4. Then let us sit be - neath his cross And glad - ly

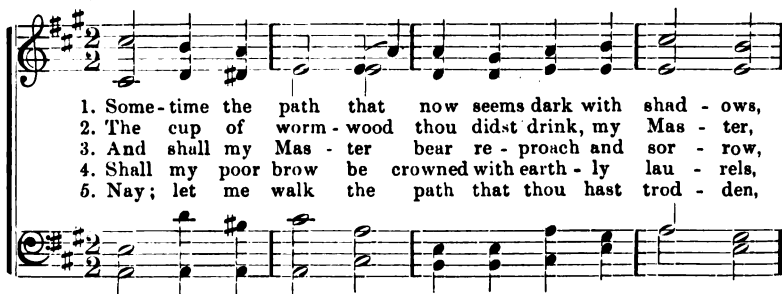
God hath died for me! The Fa - ther's well - be - lov - ed  
 Prince of life and peace! Come, sin - ners, see your Sav - iour  
 reb - els back to God; Be - lieve, be - lieve the rec - ord  
 catch the heal - ing stream; All things for him ac - count but

Son Bore all my sins up - on the tree! The Lamb of  
 die, And say, was ev - er grief like his? Come, feel with  
 true, Ye all are bought with Je - sus' blood; Par - don for  
 loss, And give up all our hearts to him! Of noth - ing

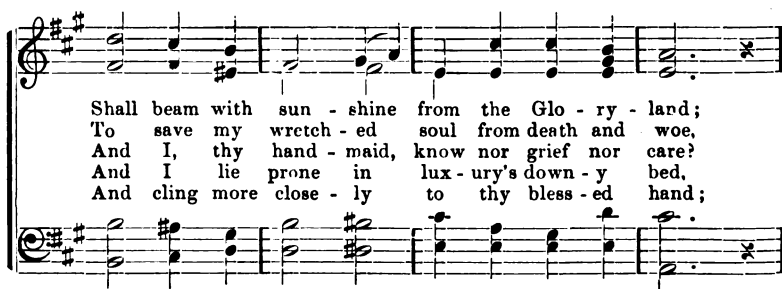
God for me hath died, My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
 me, his blood ap - plied,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied:  
 all flows from his side,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.  
 think or speak be - side,— My Lord, my Love, is cru - ci - fied.

Mrs. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

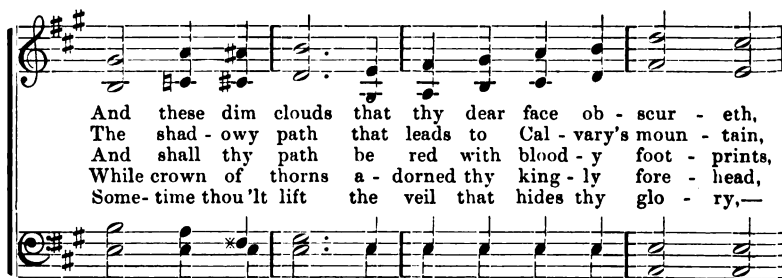
THORO HARRIS.



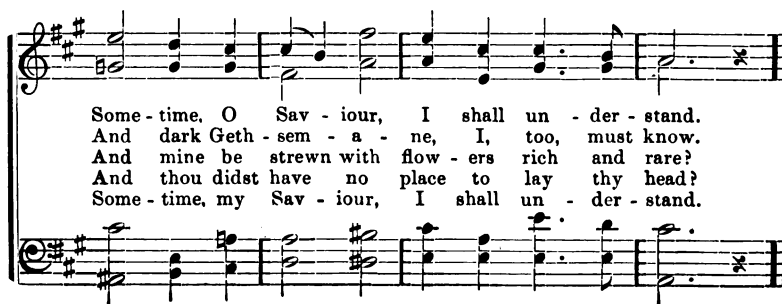
1. Some-time the path that now seems dark with shad - ows,  
 2. The cup of worm - wood thou didst drink, my Mas - ter,  
 3. And shall my Mas - ter bear re - proach and sor - row,  
 4. Shall my poor brow be crowned with earth - ly lau - rels,  
 5. Nay; let me walk the path that thou hast trod - den,



Shall beam with sun - shine from the Glo - ry - land;  
 To save my wretch - ed soul from death and woe,  
 And I, thy hand - maid, know nor grief nor care?  
 And I lie prone in lux - ury's down - y bed,  
 And cling more close - ly to thy bless - ed hand;



And these dim clouds that thy dear face ob - scour - eth,  
 The shad - ovy path that leads to Cal - vary's moun - tain,  
 And shall thy path be red with blood - y foot - prints,  
 While crown of thorns a - dorned thy king - ly fore - head,  
 Some-time thou'lt lift the veil that hides thy glo - ry,—



Some-time, O Sav - iour, I shall un - der - stand.  
 And dark Geth - sem - a - ne, I, too, must know.  
 And mine be strewn with flow - ers rich and rare?  
 And thou didst have no place to lay thy head?  
 Some-time, my Sav - iour, I shall un - der - stand.

## Saviour, Draw Me.

MRS. C. A. HAAS.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Dear Sav - iour, draw me af - ter thee, ( af - ter thee,) That  
 2. O, may I, as a lit - tle child, ( lit - tle child,) Still  
 3. If friend - less in a vale of tears (vale of tears,) And

I may run and nev - er tire. With loving words still comfort  
 fol - low thee, and nev - er rest Till thou hast ful - ly me be -  
 ma - ny foes per - plex my way, Draw me and take a - way my

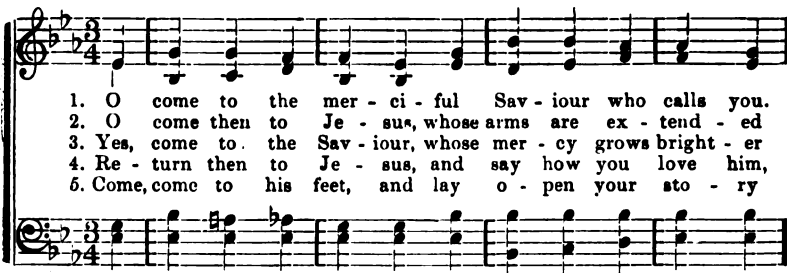
me, (com - fort me.) Be all my hope and full de - sire,  
 guiled, (me beguiled,) With love and hope and heaven - ly rest.  
 fears, (all my fears,) Dear Sav - iour, be my hope and stay.

Then, free from ev' - ry weight and fear, True joy will come if thou art near.  
 Then nev - er will we part - ed be, And I shall have one mind with thee.  
 Be thou my light and life and hope, I can not fall with such a prop.

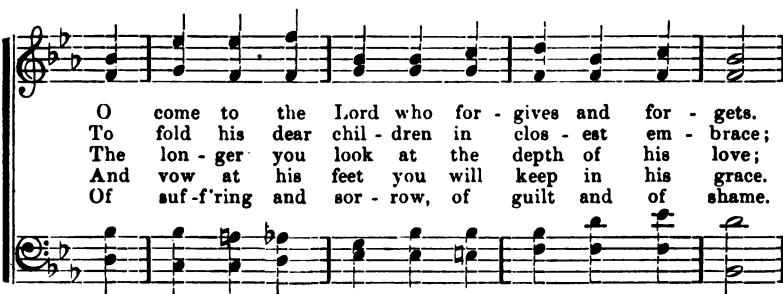


FREDERICK W. FABER.

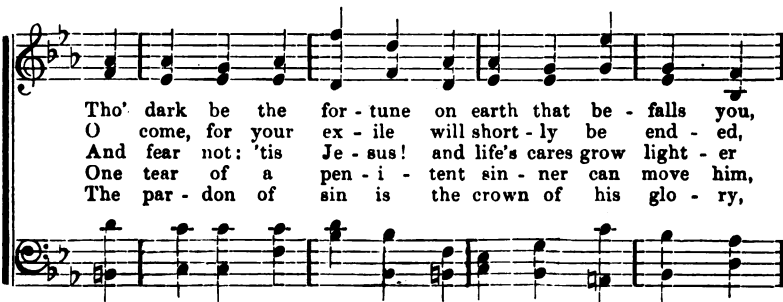
THORO HARRIS.



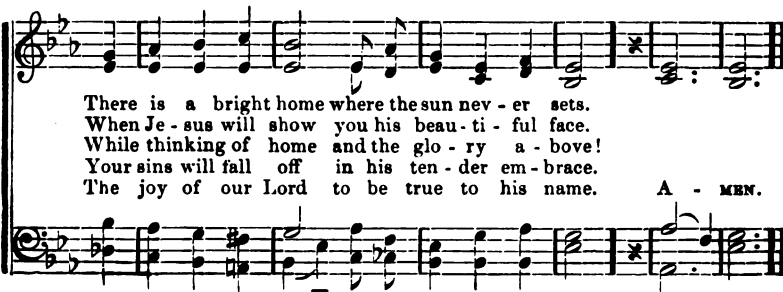
1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you.  
 2. O come then to Je - sus, whose arms are ex - tend - ed  
 3. Yes, come to the Sav - iour, whose mer - cy grows bright - er  
 4. Re - turn then to Je - sus, and say how you love him,  
 5. Come, come to his feet, and lay o - pen your sto - ry



O come to the Lord who for - gives and for - gets.  
 To fold his dear chil - dren in clos - est em - brace;  
 The lon - ger you look at the depth of his love;  
 And vow at his feet you will keep in his grace.  
 Of suf - f'ring and sor - row, of guilt and of shame.



Tho' dark be the for - tune on earth that be - falls you,  
 O come, for your ex - ile will short - ly be end - ed,  
 And fear not: 'tis Je - sus! and life's cares grow light - er  
 One tear of a pen - i - tent sin - ner can move him,  
 The par - don of sin is the crown of his glo - ry,



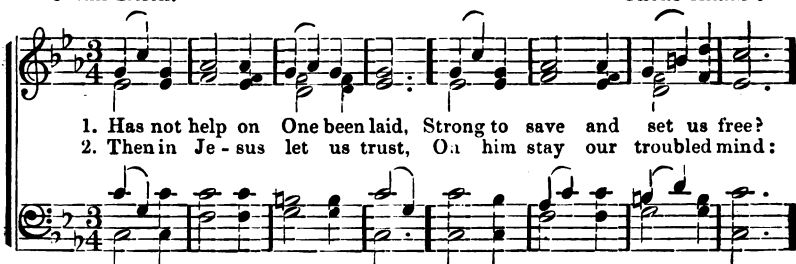
There is a bright home where the sun nev - er sets.  
 When Je - sus will show you his beau - ti - ful face.  
 While thinking of home and the glo - ry a - bove!  
 Your sins will fall off in his ten - der em - brace.  
 The joy of our Lord to be true to his name. A - MEN.

46

## Smithfield. 7.

URIAH SMITH.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Has not help on One been laid, Strong to save and set us free?  
2. Then in Je - sus let us trust, Oa him stay our troubled mind:



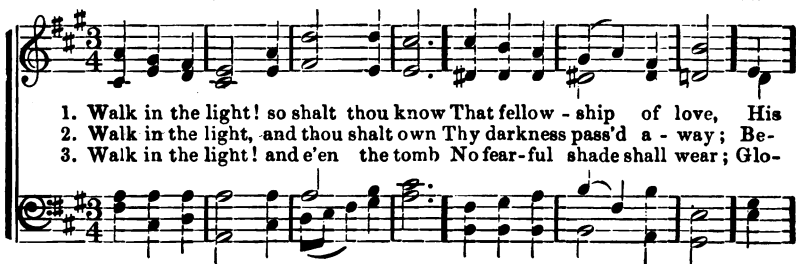
And is there no promise made, In his name, of vic - to - ry?  
Not presume, for God is just; Nor de-spair, for he is kind.

47

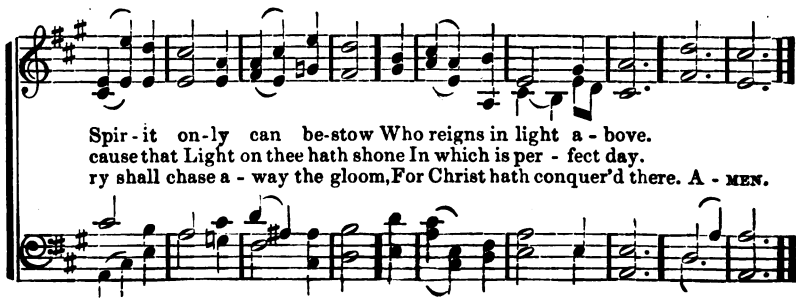
## Walk in the Light. L. M.

BERNARD BARTON.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellow - ship of love, His  
2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own Thy darkness pass'd a - way; Be-  
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear; Glo-



Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.  
cause that Light on thee hath shone In which is per - fect day.  
ry shall chase a - way the gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there. A - MEN.

## Pastor Divine. 9. D.

T. H.

SCHUBERT, Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

*Andante.*

*mp*

1. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, Pas-tor di-vine, Je-sus, the life, the  
2. Give me life's wa-ters, free-ly that spring Forth from the rock, in

truth and the way, Since thou hast called me, Lord, I am thine:  
boun-te-ous flow; Hide me be-neath thy o'er-spraying wing:

Keep me from falling, Saviour, I pray. Now thou hast found thy long wand'ring sheep,  
No oth-er help or refuge I know. Make me but thine, all strivings will cease;

*rit. . . . .*  
*pp*

Back to the fold, Lord, thou wilt re-store; Safe with thy flock, fond  
Ban-ish my sor-row, par-don my sin; Hov-er a-round me,

## Pastor Divine. Concluded.

Shepherd, O keep, Keep me and seal me thine ev - er - more.  
sweet dove of peace—Come, Ho - ly Ghost, thy tem - ple with - in.

## 49. Ye Servants of God. 10.10.11.11.

CHAS. WESLEY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Ye ser - vants of God, your Master pro - claim, And pub - lish a -  
2. God rul - eth on high, al - migh - ty to save; And still he is  
3. Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne, Let all cry a -  
4. Then let us a - dore, and give him his right, All glo - ry and

broad his won - der - ful name; The name all vic - to - rious of  
nigh—his pres - ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion his  
loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the  
pow'r, and wis - dom and might; All hon - or and blessing, with

Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules o - ver all.  
triumph shall sing, As - cribing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.  
an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.  
an - gels a - bove, And thanks never - ceasing, for in - fi - nite love.

J. W. VON GOETHE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,  
 2. Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain,  
 3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night,  
 4. Swift - er yet and swift - er Ev - er on - ward run,

Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ery du - ty find;  
 Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;  
 Near - er yet and near - er Ris - ing to the light—  
 Firm - er yet and firm - er Step as I go on:

Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,  
 Suff - ring still and do - ing, To his will re - signed,  
 Light se - rene and ho - ly, There my soul may rest,  
 Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,

Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.  
 And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.  
 Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.  
 Yet their in - ner mean - ing Ne'er can be ex - pressed.

# Purer Yet. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Oft these ear - nest long - ings Swell with - in my breast,

Yet their in - ner mean - ing *rall.* Ne'er can be ex - pressed. A - MEN.

51

## Morning Star. C. M.

THORO HARRIS.

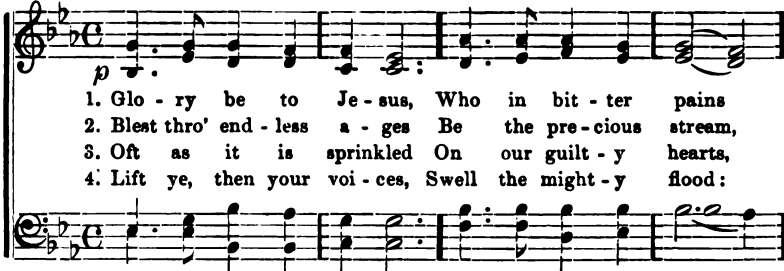
1. How pa - tient - ly and un - dismayed, To see the day - star rise, The  
2. And still we watch, and still we pray, With un - a - bat - ed zeal, To  
3. When shall th' expect - ed morning star As - cend in lus - ter bright, And  
4. Ye powers of na - ture, speed the dawn Of heav'n's ce - les - tial day; O,

faithful martyrs watched and prayed Along time's o - rient skies.  
catch the first au - spi - cious ray His glo - ry may re - veal.  
with its roy - al pal - ace car Dis - perse the shades of night?  
haste the breaking of that morn That burns e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

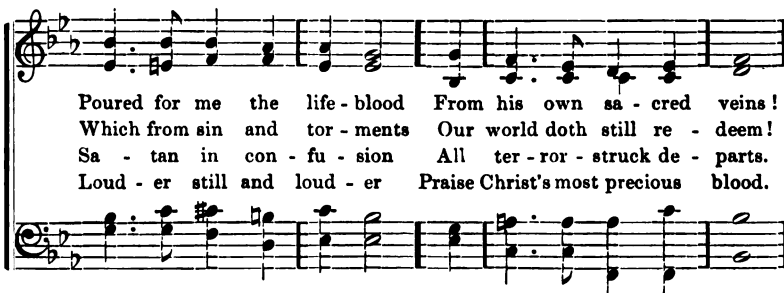
## The Blood. 6.5.6.6.

ITALIAN, tr. EDW. CASWALL, 1827.

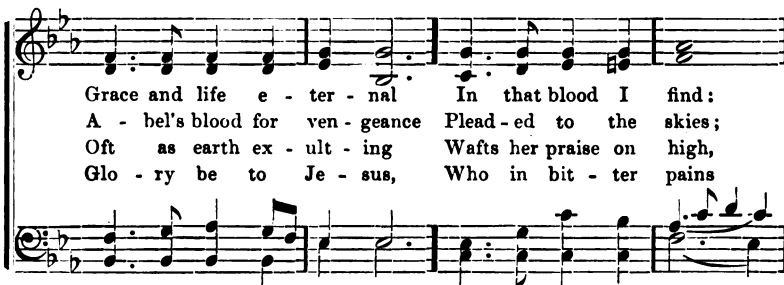
THORO HARRIS.



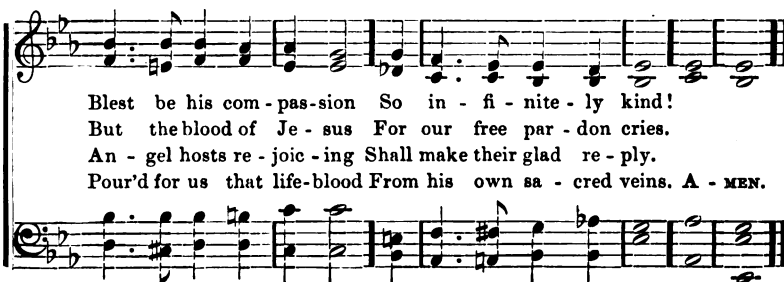
1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains  
 2. Blest thro' end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream,  
 3. Oft as it is sprinkled On our guilt - y hearts,  
 4. Lift ye, then your voi - ces, Swell the might - y flood:



Poured for me the life - blood From his own sa - cred veins!  
 Which from sin and tor - ments Our world doth still re - deem!  
 Sa - tan in con - fu - sion All ter - ror - struck de - parts.  
 Loud - er still and loud - er Praise Christ's most precious blood.

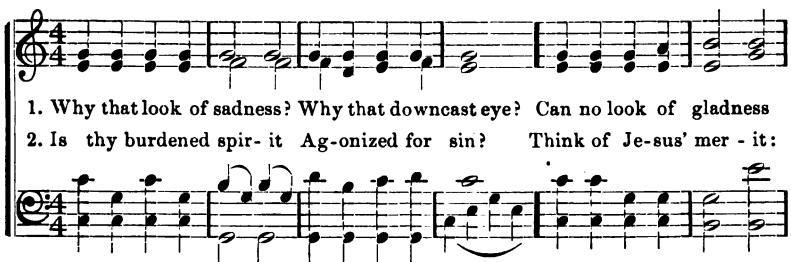


Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find:  
 A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead - ed to the skies;  
 Oft as earth ex - ult - ing Wafts her praise on high,  
 Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains

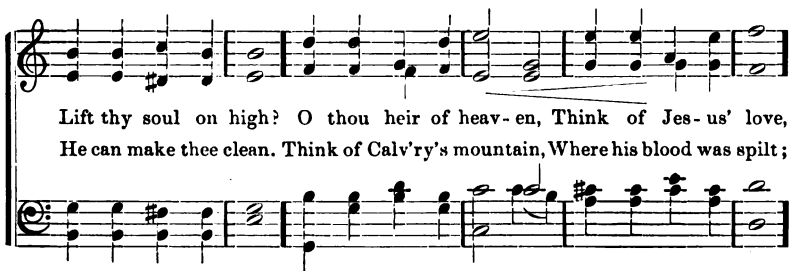


Blest be his com - pas - sion So in - fi - nite - ly kind!  
 But the blood of Je - sus For our free par - don cries.  
 An - gel hosts re - joic - ing Shall make their glad re - ply.  
 Pour'd for us that life - blood From his own sa - cred veins. A - MEN.

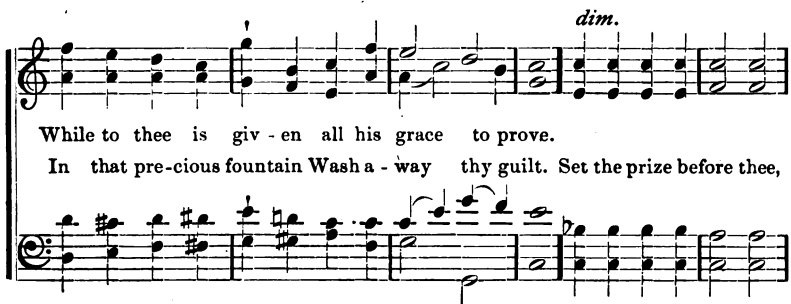
THORO HARRIS.



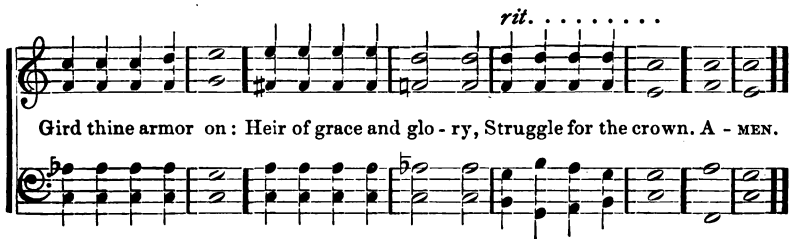
1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no look of gladness  
 2. Is thy burdened spir- it Ag-onized for sin? Think of Je-sus' mer - it:



Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of heav-en, Think of Jes-us' love,  
 He can make thee clean. Think of Calv'ry's mountain, Where his blood was spilt;



While to thee is giv-en all his grace to prove.  
 In that pre-cious fountain Wash a-way thy guilt. Set the prize before thee,



Gird thine armor on: Heir of grace and glo-ry, Struggle for the crown. A - MEN.

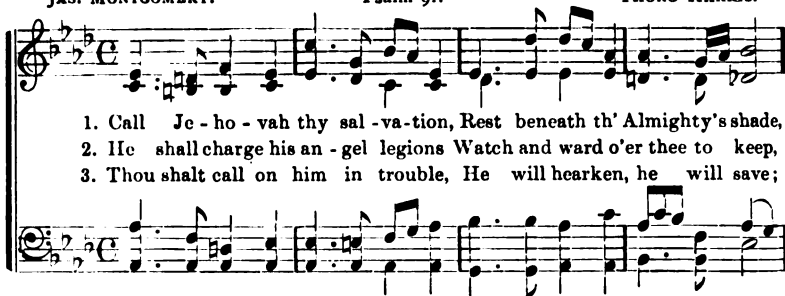


# 54 Call Jehovah thy Salvation. 8.7. D.

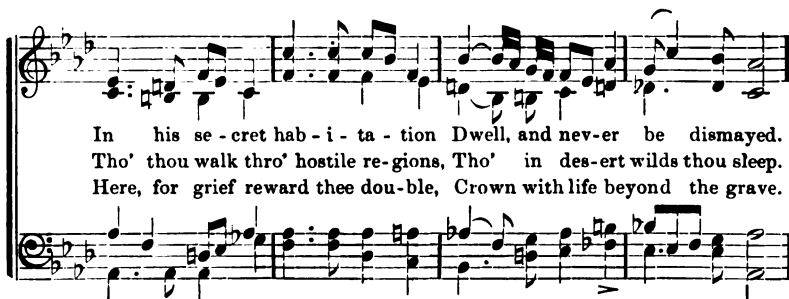
JAS. MONTGOMERY.

Psalm 91.

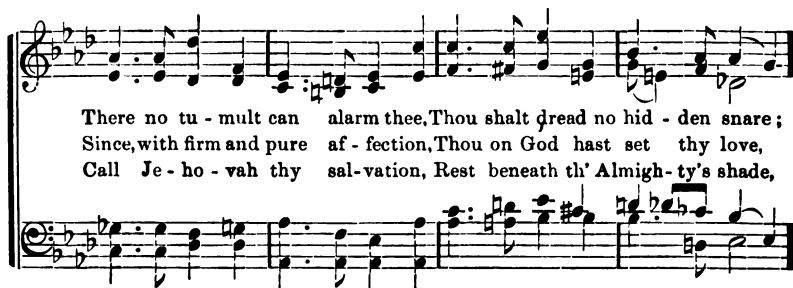
THORO HARRIS.



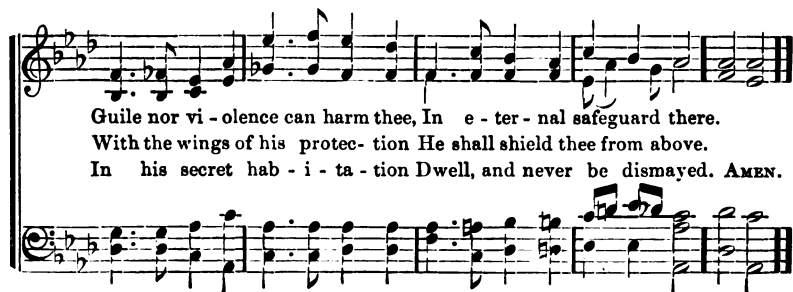
1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,  
 2. He shall charge his an - gel legions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,  
 3. Thou shalt call on him in trouble, He will hearken, he will save;



In his se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed.  
 Tho' thou walk thro' hostile re - gions, Tho' in des - ert wilds thou sleep.  
 Here, for grief reward thee dou - ble, Crown with life beyond the grave.



There no tu - mult can alarm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;  
 Since, with firm and pure af - fection, Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest beneath th' Almigh - ty's shade,



Guile nor vi - olence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safeguard there.  
 With the wings of his protec - tion He shall shield thee from above.  
 In his secret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and never be dismayed. AMEN.

ELIZABETH MILLS.  
*Staccato.*

THORO HARRIS.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come  
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome;  
3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest: He bade me cease to roam,  
4. When by af - flic - tion sharply drove, Faith tells of scenes to come—  
5. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by And dwell with Christ at home?  
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.  
And fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con-duct me home.  
Those end - less joys pre-pared a - bove, And then I sigh for home.  
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

We'll work and wait,

We'll work . . . till Je - sus comes, And then be gathered, gathered home;  
We'll work and wait gathered home.

We'll work and wait till Je - sus comes And then be gath-ered home.

MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.

THORO HARRIS.

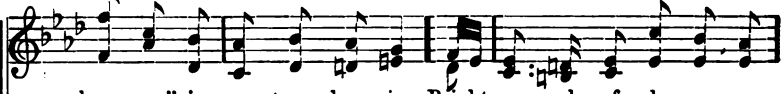
1. A - wea - ry and des - o - late, poor and a - lone, He's resting his  
 2. How oft like the pa - tri-arch, wea - ry and lone, We sink down to  
 3. O, praise ye the Lord for the Beth-els of earth! They prove to my

head on a pil - low of stone, While glo - ri - ous vis - ions of  
 rest on a pil - low of stone, Our hearts full of sad - ness, our  
 soul of such won - der - ful worth; And vis - ions of glo - ry as


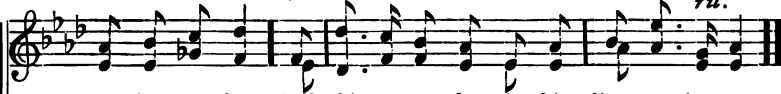
ser - aphim bright Be-glad-den his soul in the gloom of the night.  
 eyes full of tears, We long for the rest of e - ter - ni - ty's years.  
 rap - tu - rous seem As when in the pa - tri-arch's won - der - ful dream:

He sees the bright lad - der let down from the skies, "The gate - way of  
 Our eyes are so blind - ed they can - not be - hold The an - gels come  
 I long for the time when my crown shall be giv'n, I'll soar in the


# Bethel. Concluded.



heav-en," in rap-ture he cries. Bright an-gels of glo-ry are  
down on the path-way of gold—Bright an-gels of glo-ry that  
path-way of glo-ry to heav'n. This won-der-ful lad-der by

com-ing to cheer, And whisper sweet hope in his list-en-ing ear.  
lin-ger so near To whisper sweet hope in our fam-ish-ing ear.  
faith I can see, And glo-ri-ous an-gels are hast'n-ing to me.

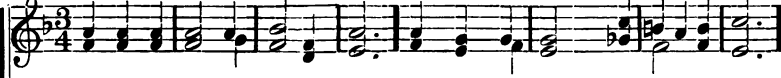


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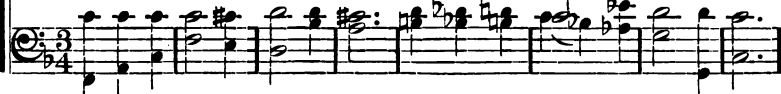
## Vienna. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Just as I am,—with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am,—tho' tossed a-bout, With ma-ny a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am,—thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am,—thy love unknown Has brok-en ev-'ry barrier down;




And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
Fightings with-in and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
Be-cause thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
Now to be thine, yea, thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



T. H.

LICHNER. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Earn - est - ly, faith - ful - ly, toil - ing for Je - sus, Seek - ing the  
 2. Toil - ers for Je - sus, re - peat that sweet sto - ry, Tell how from  
 3. Soon will the Sav - iour, in glo - ry de - scend - ing, For all his

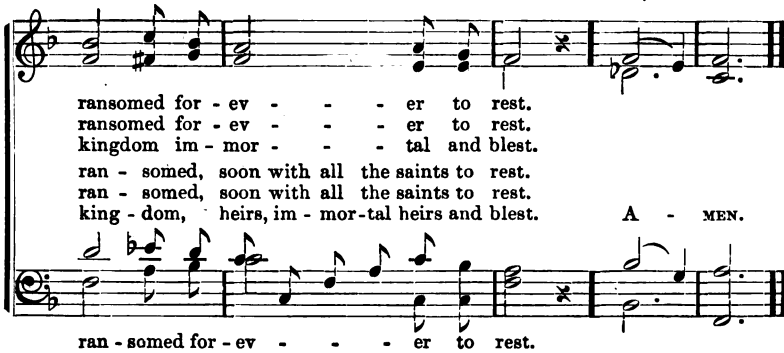
lost ones o'er mountain and sea, Striv - ing to point wea - ry  
 heav - en so spot - less and pure, High - er than high - est arch -  
 chil - dren re - turn from a - bove, An - gels at - tend - ing; with

souls to the Sav - iour, Ten - der - ly plead - ing, O come un - to me.  
 an - gels of glo - ry, Life ev - er - last - ing Christ came to se - cure.  
 rap - ture un - end - ing They shall in - her - it the kingdom of love.

## REFRAIN.

Toil - - ing for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon with the  
 Toil - - ing for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon with the  
 Toil on for Je - sus—hap - py un - rest! Heirs of the  
 Toiling, toiling on for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon, yea, soon, with all the  
 Toiling, toiling on for Je - sus, O la - bor blest! Soon, yea, soon, with all the  
 Toil, ye faithful ones, for Je - sus—hap - py un - rest! Heralds of the com - ing

## Toilers. Concluded.



ransomed for - ev - - - er to rest.  
ransomed for - ev - - - er to rest.  
kingdom im - mor - - - tal and blest.  
ran - somed, soon with all the saints to rest.  
ran - somed, soon with all the saints to rest.  
king - dom, heirs, im - mor-tal heirs and blest. A - MEN.

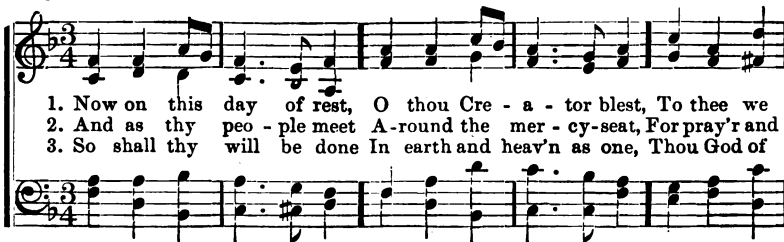
ran - somed for - ev - - - er to rest.

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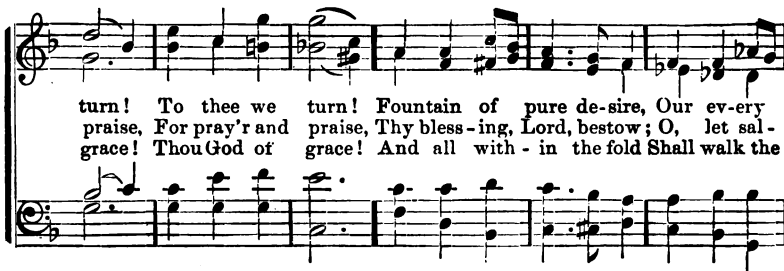
## Sabbath Morning. 6.4.

J. M. PAYNE.

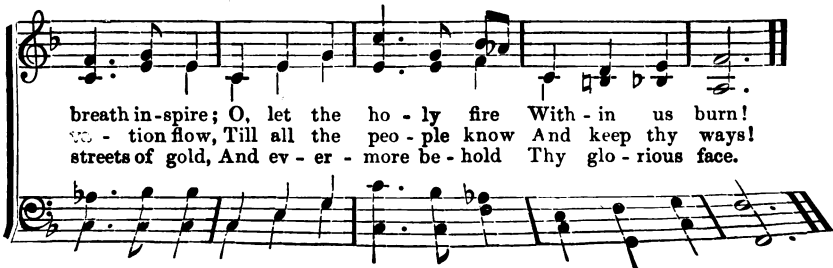
THORO HARRIS.



1. Now on this day of rest, O thou Cre - a - tor blest, To thee we  
2. And as thy peo - ple meet A-round the mer - cy-seat, For pray'r and  
3. So shall thy will be done In earth and heav'n as one, Thou God of



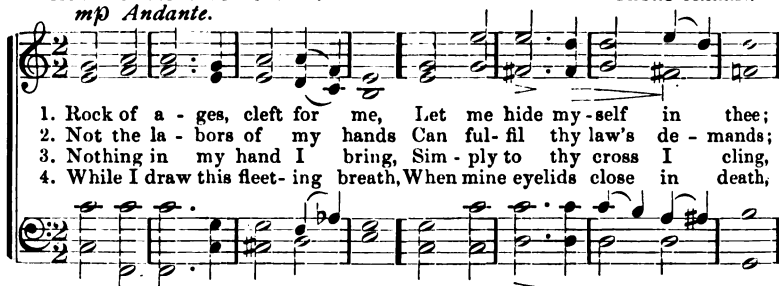
turn! To thee we turn! Fountain of pure de-sire, Our ev-ery  
praise, For pray'r and praise, Thy bless-ing, Lord, bestow; O, let sal-  
grace! Thou God of grace! And all with - in the fold Shall walk the



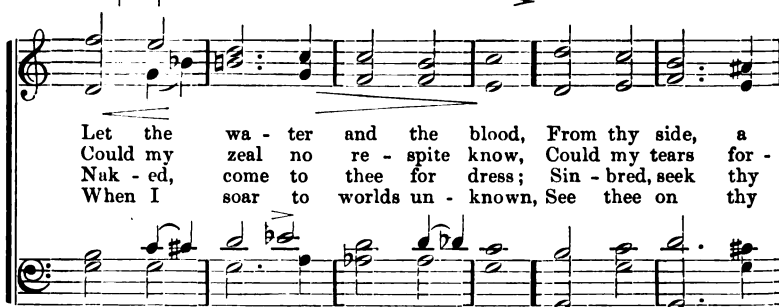
breath in-spire; O, let the ho - ly fire With - in us burn!  
tion flow, Till all the peo - ple know And keep thy ways!  
streets of gold, And ev - er - more be - hold Thy glo - rious face.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY.  
*mp Andante.*

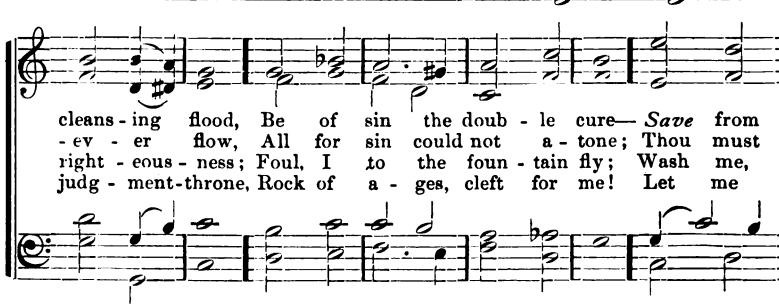
THORO HARRIS.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;  
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil thy law's de - mands;  
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,  
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a  
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for -  
Nak - ed, come to thee for dress; Sin - bred, seek thy  
When I soar to worlds un - known, See thee on thy

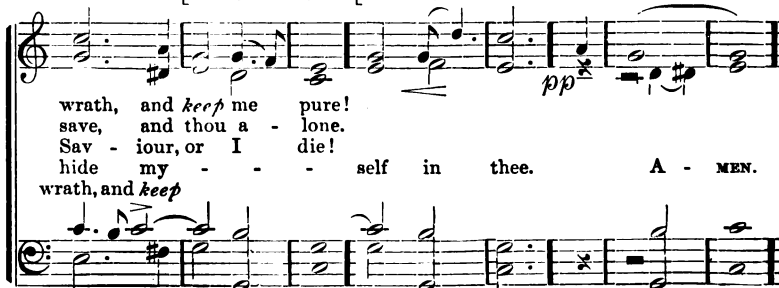


cleans - ing flood, Be of sin the doub - le cure—Save from  
- ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must  
right - eous - ness; Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me,  
judg - ment - throne, Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me

[STANZAS 1-3.]

[LAST STANZA.]

A - MEN.



wrath, and keep me pure!  
save, and thou a - lone.  
Sav - iour, or I die!  
hide my - - - self in thee. A - MEN.  
wrath, and keep

61.

## Fiffield. 8.7. D.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

*mp*

1. Je - sus, bread for pil-grims broken, Far - ing to the bet-ter land ;
2. Manna, Lord, from heav'n descending, Step by step, and day by day,
3. This, up-on thy prom-ise lean-ing, Will we do, till thou shalt come ;

Welcome it, the sa - cred to-ken, Welcome from the Mas - ter's hand.  
On this staff of life de - pending, Heav'nward, heav'nward on our way.  
Show the world thy banquet's meaning, Till 'tis spread in heav'n our home.

Here we humbly kneel before thee, Sins forsaken and confest, Love thee, praise thee  
Cleansed by thee, by thee forgiven, Grant us on our pilgrim road, Wine of Eshcol,  
Bliss eternal, then, before us, Foreheads marked by thine own sign, We will join sal-

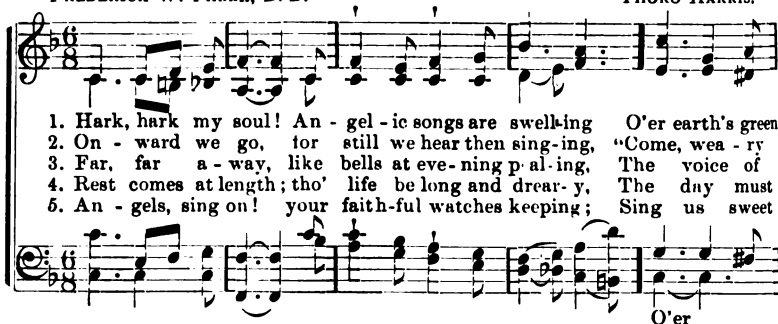
and adore thee : Bless, O Lord, each waiting guest, Bless, O Lord, each waiting guest.  
bread of Heaven, As we're mounting up to God, As we're mounting up to God.  
va - tion's chorus, Drink of thy ce - les - tial vine, Drink of thy ce - lestial vine.



## The Angels' Song.

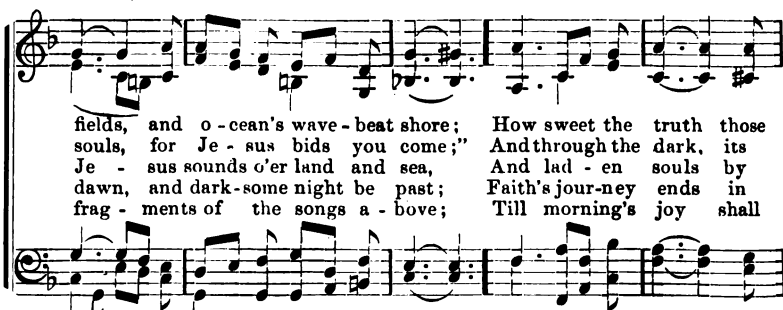
FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.



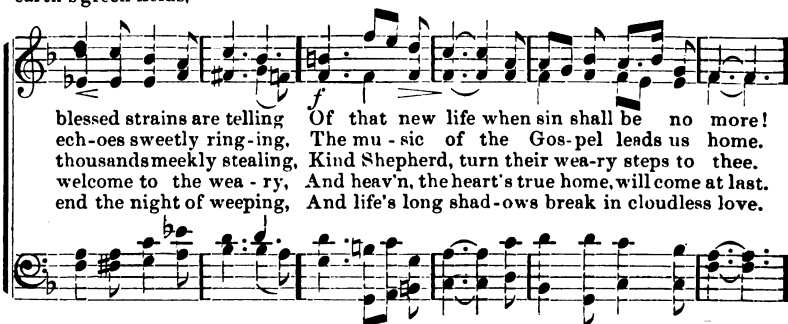
1. Hark, hark my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear then sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning p - al - ing, The voice of  
 4. Rest comes at length; tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must  
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet

O'er



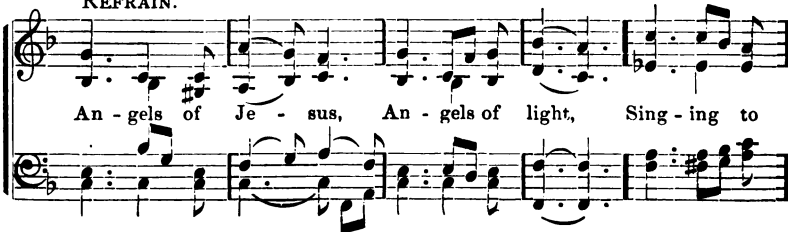
fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those  
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And lad - en souls by  
 dawn, and dark - some night be past; Faith's jour - ney ends in  
 frag - ments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall

earth's green fields,



blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.  
 thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.  
 welcome to the wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 end the night of weeping, And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

## REFRAIN.



An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to

## The Angels' Song. Concluded.

musical notation for the first system of 'The Angels' Song'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: wel - come the pil - grims of the night, Sing - ing to

STANZAS 1-4.

LAST STANZA.

*rit.* . . . . . *rall.* . . . . .

musical notation for the last stanza of 'The Angels' Song'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: wel - come the pil - grims of the night, pil-grims of the night.

## 63. Morning Prayer. C. M.

CHAS. LEWIS JOHNSON.

THORO HARRIS.

musical notation for the first system of 'Morning Prayer'. It features a treble and bass staff in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are:

1. O God of love, we hum-bly bow Be-fore thee now in prayer,
2. Give us, we pray, suf-ficient strength To keep us through the day,
3. Dear Fa-ther, sin is at each hand, Ope thou our eyes to see
4. Thoug-iv-est rest to wea-ry souls That seek to do thy will,
5. We come to thee just as we are, Ac-cept of us, we pray.

musical notation for the second system of 'Morning Prayer'. It features a treble and bass staff in C major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are:

For thou art om - ni - pres-ent, Lord, We see thee ev - ery-where.  
 Help us that we may safe - ly walk The strait and nar - row way.  
 That when the tempt-er would al - lure, Our ref - uge is in thee.  
 Thy Spir - it is always ready, Lord, Our long-ing hearts to fill.  
 All that we have, our life, our thoughts, We con - se - crate to - day.

## Take a Stand for Jesus.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

PROCESSIONAL.

THORO HARRIS.

*Allegro*

1. Take a stand for Je - sus, Let all peo - ple know, That you mean to  
 2. Take a stand for Je - sus, Nev-er blush for shame: Nev - er fail or  
 3. Take a stand for Je - sus, His commands are sweet; Nev - er fear the

serve him, Ev - ery-where you go. High or low your sta - tion,  
 fal - ter, Show yourself the same: He will al - ways own you,  
 bat - tle, Nev - er sound re - treat: Where the Captain's call - ing,

Rich or poor your lot, Take a stand for Je - sus, And for-sake him not.  
 Always give you grace; Take a stand for Je - sus, Then, in ev - ery place.  
 Where the standard flies; Take a stand for Je - sus, Fight to win the prize.

## REFRAIN.

Take a stand for Je - sus, Loy - al be and true; Show a good con -

## Take a Stand for Jesus. Concluded.

fes - sion, As he showed for you. Take a stand for Je - sus,

Think of crown and palm, Thine the hights of glory, Thine the vic - tor's psalm.

65

## Truth Shall Rise Again. L. M.

WM CULLEN BRYANT.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again, — Th'e-ter-nal years of God are her's;  
2. Heed not the shaft by ha-tred cast, The foul and hiss-ing bolt of scorn;  
3. Yea, though thou lie up - on the dust, When all thy help-ers flee in fear,  
4. An - oth - er arm thy sword shall wield, An-oth-er hand the standard wave,

But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies a - mong his wor-ship-ers.  
For with the right shall dwell at last, The vict'-ry of en - durance born.  
Die full of hope and man-ly trust, Like those who fell in bat-tle here!  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed The blast of tri-umph o'er thy grave.

## The Voice of Jesus.

T. H.

CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus,—he is call - ing thee from sin;  
2. Soon, ah soon, thy Sav - iour's gra - cious plead - ing will be o'er,

At thy heart's dark door he knocks: O bid him en - ter in! He will  
And the Ho - ly Spir - it, slight-ed, shall re - turn no more. Now he

wash thee from ev - ery guilt-y stain, He will deign thy soul to bless.  
calls thee, "O come to me and rest;" Sin - ner, heark-en and o - bey;

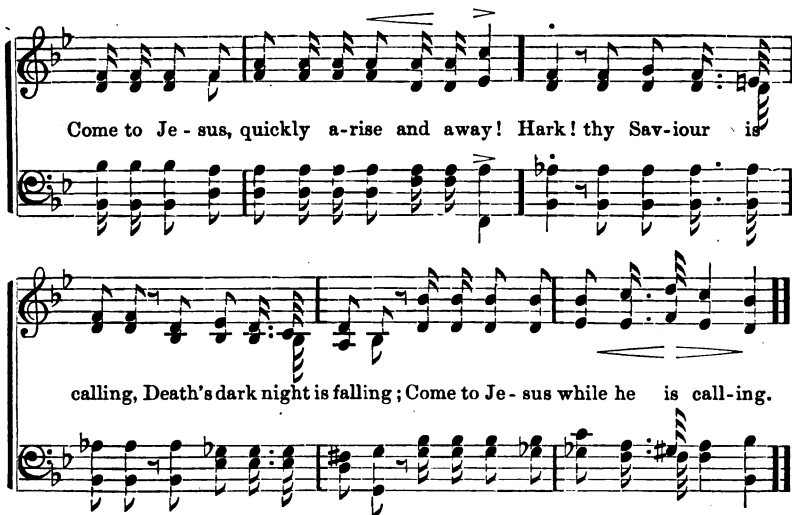
Hark! he call-eth thee a - gain; Take him for thy right-eous-ness.  
Speed thee home to Father's breast, Ere shall close sal - va - tion's day.

REFRAIN.

*Andante.*

Hark! the Mas - ter is call - ing, The shad - ows are fall - ing;

## The Voice of Jesus. Concluded.

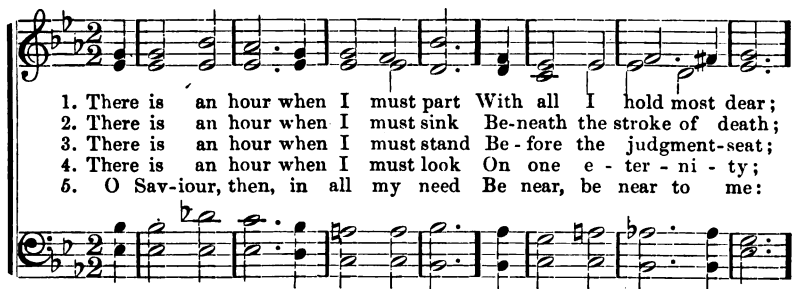


Come to Je - sus, quickly a-rise and away! Hark! thy Sav-iour is  
calling, Death's dark night is falling; Come to Je- sus while he is call-ing.

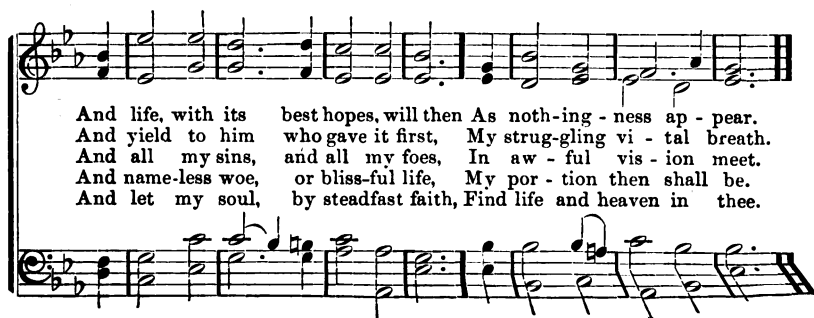
## 67 There is an Hour. C. M.

REV. ANDREW REED, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.



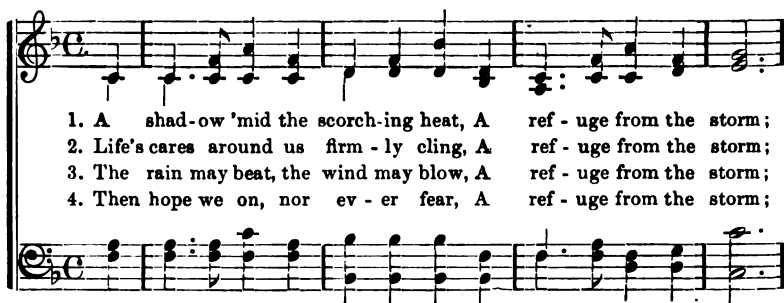
1. There is an hour when I must part With all I hold most dear;  
2. There is an hour when I must sink Be-neath the stroke of death;  
3. There is an hour when I must stand Be-fore the judgment-seat;  
4. There is an hour when I must look On one e - ter - ni - ty;  
5. O Sav-iour, then, in all my need Be near, be near to me:



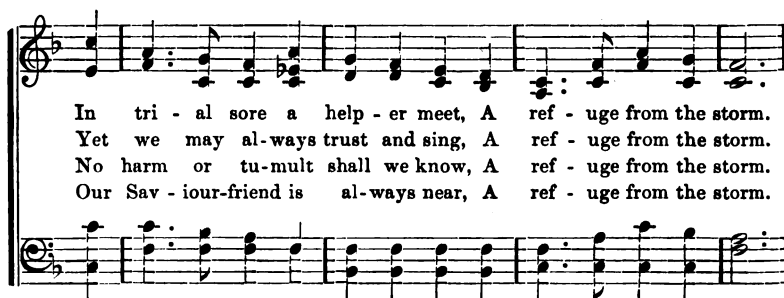
And life, with its best hopes, will then As noth-ing - ness ap - pear.  
And yield to him who gave it first, My strug-gling vi - tal breath.  
And all my sins, and all my foes, In aw - ful vis - ion meet.  
And name-less woe, or bliss-ful life, My por - tion then shall be.  
And let my soul, by steadfast faith, Find life and heaven in thee.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

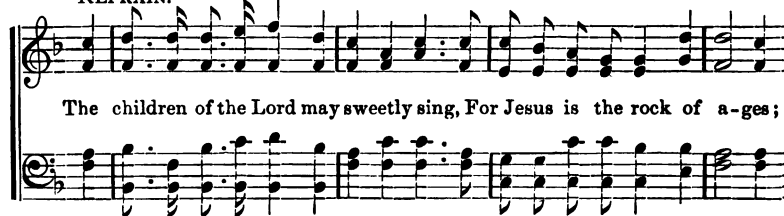


1. A shad-ow 'mid the scorch-ing heat, A ref - uge from the storm;  
 2. Life's cares around us firm - ly cling, A ref - uge from the storm;  
 3. The rain may beat, the wind may blow, A ref - uge from the storm;  
 4. Then hope we on, nor ev - er fear, A ref - uge from the storm;

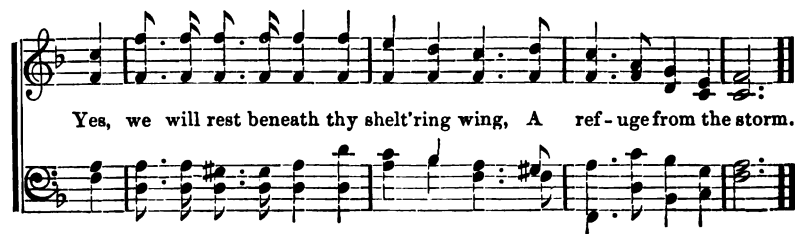


In tri - al sore a help - er meet, A ref - uge from the storm.  
 Yet we may al-ways trust and sing, A ref - uge from the storm.  
 No harm or tu-mult shall we know, A ref - uge from the storm.  
 Our Sav - iour-friend is al-ways near, A ref - uge from the storm.

## REFRAIN.



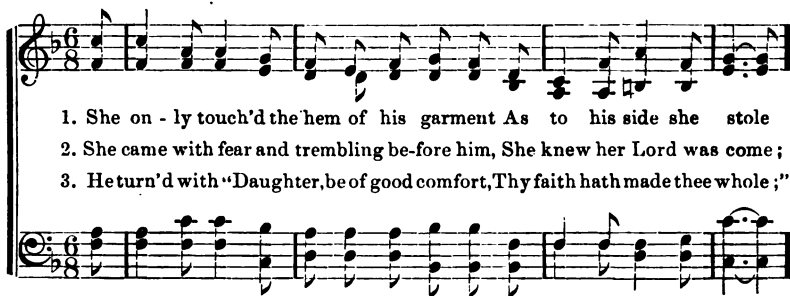
The children of the Lord may sweetly sing, For Jesus is the rock of a-ges;



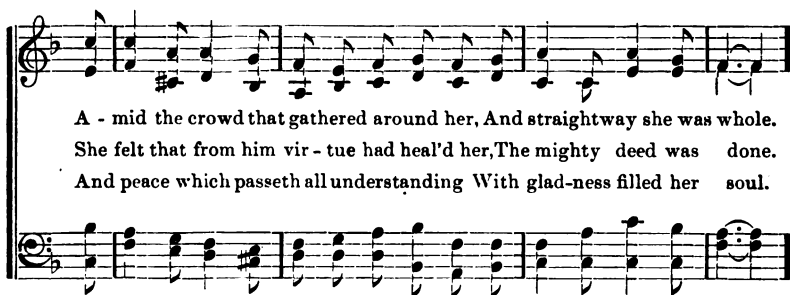
Yes, we will rest beneath thy shelt'ring wing, A ref - uge from the storm.

## The Hem of His Garment.

THORO HARRIS.

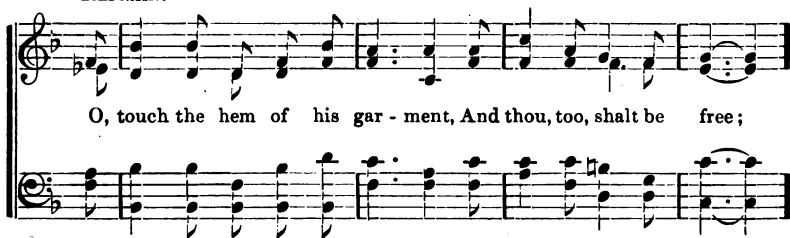


1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of his garment As to his side she stole  
 2. She came with fear and trembling be-fore him, She knew her Lord was come;  
 3. He turn'd with "Daughter, be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole;"

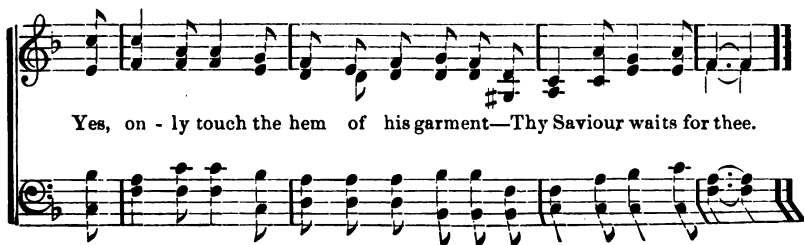


A - mid the crowd that gathered around her, And straightway she was whole.  
 She felt that from him vir - tue had heal'd her, The mighty deed was done.  
 And peace which passeth all understanding With glad-ness filled her soul.

## REFRAIN.



O, touch the hem of his gar - ment, And thou, too, shalt be free;



Yes, on - ly touch the hem of his garment—Thy Saviour waits for thee.

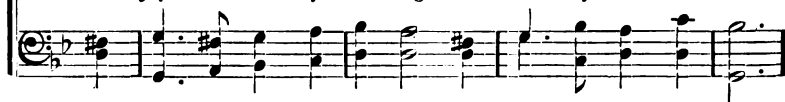


PAUL GERHARDT, tr., REV. J. E. RANKIN.

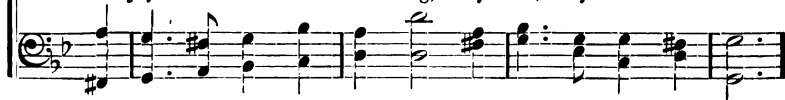
THORO HARRIS.



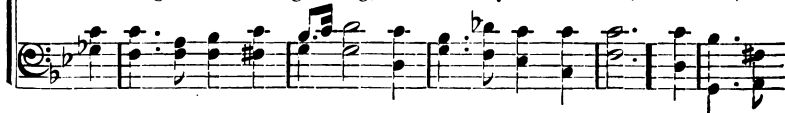
1. O head, all blood, all wounded, All marred by grief and scorn;  
 2. O hu - man face di - vin - est! Thy light be - yond the sun;  
 3. The bur - den which thou bear - est Be - longs, dear Lord, to me;  
 4. By thee, my place I've tak - en; It is no i - dle breath;  
 5. O joy, at safe - ly hid - ing With - in thy riv - en side!



O head, in mock - ry round - ed With crown of cru - el thorn.  
 When late on men thou shin - est, They fall dismayed, un - done.  
 My debt, the debt thou shar - est, Ab - solved, I now go free.  
 Nor shalt thou be for - sak - en, Till breaks thy heart in death.  
 O joy at here a - bid - ing, My All, my Cru - ci - fied!



O head, so late what splendor, What honors high, and grace Thou didst for  
 Dis - fig - ured thou with anguish, Why art thou wan and pale? Why doth thy  
 Lo, here I seek thy fa - vor; A sin - ner here I stay; Give me, O  
 And when at last thou'rt stooping By fi - nal throe distrest, How sweet to  
 Now might I, O life - giv - ing, Have this, my heart's desire, With thee, for -



## Gerhardt. Concluded.



me sur-ren-der—An Off'ring in my place! An Off'ring in my place!  
 light so languish? So flick-er down and fail, So flick-er down and fail?  
 pity-ing Sav-iour, Love's last for-giv-ing ray, Love's last for-giv-ing ray.  
 fold thee, drooping On this poor, will-ing breast, On this poor, willing breast.  
 ev-er liv-ing, Up-on thy cross ex-pire, Up-on thy cross expire.

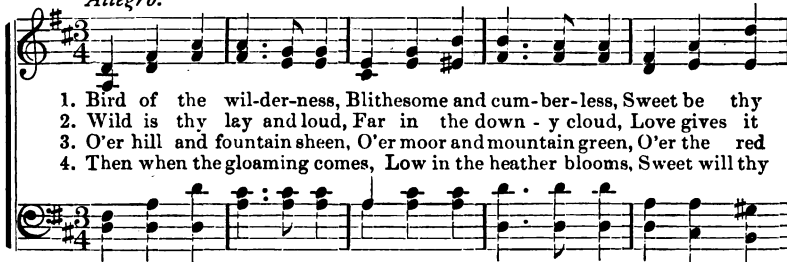
71

## Skylark. 6.6.10.

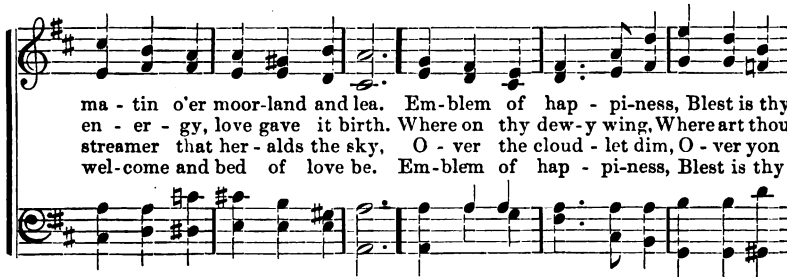
JAS. HOGG.

THORO HARRIS.

*Allegro.*



1. Bird of the wil-der-ness, Blithesome and cum-ber-less, Sweet be thy
2. Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down-y cloud, Love gives it
3. O'er hill and fountain sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red
4. Then when the gloaming comes, Low in the heather blooms, Sweet will thy



ma-tin o'er moor-land and lea. Em-blem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy  
 en-er-gy, love gave it birth. Where on thy dew-y wing, Where art thou  
 streamer that her-alds the sky, O-ver the cloud-let dim, O-ver yon  
 wel-come and bed of love be. Em-blem of hap-pi-ness, Blest is thy



dwel-ling-place,—O to a-bide in the des-ert with thee!  
 jour-ney-ing, Thy lay in heav-en, thy mu-sic on earth?  
 rain-bow's rim, Mu-sic-al cher-ub, soar, sing-ing a-way!  
 rest-ing-place,—O to a-bide in the des-ert with thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

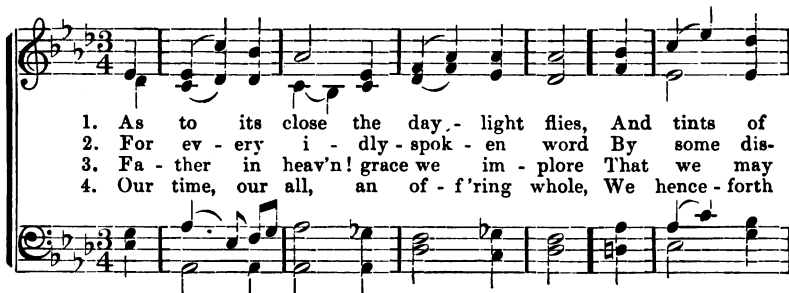
THORO HARRIS.

1. Light af - ter dark - ness, gain af - ter loss,  
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, sun af - ter rain,  
 2. Near af - ter dis - tant, gleam af - ter gloom,


Strength af - ter weak - ness, crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter  
 Light af - ter mys - t'ry, peace af - ter pain; Joy af - ter  
 Love af - ter ha - tred, life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long

bit - ter, hope af - ter fears, Home af - ter wand - ring,  
 sor - row, calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter la - bor,  
 an - guish, rap - ture of bliss: Right was the path - way

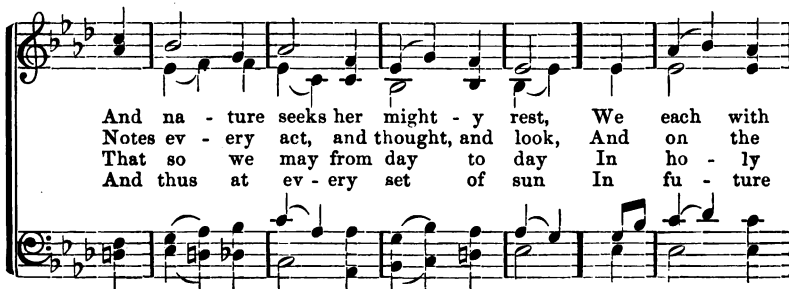
praise af - ter tears.  
 sweet rest at last.  
 lead - ing to this. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.



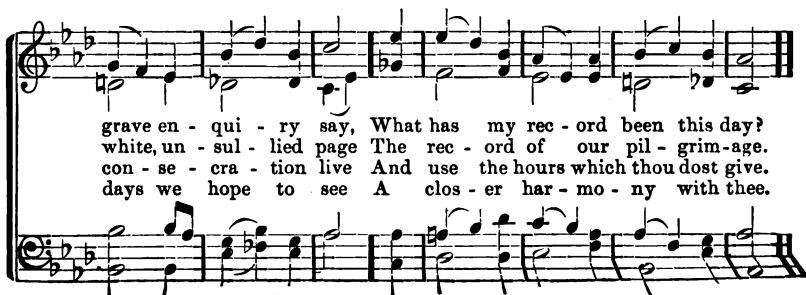
1. As to its close the day - light flies, And tints of  
 2. For ev - ery i - dly - spok - en word By some dis-  
 3. Fa - ther in heav'n! grace we im - plore That we may  
 4. Our time, our all, an of - f'ring whole, We hence - forth



pur - ple line the skies, As sinks the sun 'neath splendor's west,  
 cern - ing ear is heard; An an - gel in an o - pen book  
 learn to love thee more. For Je - sus' sake O hear, we pray,  
 yield to thy con - trol. Thy will, and not our own, be done;



And na - ture seeks her might - y rest, We each with  
 Notes ev - ery act, and thought, and look, And on the  
 That so we may from day to day In ho - ly  
 And thus at ev - ery set of sun In fu - ture



grave en - qui - ry say, What has my rec - ord been this day?  
 white, un - sul - lied page The rec - ord of our pil - grim-age.  
 con - se - cra - tion live And use the hours which thou dost give.  
 days we hope to see A clos - er har - mo - ny with thee.

## Ashamed. L. M. D.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

From F. PAOLO TOSTI. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Jesus, and shall it ev-er be, A mortal man ashamed of

*mp*

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mortal man a-  
 2. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon Let midnight be a-  
 3. Ashamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to

thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,

shamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories  
 shamed of noon: 'Twas midnight with my soul till he, Bright Morning  
 wash a-way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to

Ashamed of Je - - sus! soon - er

shine thro' end-less days? A - shamed of Je - sus!  
 Star, bade dark-ness flee. A - shamed of Je - sus!  
 quell, no soul to save. Till then—nor is my

far . . . Let eve dis - own each radiant star; He sheds the

sooner far Let eve disown each radiant star; He  
 that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend? No;  
 boasting vain— Till then I boast a Saviour slain; And

# Ashamed. Concluded.

beams of light di-vine,

sheds the beams of light di-vine, O'er this be-night-ed soul of  
when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere his  
O, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of

STANZAS 1, 2.

LAST STANZA.

mine, O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.  
name, That I no more re-vere his name.  
me! That Christ is not ashamed of me!

75

## Rawson. C. M.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O Saviour, may we nev-er rest Till thou art formed with-in;  
2. O, may we gaze up-on thy cross Un-til the won-drous sight  
3. Un-til, released from car-nal ties, Our spir-it up-ward springs,  
4. There as we gaze may we be-come U-nit-ed, Lord, to thee;

Till thou hast calmed the troub-led breast, And crushed the power of sin.  
Makes earthly treas-ures seem but dross, And earth-ly sorrows light:  
And sees when earth-ly glo-ry dies, True joy in heavenly things.  
And in a fair-er, hap-pier home, Thy per-fect beau-ty see.

## Evening Blessing.

JAS. D. EDMESTON.

THORO HARRIS.

*p*

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Though destruction walk around us, Tho' the ar - row near us fly,
3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness cannot hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb,

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.  
 Angel guards from thee surround us; We are safe if thou art nigh.  
 Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watcheth where thy peo - ple be.  
 May the morn in heaven awake us, Clad in light and death - less bloom.

## REFRAIN.

Lo, the day of rest de - clin - eth, Speed the shades of night, Speed the

shades of night; May the sun that ev - er shin - eth, Fill our souls with

## Evening Blessing. Concluded.

light, Fill our souls with light. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including rests and a final double bar line. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

77

## A Little While. 11.10.

L. D. SANTEE.

THORO HARRIS.

"For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

1. A lit - tle while, O faint and sore - ly wounded! A lit - tle  
2. A lit - tle while, no more shall pale lips quiv - er, Or eyes grow  
3. Then lay a - side your burd - ens and your sadness; Bring to your

The musical notation for the first system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with quarter and half notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

while, and all your toil shall cease; Soon shall ye be by  
heav - y with their weight of tears; Soon shall ye drink of  
care - worn fa - ces, hope's glad smile; Wear on your up - turned

The musical notation for the second system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with quarter and half notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

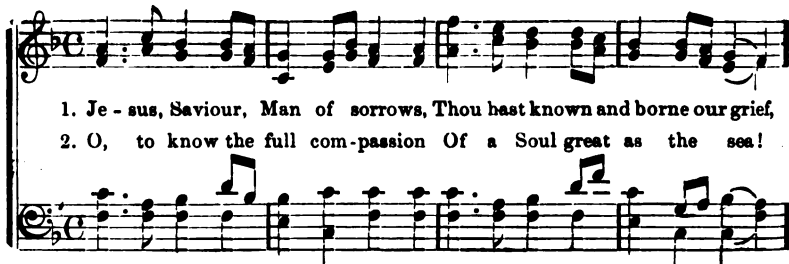
an - gels bright surrounded, In that bright home of love and joy and peace.  
life's calm, shining riv - er, And dwell in peace thro' God's unchanging years.  
fa - ces, looks of gladness: For Christ is com - ing in a lit - tle while!

The musical notation for the third system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with quarter and half notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

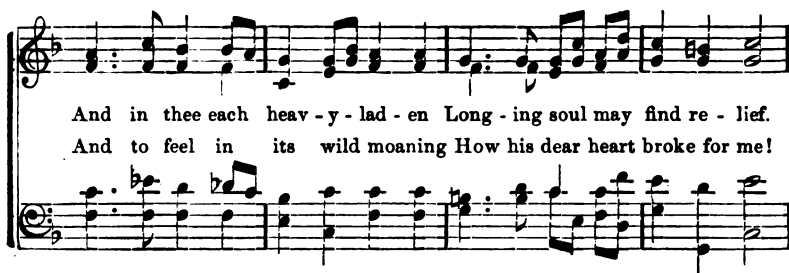


GEO. E. FIFIELD.

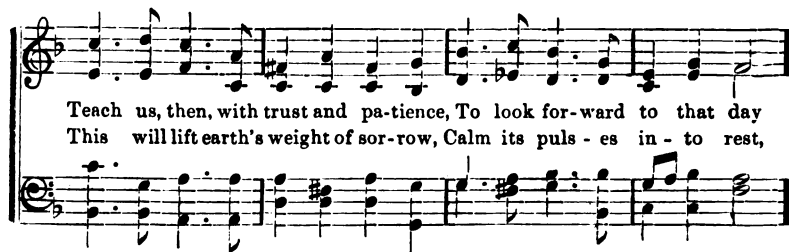
MOZART. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



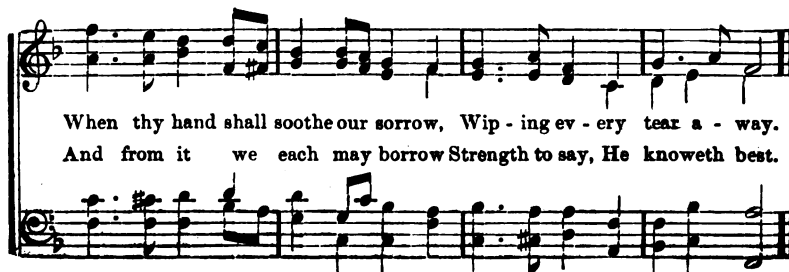
1. Je - sus, Saviour, Man of sorrows, Thou hast known and borne our grief,  
2. O, to know the full com- passion Of a Soul great as the sea!



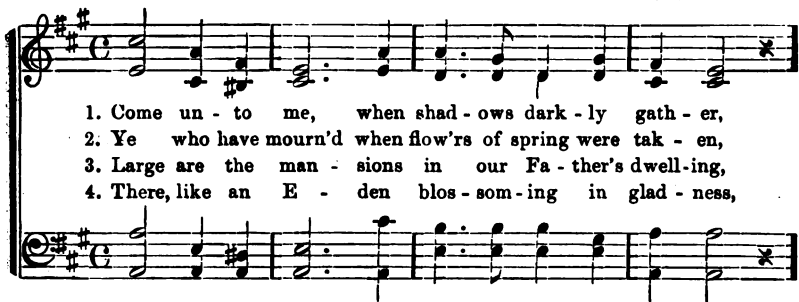
And in thee each heav - y - lad - en Long - ing soul may find re - lief.  
And to feel in its wild moaning How his dear heart broke for me!



Teach us, then, with trust and pa- tience, To look for- ward to that day  
This will lift earth's weight of sor- row, Calm its puls - es in - to rest,



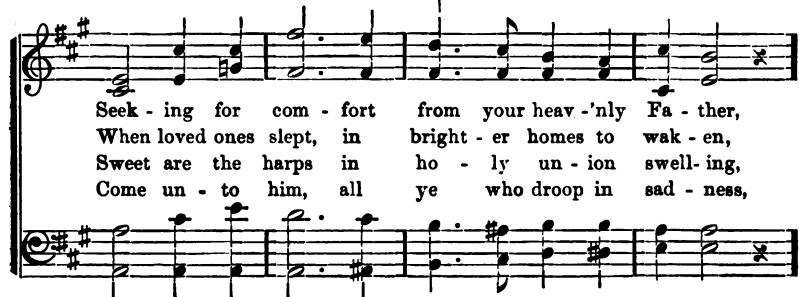
When thy hand shall soothe our sorrow, Wip - ing ev - ery tear a - way.  
And from it we each may borrow Strength to say, He knoweth best.



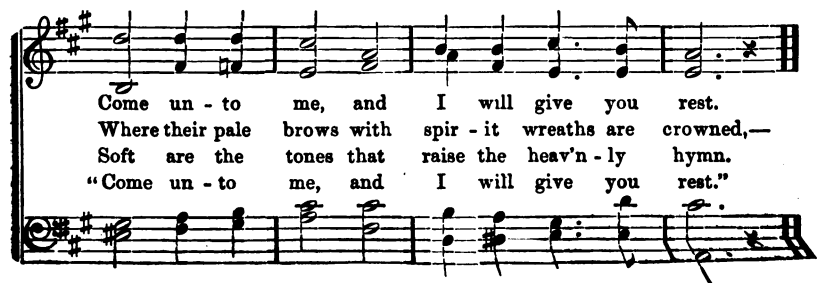
1. Come un - to me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,  
 2. Ye who have mourn'd when flow'rs of spring were tak - en,  
 3. Large are the man - sions in our Fa - ther's dwell - ing,  
 4. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness,



When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - trest,  
 When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,  
 Glad are those homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;  
 Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude - ly prest;



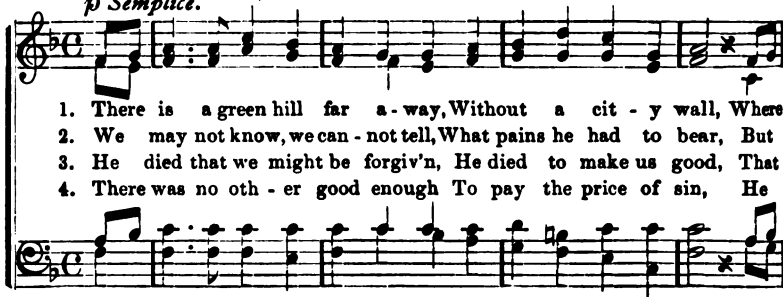
Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav - 'nly Fa - ther,  
 When loved ones slept, in bright - er homes to wak - en,  
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly un - ion swell - ing,  
 Come un - to him, all ye who droop in sad - ness,



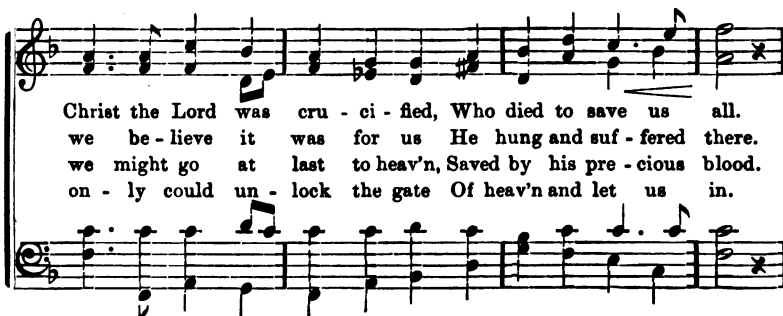
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.  
 Where their pale brows with spir - it wreaths are crowned,—  
 Soft are the tones that raise the heav'n - ly hymn.  
 "Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

Adapted from BEETHOVEN, by THOMAS HARRIS.

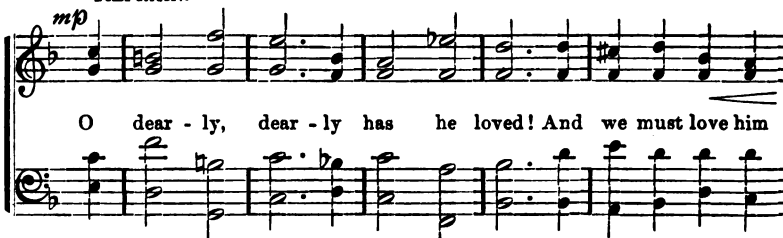
*p Semplce.*


1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall, Where  
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear, But  
 3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That  
 4. There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin, He



Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fled, Who died to save us all.  
 we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.  
 we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by his pre - cious blood.  
 on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

## REFRAIN.



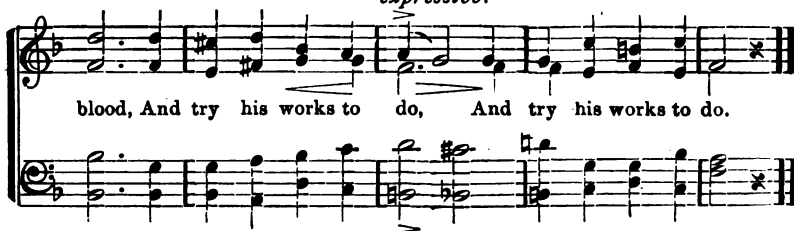
*mp*  
 O dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved! And we must love him

*expressivo.*


too, And we must love him too, And trust in his re - deem - ing

# Cecilia. Concluded.

*expressivo.*



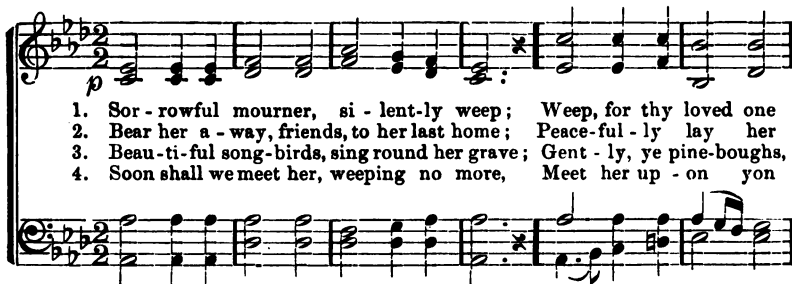
blood, And try his works to do, And try his works to do.

81

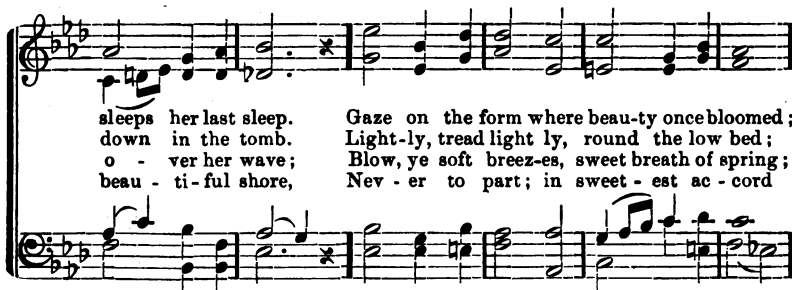
## Silently Weep. 9.

E. C. RIGGS.

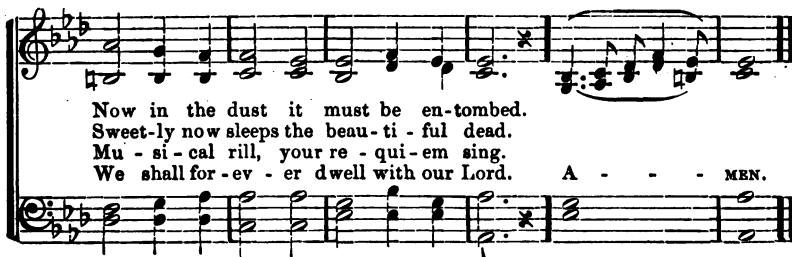
THORO HARRIS.



1. Sor-rowful mourner, si-lent-ly weep; Weep, for thy loved one  
2. Bear her a-way, friends, to her last home; Peace-ful-ly lay her  
3. Beau-ti-ful song-birds, sing round her grave; Gent-ly, ye pine-boughs,  
4. Soon shall we meet her, weeping no more, Meet her up-on yon



sleeps her last sleep. Gaze on the form where beau-ty once bloomed;  
down in the tomb. Light-ly, tread light ly, round the low bed;  
o-ver her wave; Blow, ye soft breez-es, sweet breath of spring;  
beau-ti-ful shore, Nev-er to part; in sweet-est ac-cord



Now in the dust it must be en-tomb'd.  
Sweet-ly now sleeps the beau-ti-ful dead.  
Mu-si-cal rill, your re-qui-em sing.  
We shall for-ev-er dwell with our Lord. A - - - MEN.

## The Everlasting Song.

LIZZY EDWARDS.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Come, O my soul, thy ev - 'ry power a - wak - ing,  
 2. Think, O my soul, how pa - tient - ly he sought thee,  
 3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vo - tion  
 4. Soon, O my soul, thine earth - ly house for - sak - ing,

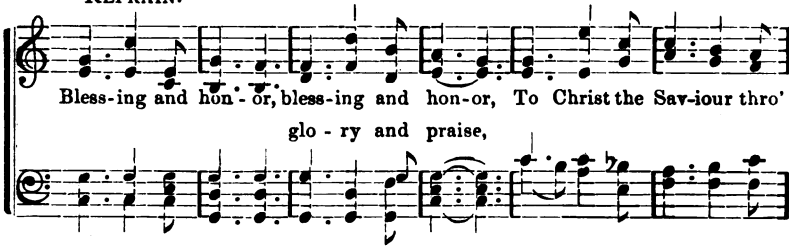
Look un - to him whose good - ness crowns thy days;  
 Far, far a - way up - on the moun - tains steep;  
 Rise to his throne, thy Sav - iour, Friend and Guide;  
 Soon shalt thou rise, that bet - ter land to see;

While in - to song an - gel - ic choirs are break - ing.  
 Then in his arms how ten - der - ly he brought thee  
 Sing of his love that, like the might - y o - ceen,  
 Then will thy harp, a no - bler strain a - wak - ing,


O, ran - somed heart, thy thank - ful trib - ute raise.  
 Home to the fold, his wea - ry wan - d'ring sheep.  
 Flows forth to thee and all the world be - side.  
 Praise him who died to pur - chase life for thee.

# The Everlasting Song. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



Bless-ing and hon-or, bless-ing and hon-or, To Christ the Sav-iour thro'  
glo-ry and praise,

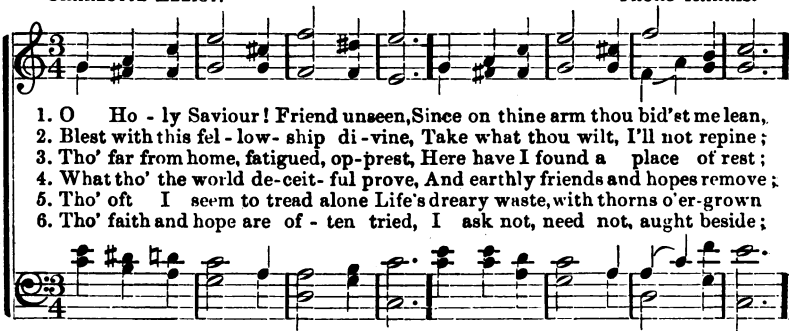


ev-er-lasting days; Sing loud Ho-san-na! thro' ev-er-lasting days.

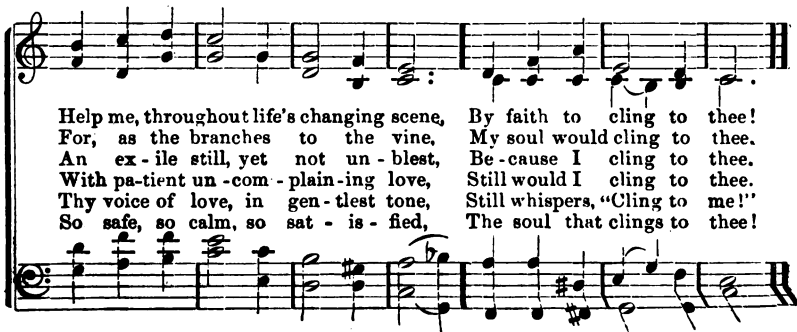
## 83 Cling to Thee. 8.8.8.6.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

THORO HARRIS.



1. O Ho-ly Saviour! Friend unseen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,  
2. Blest with this fel-low-ship di-vine, Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;  
3. Tho' far from home, fatigued, op-pressed, Here have I found a place of rest;  
4. What tho' the world de-ceive-ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes remove;  
5. Tho' oft I seem to tread alone Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er-grown  
6. Tho' faith and hope are of-ten tried, I ask not, need not, aught beside;

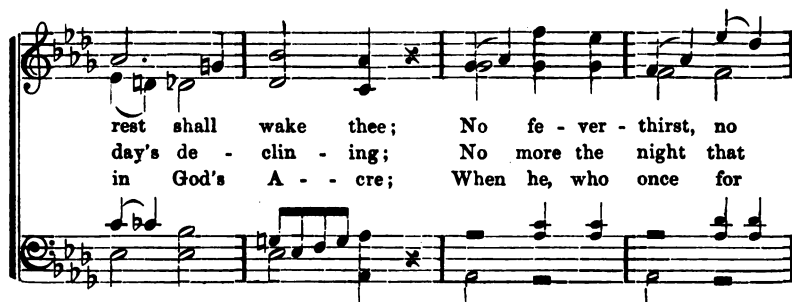
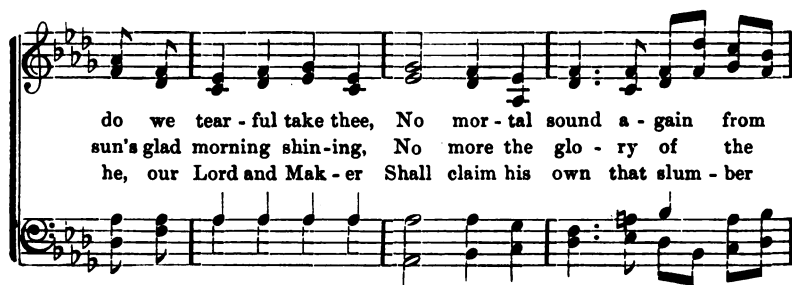
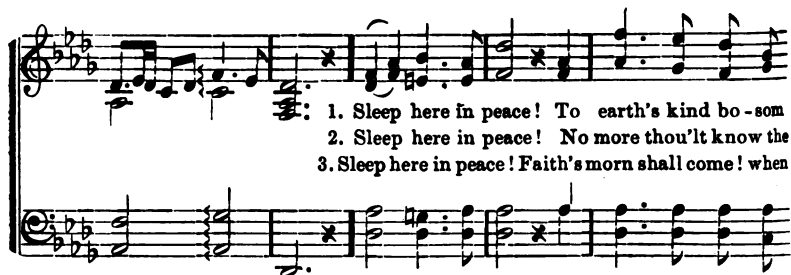


Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!  
For, as the branches to the vine, My soul would cling to thee.  
An ex-ile still, yet not un-blest, Be-cause I cling to thee.  
With pa-tient un-com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to thee.  
Thy voice of love, in gen-tlest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to me!"  
So safe, so calm, so sat-is-fied, The soul that clings to thee!

## Sleep Here in Peace.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

THORO HARRIS.



## Sleep Here in Peace. Concluded.

grief that needs as - suag - ing, No tem - pest - burst a - bove thy  
stoops se - rene a - bove thee, Watch - ing thy rest, like ten - der  
man death's anguish tast - ed, Shall show death's gloomy realm de -

head loud rag - ing. *pp* Sleep here in peace!  
eyes that love thee. Sleep here in peace!  
spoiled and wast - ed. Sleep here in peace!

85

## Blessed Hope. S. M.

THORO HARRIS.

1. There is a bless - ed hope, More pre - cious and more bright  
2. There is a love - ly star That lights the dark - est gloom,  
3. There is a cheer - ing voice That lifts the soul a - bove,  
4. That voice from Cal - v'ry's hight Pro - claims the soul for - giv'n;

Than all the joy - less mock - er - y The world es - teems delight.  
And sheds a peace - ful radi - ance o'er The pros - pects of the tomb.  
Dis - pels the pain - ful, anx - ious doubt, And whis - pers, God is love.  
That star is rev - e - la - tion's light, That hope, the hope of heav'n.



## Awake, my Soul.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

PROCESSIONAL.

THOMAS HARRIS.

*Allegro.*

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on ;  
 2. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high ;

A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 'Tis his own hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.

A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Are hold - ing thee in  
 Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by thee, The heav'n - ly race have

full sur - vey ; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And  
 we be - gun ; And crowned with vic - t'ry, at thy feet We'll

And  
 We'll

# Awake, my Soul. Concluded.

*cres.* . . . . . *mp*

on - ward urge thy heav'n-ly way, And on - ward urge thy way.  
lay our crowns and trophies down, We'll lay our tro - phies down.

on - ward urge thy way, . . .  
lay our trophies down. . .

## 87 Invocation. 10.10.10.4.

MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN

*For the Senses of the New Life.*

THORO HARRIS.

1. Breathe, breath of God, up - on my soul to - night, Dis - pel the  
2. May heaven-ly fragrance from sweet Sharon's rose, Its gra - cious  
3. To thee, whence vir - tue with a touch di - vine Re - called to  
4. O pu - ri - fy my whole de - sire for good, That I may  
5. A new cre - a - tion, Lord, ope thou for me, And make my

mists of doubt which veil my sight, And to the span - gled  
per - fume un - to me dis - close, Per - vad - ing all my  
health,—re-store this soul of mine, And grant my life may  
long still more for heav'nly food, That life thou gav - est  
heart a dwell-ing fit for thee, A sanc-tu - a - ry

heav'n of promise bright, Make clear my view, make clear my view.  
life, while I re - pose Close by thy side, close by thy side.  
min - is - ter, like thine, A heal-ing balm, a heal-ing balm.  
on the ho - ly rood, For such as I, for such as I.  
for e - ter - ni - ty, Sus - tain-ing Love! sus - tain-ing Love!

## The Saviour's Call.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

*Allegretto.*

"Come home,

come home,"

1. Hark! the Mas - ter calls to thee, "Come home, come home,"  
 2. Soon his voice will plead no more, Come home, come home,  
 "Come home, come home,"

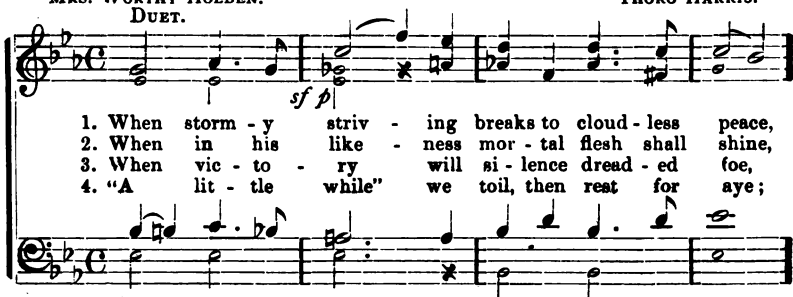
Now he call - eth ten - der - ly, "Come home, come home."  
 Closed will be sal - vation's door: Come home, come home.  
 "Come home, come home,"

*mf*  
 Come to Je - sus, come a - way, Come while it is called to - day;  
 Long the Ho - ly Ghost has striven; Now his pard'ning grace is given;

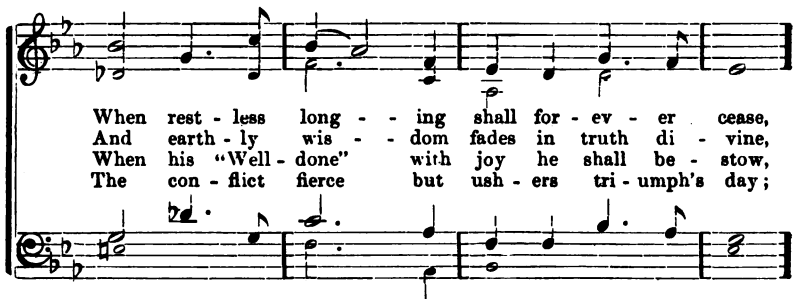
*m* *f*  
 Lin - ger not, no more de - lay; Christ calls thee; come home.  
 Je - sus is the way to heav'n, O lost one, come home.  
 "Come home, come home."

MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN.  
DUET.

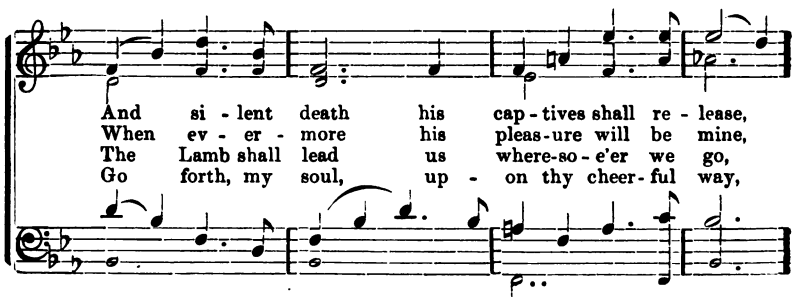
THORO HARRIS.



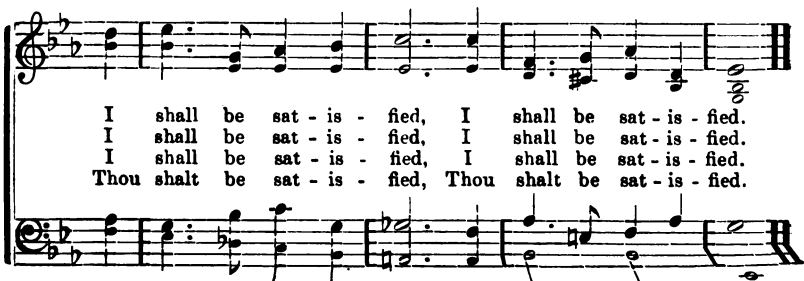
1. When storm - y striv - ing breaks to cloud - less peace,  
2. When in his like - ness mor - tal flesh shall shine,  
3. When vic - to - ry will si - lence dread - ed foe,  
4. "A lit - tle while" we toil, then rest for aye;



When rest - less long - - ing shall for - ev - er cease,  
And earth - ly wis - - dom fades in truth di - vine,  
When his "Well - done" with joy he shall be - stow,  
The con - flict fierce but ush - ers tri - umph's day;



And si - lent death his cap - tives shall re - lease,  
When ev - er - more his pleas - ure will be mine,  
The Lamb shall lead us where - so - e'er we go,  
Go forth, my soul, up - on thy cheer - ful way,



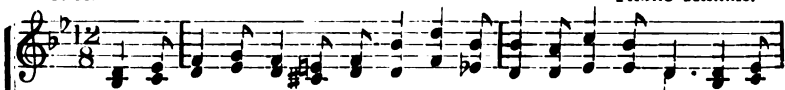
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
Thou shalt be sat - is - fied, Thou shalt be sat - is - fied.

## 90.

## We Shall Meet.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



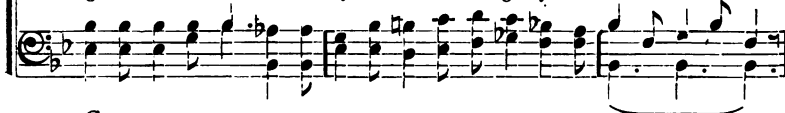
1. When we near the gold-en cit - y in the land beyond the tide, And we
2. Long we've borne our weight of sorrow, long we've struggled here below, While we
3. Here we la - bor on in anguish, dearest ties are rent in twain, And we
4. O the rapture of the faithful ! When the Lord from heav'n shall come, When he



sail the qui-et harbor bright and fair, We shall see the blessed Saviour who for  
meet with many a trial, many a snare ; O we long for that to-morrow, which is  
wrestle with the grief we cannot bear ; When we reach the golden city, naught can  
claims his precious jewels, pure and rare, He will take his waiting children to their



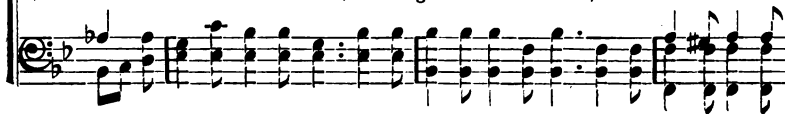
our redemption died, We shall meet the lov'd in glory over there. (yes, over there.)  
waiting us, we know, When we'll meet the lov'd in glory over there.  
trouble us a-gain ; We shall meet the lov'd in glory o-ver there.  
bright eternal home, Where they meet the lov'd in glory o-ver there.



## CHORUS.



We shall meet each other there, On the golden shore so fair, In the land across the



## We Shall Meet. Concluded.

riv-er by and by, yes, by and by; We shall meet each other there, On the

by, . . . . .

golden shore so fair, Where the tree of life is blooming, o - ver there.

## 91 Do Not I Love Thee? C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Do not I love thee, O, my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see;
2. Is not thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - tent - ive ear?
3. Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock I would dis - dain to feed?
4. Would not my heart pour forth its blood In hon - or of thy name?
5. Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord; But oh! I long to soar

And turn the dear - est i - dol out That dares to ri - val thee.  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Sav - iour's voice to hear?  
 Hast thou a foe be - fore whose face I fear thy cause to plead?  
 And challenge the cold hand of death To damp th'immor - tal flame?  
 Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys, And learn to love thee more.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lo, a Stran - ger stands at the por - tal door Of thy  
2. He will feed thy soul with the bread of life, He will

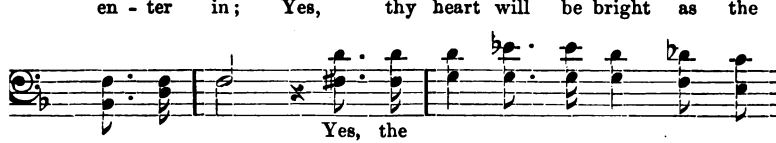
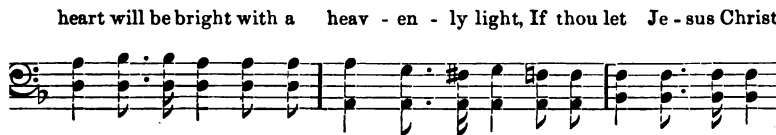
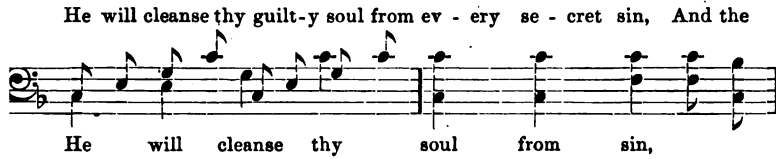
heart heav - y - la - den with sin; He has been there so oft,  
spread thee a roy - al feast; He will quell ev - ery fear,

he has knocked be - fore, Now a - rise, bid him en - ter in.  
and dis - pel thy strife, Haste to make him a wel - come guest.

## REFRAIN.

Sin - ner, o - - - pen, He will  
O - pen, o - pen, o - pen, o - pen, let the Sav - iour in,  
let him in,  
O - pen, o - pen,

# Sinner, Open. Concluded.







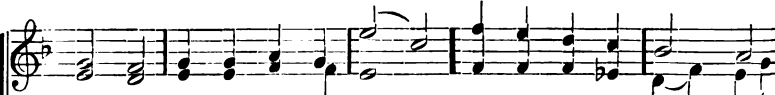
# 93 Lo, the Bridegroom Cometh. 6.5. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.



THORO HARRIS.




1. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Beau-ti - ful and bright, Breaking as the
2. He has spread his sup - per, Bid-den ev - ery guest, Girt he stands to
3. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Lit - tle do we know When shall sound the
4. Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Beau-ti - ful and bright, Breaking as the

day-dawn Breaks up-on the night. Blest is he that watch - eth,  
 serve them, In white rai - ment drest. Rest they have from la - bor,  
 warn-ing, Come our call to go. If our lamps be burn - ing,  
 day-dawn Breaks up-on the night. Lord, we wait the mes - sage,

Heav'nward turns his eyes, Lest the Bridegroom's coming Take him by surprise.  
 All their griefs are o'er, Blest as he that watcheth, Watcheth ev - er-more.  
 Free from death and sin, Gates of pearl shall sunder, We shall en - ter in.  
 Sent to call us home; Wait the com - ing glo - ry, Come, Lord Jesus, come.



## REFRAIN.



Lo, the Bridegroom cometh, Beautiful and bright, Breaking as the day-dawn



## Lo, the Bridegroom Cometh. Concluded.

Breaks up-on the night, Breaking as the day-dawn Breaks upon the night.

94

## Sacred Cross. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous Cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the Cross of Christ, my God :
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small ;

[STANZAS 1-3.]

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to thy Blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, . . . . .

[LAST STANZA.]

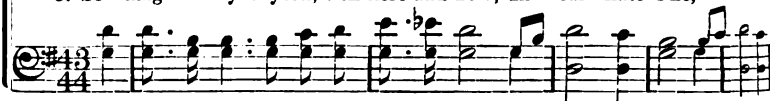
De - mands my life, my soul, my all. A - - MEN.

MRS. WORTHY HOLDEN.

THORO HARRIS.



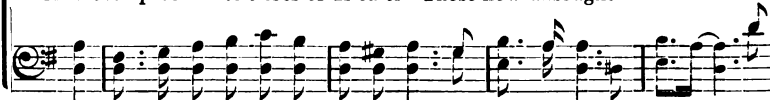
1. Im - man - u - el, make thou thy dwelling - place Within my soul;
2. While all of self, a liv - ing sac - ri - fice For of - fer - ing,
3. So mag - ni - fy thyself, e'en here and now, In - car - nate One,



The bright Shekinah veiling all thy face, Will light the whole, will light the whole;  
Consumed by radiance of thy love's device, New life will bring, new life will bring  
That in thy temple, holy, we may bow When time is done, when time is done.



And breathings of the heart's most secret pray'r, With odor sweet, May  
The soul thus stricken by its sense of wrong And inborn grief, Will  
And thus proclaim to tribes of Is-ra-el—Those now unsought— In

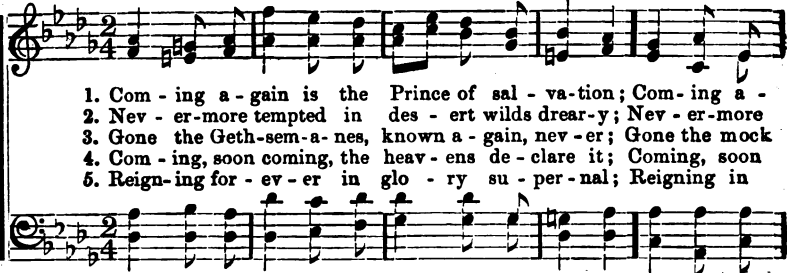


rise ac - cept - ed on thine al - tar there As in - cense meet.  
tune its prais - es in redemption's song For sweet re - lief.  
granting us his gift, Im - man - u - el, What God hath wrought.

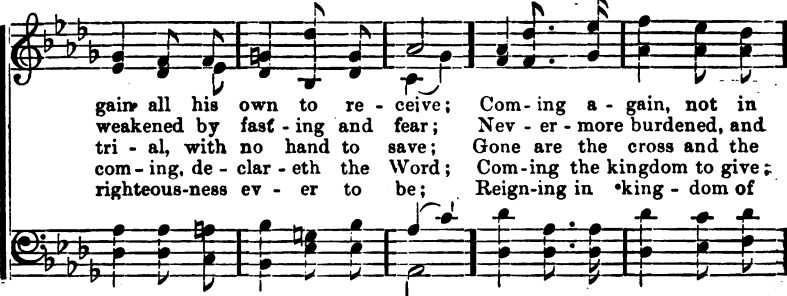


LITMON CLESHAR.


THORO HARRI.



1. Com - ing a - gain is the Prince of sal - va - tion; Com - ing a -  
 2. Nev - er - more tempted in des - ert wilds drear - y; Nev - er - more  
 3. Gone the Geth - sem - a - nes, known a - gain, nev - er; Gone the mock  
 4. Com - ing, soon coming, the heav - ens de - clare it; Coming, soon  
 5. Reign - ing for - ev - er in glo - ry su - per - nal; Reigning in




gain all his own to re - ceive; Com - ing a - gain, not in  
 weakened by fast - ing and fear; Nev - er - more burdened, and  
 tri - al, with no hand to save; Gone are the cross and the  
 com - ing, de - clar - eth the Word; Com - ing the kingdom to give;  
 righteous - ness ev - er to be; Reign - ing in king - dom of



earth's degra - da - tion; Coming, glad tid - ings to all who be - lieve!  
 nev - er - more wea - ry; Nev - er - more anguish, and nev - er - more tear.  
 Cal - va - rys, ev - er; Gone, and for - ev - er, the pow'r of the grave.  
 will you share it? Com - ing, all earth with its im - port is stirred.  
 peace that's e - ter - nal; Love fills it full as the wa - ters the sea.

## CHORUS.



Com - ing a - gain, com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.

THOS. HASTINGS,  
*Tranquillo.*


THORO HARRIS.




1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild      Lead me as a  
2. Thou canst fit me by thy grace      For the heaven - ly  
3. Je - sus, Sav - iour all di - vine,      Hast thou made me



help - less child:      On no oth - er arm but thine  
dwell - ing - place;      All thy prom - is - es are sure,  
tru - ly thine?      Hast thou bought me by thy blood?



Would my wea - ry soul re-cline; Thou art read-y to for - give,  
Ev - er shall thy love en-dure; Then what more could I de - sire,  
Rec - on - ciled my heart to God? Hearken to my ten - der prayer,



Thou canst bid the sin - ner live, Guide the wanderer,  
How to great - er bliss as - pire? All I need, in  
Let me thine own im - age bear; Let me love thee

# Sligo. Concluded.



day by day, In the strait and nar - row way.  
thee I see, Thou art all in all to me.  
more and more, Till I reach heav'n's blissful shore. A - MEN.

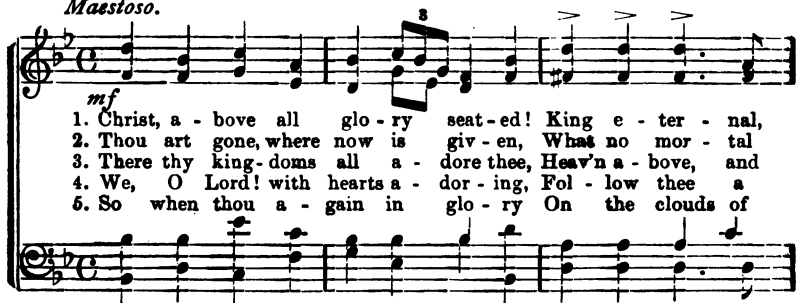
*mf* *dim.*

98

## Eckington. 8.7.

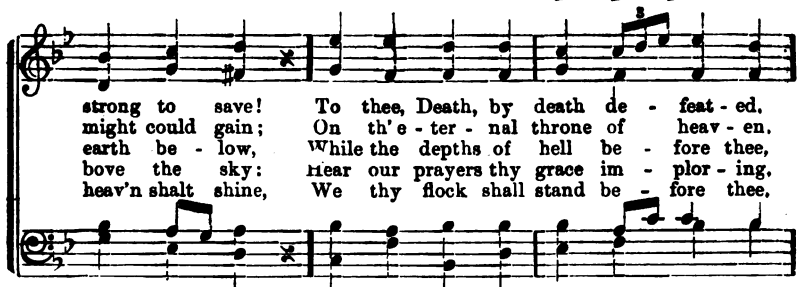
THORO HARRIS.

*Maestoso.*

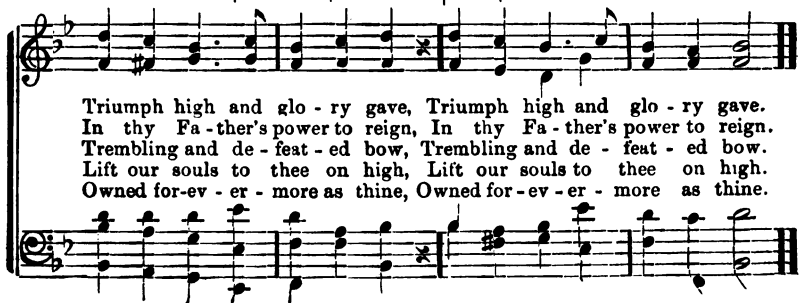


*mf*

1. Christ, a - bove all glo - ry seat-ed! King e - ter - nal,
2. Thou art gone, where now is giv - en, What no mor - tal
3. There thy king - doms all a - dore thee, Heav'n a - bove, and
4. We, O Lord! with hearts a - dor - ing, Fol - low thee a
5. So when thou a - gain in glo - ry On the clouds of



strong to save! To thee, Death, by death de - feat - ed.  
might could gain; On th'e - ter - nal throne of heav - en.  
earth be - low, While the depths of hell be - fore thee,  
bove the sky: hear our prayers thy grace im - plor - ing.  
heav'n shalt shine, We thy flock shall stand be - fore thee.



Triumph high and glo - ry gave, Triumph high and glo - ry gave.  
In thy Fa - ther's power to reign, In thy Fa - ther's power to reign.  
Trembling and de - feat - ed bow, Trembling and de - feat - ed bow.  
Lift our souls to thee on high, Lift our souls to thee on high.  
Owned for - ev - er - more as thine, Owned for - ev - er - more as thine.

HENRY BURTON.

THOMAS HARRIS.

1. Give me the peace that like a riv - er flow-eth, With ev - er-deepening,  
 2. It is thy peace, O Lord! then have compassion Up-on a soul that  
 3. The peace of God all un - derstand-ing passeth, And keeps our hearts in

ev - er-widening wave, — That peace the will - ing and o-bedient knoweth,  
 comes to thee for rest; Speak to the winds and waves of care and passion;  
 patience and in love; And like thy love, O Lord! it far sur-passeth

Who does thy will and knows thy pow'r to save. I cannot gain it  
 Thy word can bring the calm, and make me blest, It is a "per - fect  
 The thought of man be - low, or saint a - bove. It is the "Lord of

by my weak en - deav-or; For when I seek to grasp it in my hand,  
 peace," Lord, which thou givest, If but my mind be ful - ly stayed on thee;  
 peace" who loves and hides me In his pa - vilion from the strife of tongues;

## Peace. Concluded.

Like the mirage, it lures and mocks me ever, And leaves me in a wil-der-  
Why, then, these doubts and fears? Thou ever livest, And in thy perfect peace thou  
And so I trust his power, whate'er betides me, He will give peace, and in the

ness of sand, And leaves me in a wil-der-ness of sand.  
keep-est me, And in thy perfect peace thou keep-est me.  
night-time, songs, He will give peace, and in the night-time, songs.

100

Bernard. C. M.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. Tr. EDW. CASWALL, 1849.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweetness fills my breast;  
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ory find  
3. O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!  
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be thou! As thou our prize wilt be;

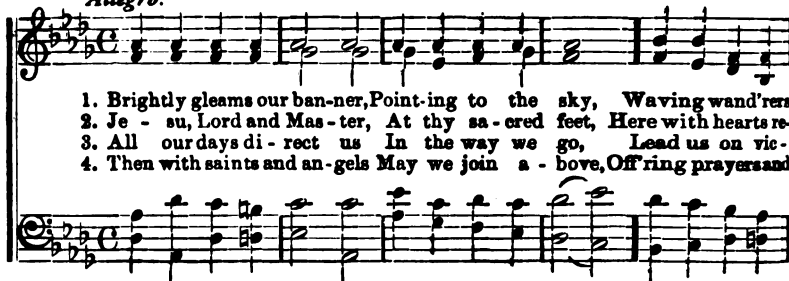
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.  
A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!  
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!  
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.  
Je - sus, be thou our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty!



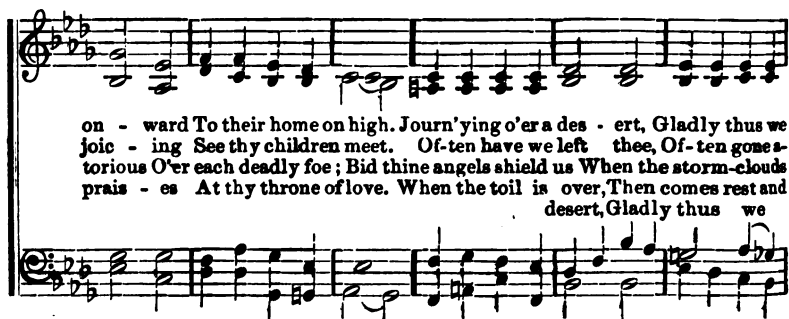
T. J. POTTER.  
*Allegro.*

A PROCESSIONAL.

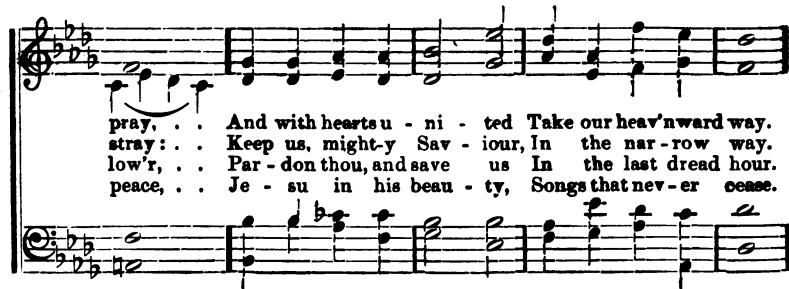
THORO HARRIS.



1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'ers  
 2. Je - su, Lord and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-  
 3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-  
 4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a - bove, Off ring prayers and



on - ward To their home on high. Journ'ying o'er a des - ert, Gladly thus we  
 joic - ing See thy children meet. Of-ten have we left thee, Of-ten gone a-  
 torious O'er each deadly foe; Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds  
 prais - es At thy throne of love. When the toil is over, Then comes rest and  
 desert, Gladly thus we



pray, . . And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'nward way.  
 stray: . . Keep us, might-y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.  
 low'r, . . Par - don thou, and save us In the last dread hour.  
 peace, . . Je - su in his beau - ty, Songs that nev - er cease.

## CHORUS.



Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky,

## Our Banner. Concluded.

Wav - ing wan-d'rers on - ward To their home on high.

## 102 With Tearful Eyes. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELIOT.

THORO HARRIS.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round: Life seems a  
 2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me  
 3. Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth has no  
 4. O voice of mer - cy, voice of love! In con - flict,

dark and storm - y sea; Yet 'mid the gloom I  
 where my soul may flee: O, to the wea - ry,  
 rest - ing - place for thee: To heav'n di - rect thy  
 grief and ag - o - ny, Sup - port me, cheer me

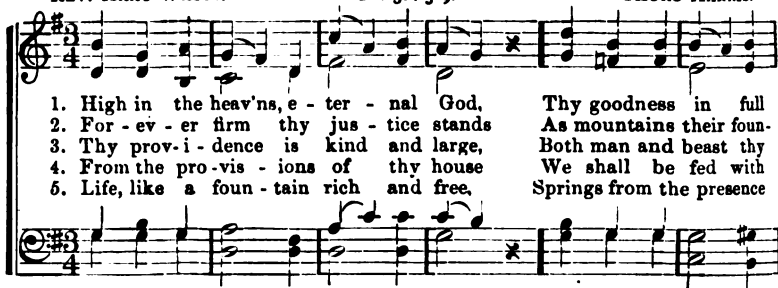
hear a sound, A heaven - ly whis - per, Come to me.  
 faint, op - prest, How sweet the bid - ding, Come to me.  
 weep - ing eye, I am thy por - tion, — Come to me.  
 from a - bove, And gen - tly whis - per, Come to me.

# 103 High in the Heavens. L. M.

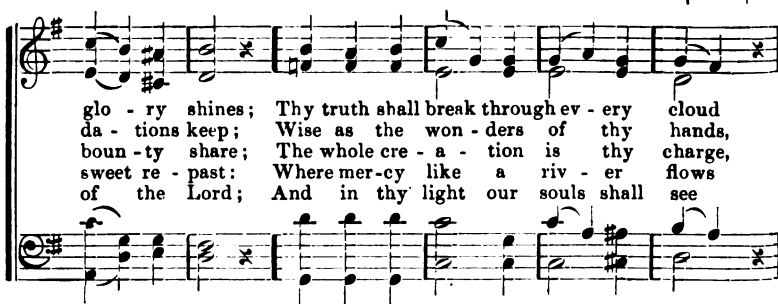
REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Ps. 36: 5-9.

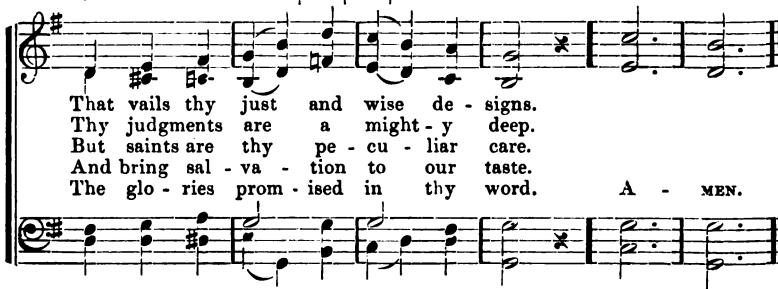
THORO HARRIS.



1. High in the heav'ns, e - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full  
 2. For - ev - er firm thy jus - tice stands As mountains their foun -  
 3. Thy prov - i - dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy  
 4. From the pro - vis - ions of thy house We shall be fed with  
 5. Life, like a foun - tain rich and free, Springs from the presence



glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break through ev - ery cloud  
 da - tions keep; Wise as the won - ders of thy hands,  
 boun - ty share; The whole cre - a - tion is thy charge,  
 sweet re - past: Where mer - cy like a riv - er flows  
 of the Lord; And in thy light our souls shall see



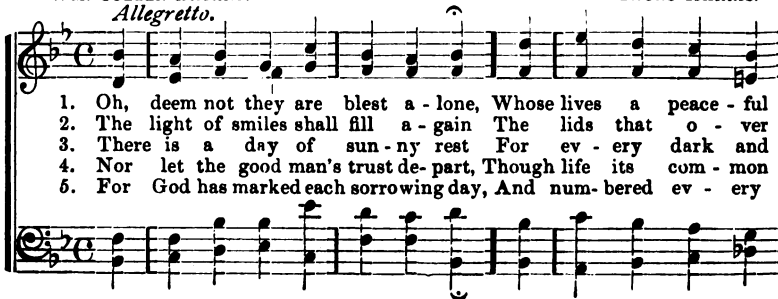
That vails thy just and wise de - signs.  
 Thy judgments are a might - y deep.  
 But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.  
 And bring sal - va - tion to our taste.  
 The glo - ries prom - ised in thy word. A - MEN.

# 104 Bryant. L. M.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

*Allegretto.*

THORO HARRIS.



1. Oh, deem not they are blest a - lone, Whose lives a peace - ful  
 2. The light of smiles shall fill a - gain The lids that o - ver -  
 3. There is a day of sun - ny rest For ev - ery dark and  
 4. Nor let the good man's trust de - part, Though life its com - mon  
 5. For God has marked each sorrowing day, And num - bered ev - ery

## Bryant. Concluded.

ten - or keep; For God, who pit - ies man, hath shown  
 flow with tears; And wea - ry hours of woe and pain  
 trou - bled night; And grief may bide an eve - ning guest,  
 gifts de - ny; Though with a pierced and brok - en heart,  
 ae - cret tear, And heav'n's long age of bliss shall pay

A bless - ing for the eyes that weep.  
 Are prom - is - es of hap - py years.  
 But joy shall come with ear - ly light.  
 And spurned of men, he goes to die.  
 For all his chil - dren suf - fer here. A - MEN.

105

## Thou Art the Light. C. M.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Thou art the Light, whose rays il-lume The path we may not see.  
 2. Thou art the Life: at thy command The seed its fruit shall bear.  
 3. And thou art Love, that reaches down To our hu - man - i - ty.  
 4. Light, Life, and Love! on us be - stow The beams which from thee shine;

The darkened por - tals of the tomb Are light-ed up by thee.  
 The keys of hell are in thy hand, For thou hast triumphed there.  
 Redemptive grace its heirs will crown With im - mor - tal - i - ty.  
 Thy quickening power may we know, Thy char - ac - ter di - vine. A - MEN.

# Redeeming Love. L. M.

URIAH SMITH.

ISA. 44: 21-23.

THORO HARRIS.

*Con brio.*

1. The Lord hath done it: sing, O heav'n! His work of match-less  
 2. Shout, lowest earth! Ye moun-tains grand, Break forth in song! Ye  
 3. Thy sins, O Ja-cob,—hear the word! Like thick-est clouds are  
 4. Thou art the cho-sen of my love; My joy and glo-ry  
 5. Then turn to Christ, O doubt-ing soul! The price is paid thy

grace is wrought. The soul from death to life is giv'n,  
 for-ests fair, And ev-ery tree, wave high the hand!  
 rolled a-way. I have re-deemed thee, saith thy Lord,  
 shalt thou be When 'mid the ho-ly throngs a-bove  
 debt to lift. 'Tis his de-light to make thee whole,

REFRAIN.

Thy sins are par-doned,  
*sf* From dark-ness in-to light is brought. Thy sins are pardon'd,  
 The mar-vel of his love de-clare.  
 Have turned thy dark-ness in-to day.  
 The trav-ail of my soul I see.  
 His joy that thou ac-cept the gift.

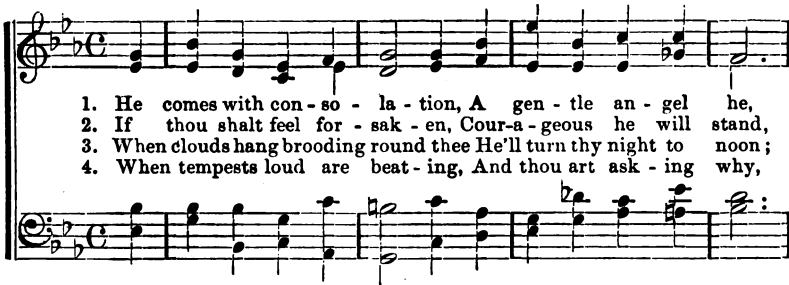
won-drous word, Sing hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord!  
 wondrous, wondrous word! Sing hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord!

won - drous word!

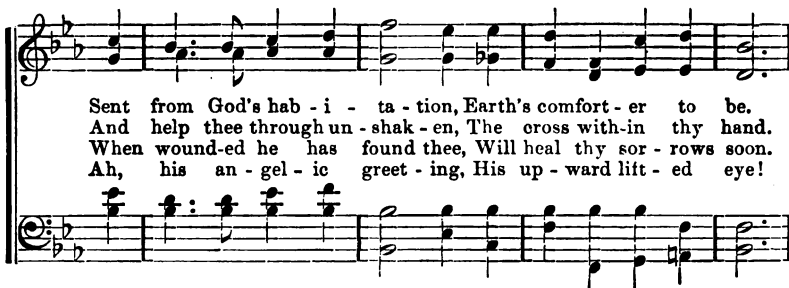
# 107 Angel of Patience. 7.6. D.

SPITTA, tr. J. E. RANKIN.

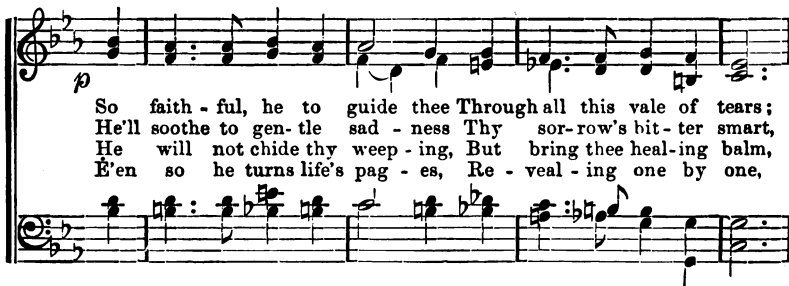
THORO HARRIS.



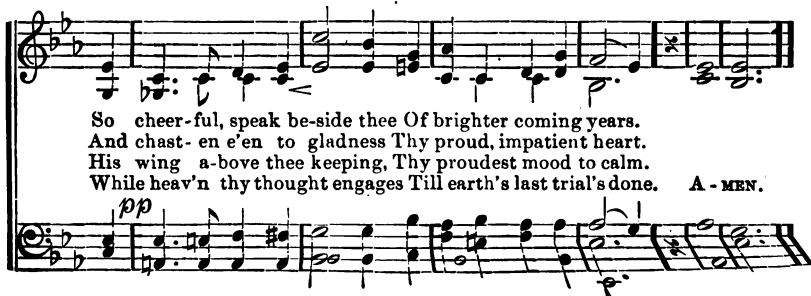
1. He comes with con - so - la - tion, A gen - tle an - gel he,  
 2. If thou shalt feel for - sak - en, Cour-a - geous he will stand,  
 3. When clouds hang brooding round thee He'll turn thy night to noon;  
 4. When tempests loud are beat - ing, And thou art ask - ing why,



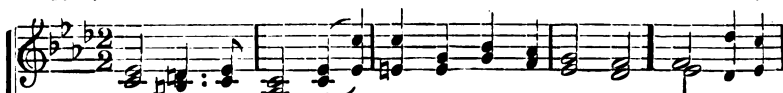
Sent from God's hab - i - ta - tion, Earth's comfort - er to be.  
 And help thee through un - shak - en, The cross with - in thy hand.  
 When wound - ed he has found thee, Will heal thy sor - rows soon.  
 Ah, his an - gel - ic greet - ing, His up - ward lit - ed eye!



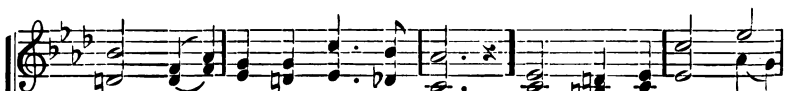
*p*  
 So faith - ful, he to guide thee Through all this vale of tears;  
 He'll soothe to gen - tle sad - ness Thy sor - row's bit - ter smart,  
 He will not chide thy weep - ing, But bring thee heal - ing balm,  
 E'en so he turns life's pag - es, Re - veal - ing one by one,




*pp*  
 So cheer - ful, speak be - side thee Of brighter coming years.  
 And chast - en e'en to gladness Thy proud, impatient heart.  
 His wing a - bove thee keeping, Thy proudest mood to calm.  
 While heav'n thy thought engages Till earth's last trial's done. A - MEN.



1. When on the reef of death my bark lies stranded, And Time his  
 2. Since thou hast trod the way un-tried be-fore me,— When mortal  
 3. And if, perchance, my ill all good out-weighing, Thou yet canst  
 4. Some hum-ble home, O Lord, thou wilt pre-pare me, Where all the  
 5. Deep in thy wounds my shame and sor-row hid-ing, E'en now I




last rude, fate-ful gale has blown, On per-il's rocks my  
 life is slip-ping fast a-way, Then in thy love, blest  
 save me through thy boundless grace, Still on thy arm di-  
 rav-ing blasts of sor-row cease; To scenes of ver-dant  
 sing heav'n's new im-mor-tal song; And in thy love for-



weary feet have land-ed, And I am called to tread a path unknown.—  
 Saviour, I im-plore thee, Be thou a-lone my dy-ing trust and stay!  
 vine I shall be stay-ing, As I approach my fi-nal resting-place.  
 beauty thou wilt bear me, Where flows the riv-er of e-ter-nal peace.  
 ev-er-more a-bid-ing, I taste the sweets of bliss for which I long.

## REFRAIN.



Hid-ing in Je-sus, naught can mo-lest: There with my

## Hiding in Jesus. Concluded.

Sav - iour for - ev - er - more to rest, There with my Sav - iour for - ev - er -

*rit.* . . . . .

more to rest. A - - MEN, A - - MEN, A - MEN.

109

## Reform. S. M.

THORO HARRIS.

*p*

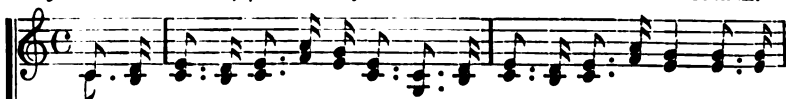
1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem— For reason's light divine, Quenched from the
3. Mourn for the lost—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to
4. Mourn for the lost—but pray, Pray to our God a - bove To break the

wine-cup's fear - ful reign, The long - de - lud - ed throng.  
soul's bright di - a - dem, Where God had bid it shine.  
shun that dread - ful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.  
fell de - stroy - er's sway, And show his sav - ing love. A - MEN.

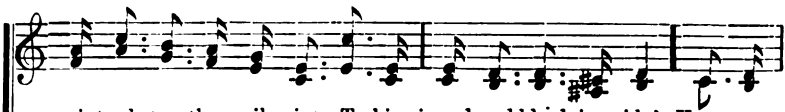
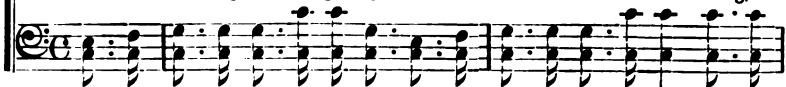


JACOB W. WACHTER; 4th Stanza by T. H.

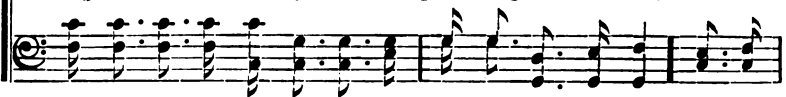
THORO HARRIS.



1. Have you nev - er told the sto-ry, How for sin - ners Je - sus died, Nev - er
2. Have you nev - er told the sto-ry, How a crown of thorns he wore, And how
3. Let us al - ways tell the sto-ry, Tell it as through life we go, So that
4. He is com - ing soon in glo-ry, Who for sin - ners vile was slain. Sing, O



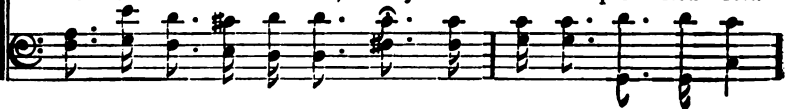
point - ed to the nail - prints, To his pierced and bleed - ing side? Know you  
pa - tient - ly he suf - fer - ed As the cru - el cross he bore; How for  
all who have not heard it, His sal - va - tion free may know, And, in  
sing the bless - ed sto - ry, And re - peat the glad re - frain, He will



not that souls are wait - ing For this mes - sage? Tell them how Je - sus  
sin - ners vile he suf - fer - ed With those thorns up - on his brow? If you  
knowing, tell to oth - ers That he died for them, and how Through his  
bear, to yon - der cit - y, All the lambs up - on his breast; And the



died a ran - som for them; If you have not, tell them now.  
have not told them, broth - er, Just be - gin to tell them now.  
death we live for - ev - er: Let us tell them, tell them now.  
"lit - tle flock" shall en - ter, They shall share his prom - ised rest.



# Tell Them Now.      Concluded.

REFRAIN.

1-3. Tell them, Chris - - tian, tell them now,      Tell them,  
 4. Christ is com - - ing, tell them now,      Christ is

Tell them, Christian, tell them now, O tell them now,  
 Christ is com - ing, tell them now, O tell them now,

Chris - - tian, tell them now, O tell them now, On - ly  
 com - - ing, tell them now, O tell them now, Com - ing

Tell them Christian, tell them now,  
 • Christ is com - ing, tell them now,

[STANZAS 1-3.]

Speak . . . a word for Je - sus; They are wait - - ing; tell them  
 in . . . the clouds of glo - ry;

On - ly speak a word for Je - sus;      They are waiting; tell them

[FINAL STANZA.]

now, yes, tell them now. Christ is com - ing, tell them now, yes, tell them now.

JNO. S. B. MONSELL.

THOMAS HARRIS.

*Dolore.*

*p*

1. Lay this pre-cious cask - et      In the qui - et grave, For  
 2. Fare-well, bless-ed bod - y      Till the morn a - rise; Then  
 3. Here the cas - ket li - eth      Wait-ing for re - pair, But

'tis the Lord hath tak - en And 'twas the Lord that gave. Un -  
 wel - come, hap-py spir - it, To Christ's own par - a - dise. No  
 there doth Christ the jew - el With-in his bo - som wear. Wait

til the com - ing day O lay the treas-ure by; The dead will then a-  
 more to work or grief, Thou'rt gone to thy long home, In Je-sus' ho - ly  
 but a lit - tle while, And with him we shall be For-ev - er-more u-

waken To dwell with Christ on high, To dwell with Christ on high.  
 keeping Rest safe un - til he come, Rest safe un-til he come.  
 nit - ed Throughout e - ter - ni - ty, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

112

## Fawcet. 8.7.

JOHN FAWCET, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre-a-tor! Praise to thee from ev-ery tongue;  
 2. Fa-ther, source of all compassion, Pure, unbounded grace is thine:  
 3. For ten thousand blessings giv-en, For the hope of fu-ture joy,  
 4. Praise to God, the great Cre-a-tor, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost;  
 5. Joy-ful-ly on earth a-dore him, Till in heav'n our song we raise;

Join, my soul, with ev-ery creature, Join the u-ni-ver-sal song.  
 Hail the God of our sal-vation, Praise him for his love divine.  
 Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Let his praise your tongues employ.  
 Praise him, ev-ery liv-ing creature, Earth and heav'n's united host.  
 Then en-raptured fall before him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise. AMEN.

113

## Comforter Divine. 7.7.7.5.

GEO. RAWSON.

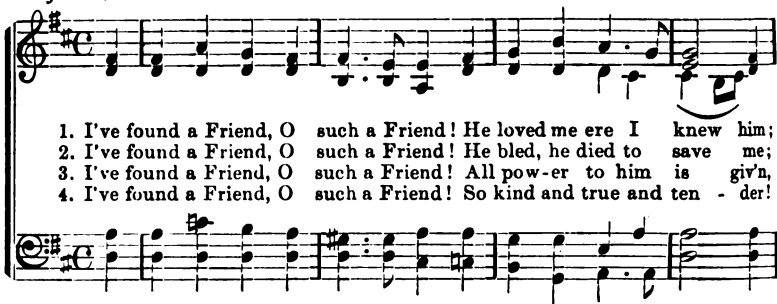
THORO HARRIS.

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, lamp of light, Shine up-on our na-ture's night;  
 2. We are sin-ful: cleanse us, Lord; We are faint: thy strength af-ford;  
 3. Like the dew, thy peace dis-till; Guide, sub-due our way-ward will,  
 4. In us "Ab-ba Fa-ther" cry—Earn-est of our rest on high,  
 5. Search for us the depths of God, Bear us up the star-ry road

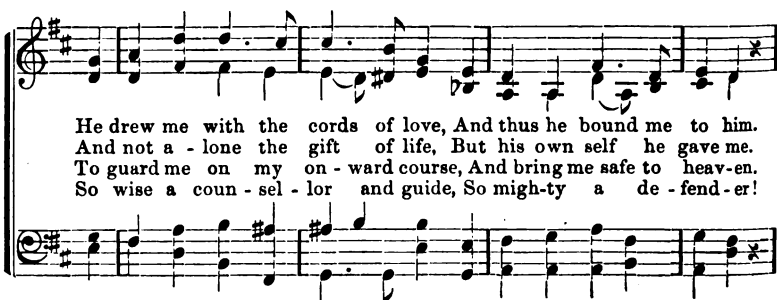
Give thy bless-ed in-ward sight, Com-fort-er di-vine!  
 Lost, un-til by thee re-stored, Com-fort-er di-vine!  
 Things of Christ un-fold-ing still, Com-fort-er di-vine!  
 Hope of im-mor-tal-i-ty, Com-fort-er di-vine!  
 To the highth of thine a-bode, Com-fort-er di-vine!

JAS. G. SMALL.

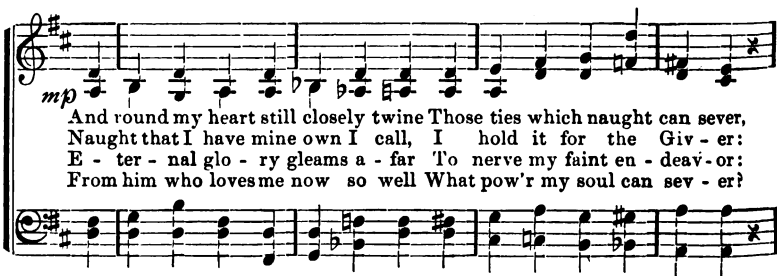
THORO HARRIS.



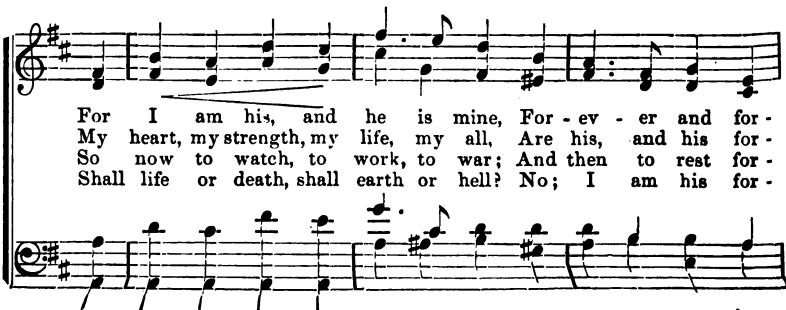
1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him;  
 2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me;  
 3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! All pow-er to him is giv'n,  
 4. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der!



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him.  
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me.  
 To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.  
 So wise a coun - sel - lor and guide, So might-y a de - fend - er!



*mp*  
 And round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,  
 Naught that I have mine own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:  
 E - ter - nal glo - ry gleams a - far 'To nerve my faint en - deav - or:  
 From him who loves me now so well What pow'r my soul can sev - er?



For I am his, and he is mine, For - ev - er and for -  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for -  
 So now to watch, to work, to war; And then to rest for -  
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am his for -

## My Friend. Concluded.

- ev - er; For I am his, and he is mine, For -  
 - ev - er; My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are  
 - ev - er; So now to watch, to work to war; And  
 - ev - er; Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No;

[STANZAS 1-3.]

[FINAL STANZA.]

ev - er and for - ev - er.  
 his, and his for - ev - er.  
 then to rest for - er - er.

I am his for - ev - er.

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Moore. C. M.

THOS. MOORE.

THORO HARRIS.

*Espressiono.*

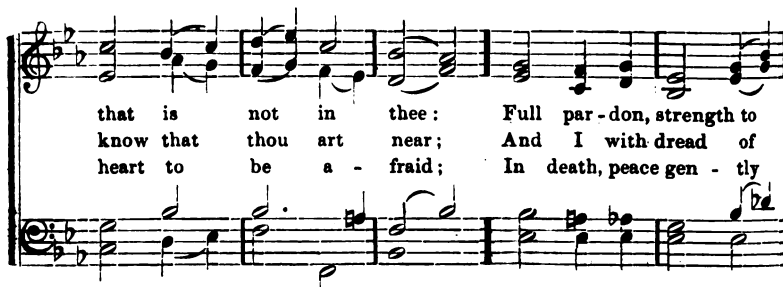
1. O thou who driest the mourner's tear! How dark this world would be,
2. When joy no long - er soothes or cheers, And ev'n the hope that threw
3. Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love
4. Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright, With more than rapture's ray,

If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee!  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears Is dimmed and vanished too;—  
 Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom Our peace-branch from above?  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light We never saw by day. A - MEN.

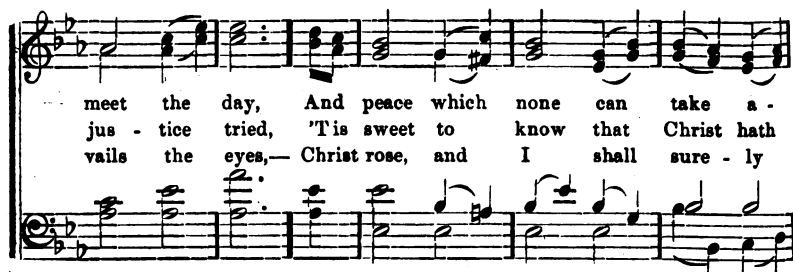
THORO HARRIS.



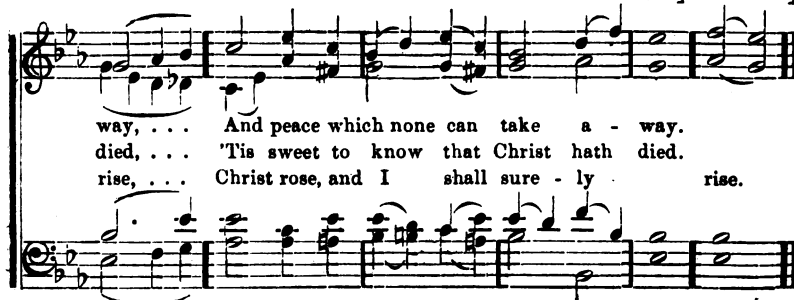
1. Foun - tain of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I,  
 2. Doth sick-ness fill my heart with fear, 'Tis sweet to  
 3. In life, thy prom - is - es of aid For - bid my



that is not in thee : Full par - don, strength to  
 know that thou art near ; And I with dread of  
 heart to be a - fraid ; In death, peace gen - tly



meet the day, And peace which none can take a -  
 jus - tice tried, 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath  
 veils the eyes, — Christ rose, and I shall sure - ly

[STANZAS [LAST  
1, 2.] STANZA.]


way, . . . And peace which none can take a - way.  
 died, . . . 'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.  
 rise, . . . Christ rose, and I shall sure - ly rise.

## My Offering.

NEUMEISTER, tr. J. E. RANKIN.

THORO HARRIS.

*Expressivo.*

1. Je - su, won - drous, won - drous Star Out of Ja - cob,  
 2. Take the *gold* of faith I bring; 'Tis the gift thy  
 3. Take the *in - cense* of my prayer, Like a cloud to  
 4. Bit - ter sor - row take for *myrrh*! Ah, my sins, my



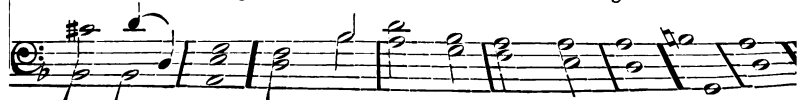
who art ris - ing, Glad I greet thee from a - far,  
 hand first gave me, 'Tis thy fav - 'rite of - fer - ing;  
 thee as - cend - ing; Wait - ing stand I, ev - ery - where  
 sins, they grieve me. When I kneel a wor - ship - er,



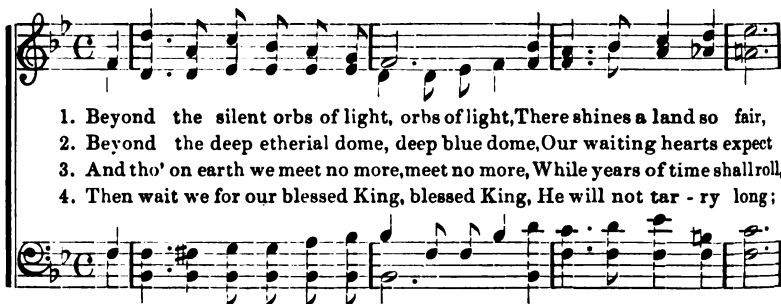
Fes - tal gifts in love de - vis - ing. Poor I am, yet  
 Bring this chieft, I know thou'dst have me. Make it pure, and  
 Heart and hum - ble ser - vice blend - ing. When I ask, speak  
 Be thou faith - ful to re - lieve me. This is all I



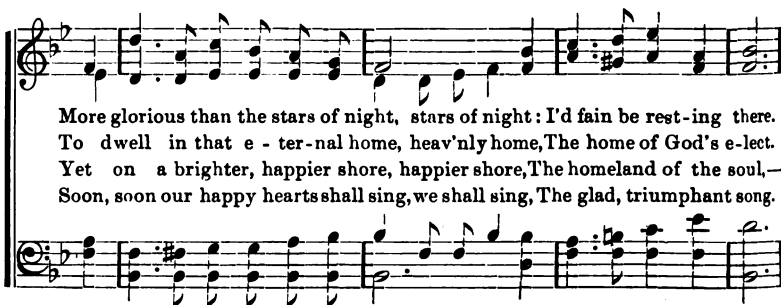
do thou take And en - rich them for love's sake.  
 it at - test, With thy im - age fair im - prest.  
 thou a - gain: I am Yea, and am A - men.  
 have to bring: Je - su, take the of - fer - ing. A - MEN.







1. Beyond the silent orbs of light, orbs of light, There shines a land so fair,  
 2. Beyond the deep ethereal dome, deep blue dome, Our waiting hearts expect  
 3. And tho' on earth we meet no more, meet no more, While years of time shall roll,  
 4. Then wait we for our blessed King, blessed King, He will not tar - ry long;



More glorious than the stars of night, stars of night: I'd fain be rest-ing there.  
 To dwell in that e - ter - nal home, heav'nly home, The home of God's e - lect.  
 Yet on a brighter, happier shore, happier shore, The homeland of the soul -  
 Soon, soon our happy hearts shall sing, we shall sing, The glad, triumphant song.

## REFRAIN.



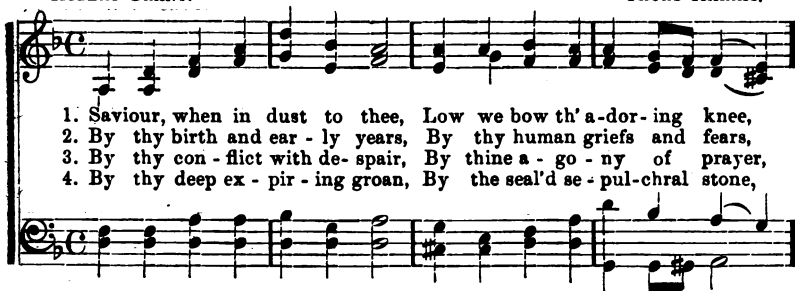
A - bove the si - lent stars, . . . . . In - to the far a - way, far away,  
 silent stars.



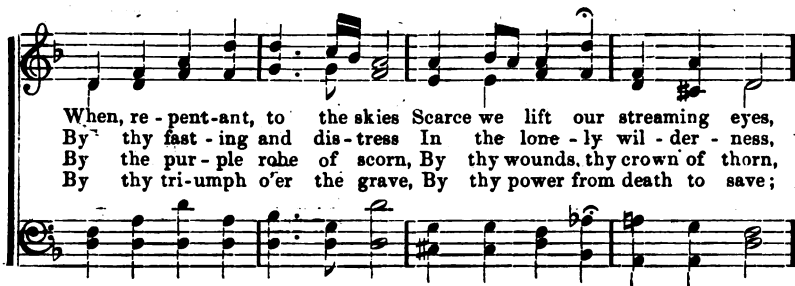
There is the home of peace and love, The land of per - fect day.

ROBERT GRANT.

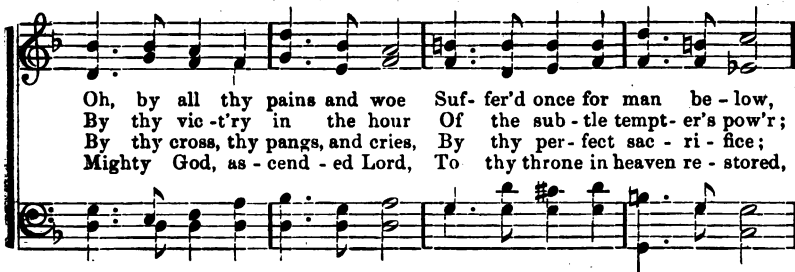
THORO HARRIS.



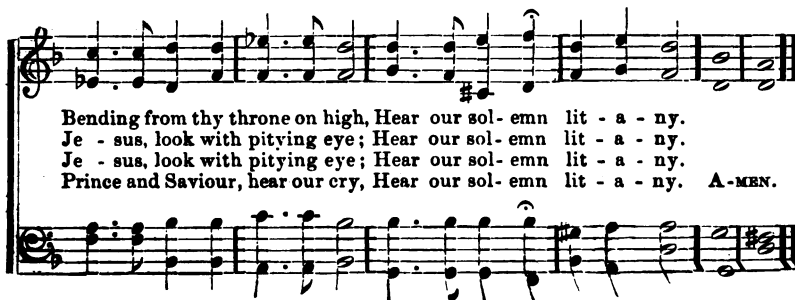
1. Saviour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,  
 2. By thy birth and ear-ly years, By thy human griefs and fears,  
 3. By thy con-flict with de-spair, By thine a-go-ny of prayer,  
 4. By thy deep ex-pir-ing groan, By the seal'd se-pul-chral stone,



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,  
 By thy fast-ing and dis-tress In the lone-ly wil-der-ness,  
 By the pur-ple robe of scorn, By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,  
 By thy tri-umph o'er the grave, By thy power from death to save;



Oh, by all thy pains and woe Suf-fer'd once for man be-low,  
 By thy vic-t'ry in the hour Of the sub-tle tempt-er's pow'r;  
 By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries, By thy per-fect sac-ri-fice;  
 Mighty God, as-cend-ed Lord, To thy throne in heaven re-stored,



Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.  
 Je-sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.  
 Je-sus, look with pitying eye; Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.  
 Prince and Saviour, hear our cry, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny. A-MEN.

JNO. S. B. MONSELL

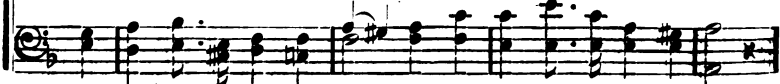
THORO HARRIS.



1. Blest Light of the world, we hail thee Now flushing the east-ern skies;
2. Fair Light of the world, thy beau-ty Shall steal in - to ev - ery heart;
3. Mild Light of the world, be - fore thee In hom-age we hum-bly fall;
4. Clear Light of the world, il - lu - mine This sin-darkened world of thine



Nor ev - er shall darkness veil thee A - gain from our mor-tal eyes.  
 It sweet-ly adorns with du - ty Life's poor-est and lowliest part;  
 We worship, we mag-ni - fy thee, Lord Je - sus, the life of all,  
 Un - til ev - erything that's hu - man Is filled with a light di - vine,



A - las! far too long with-hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;  
 Thou rob-est in matchless splen-dor The sim - ple ways of men,  
 With whom there is no for - get - ting Of all thine hand hath made;  
 Un - til ev - ery tongue and na - tion From sin's do - min - ion free,



Thy radiance, so glad, so gold - en, Shall set on the earth no more;  
 And help - est them all to ren - der That light back to thee a - gain,  
 Whose rising shall have no set - ting, Whose sunshine shall have no shade,  
 A - rise in the new cre - a - tion That springeth from love and thee,



## Light of Our World. Concluded.

Thy radiance, so glad, so gold - en, Shall set on the earth no more.  
 And help - est them all to ren - der That light back to thee a - gain.  
 Whose rising shall have no set - ting, Whose sunshine shall have no shade.  
 A - rise in the new cre - a - tion That springeth from love and thee.

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## Kanawha. 7. 61.

CHAS. WESLEY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,  
 2. Dark and cheerless is the morn, If thy light is hid from me;  
 3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;

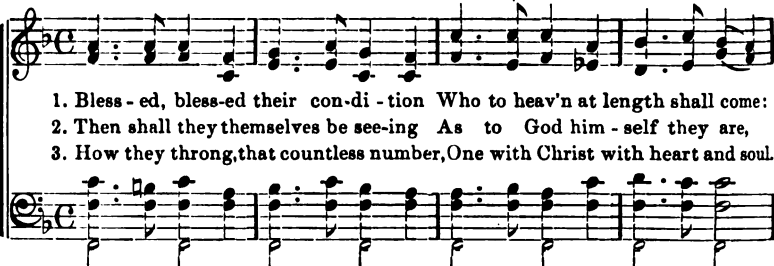
Sun of Righteousness, a - rise, Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
 Joy - less is the days's re - turn, Till thy mercy's beams I see;  
 Fill me, ra - diant Sun di - vine! Scatter all my un - be - lief;

Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star in my heart ap - pear.  
 Till they in - ward light impart, Warmth and gladness to my heart.  
 More and more thy-self dis - play, Shining to the per - fect day.

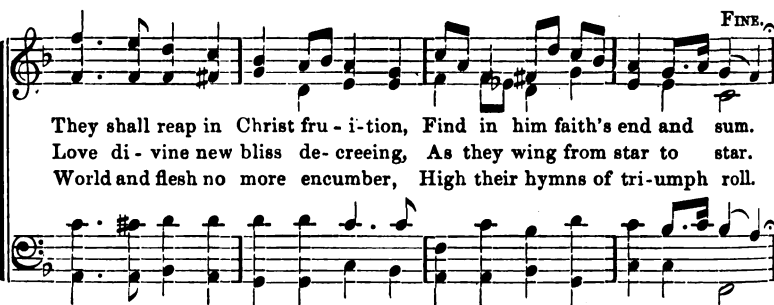
# 122 Blessed Condition. 8.7. D.

BENJ. SCHMOLK tr. J. E. RANKIN.

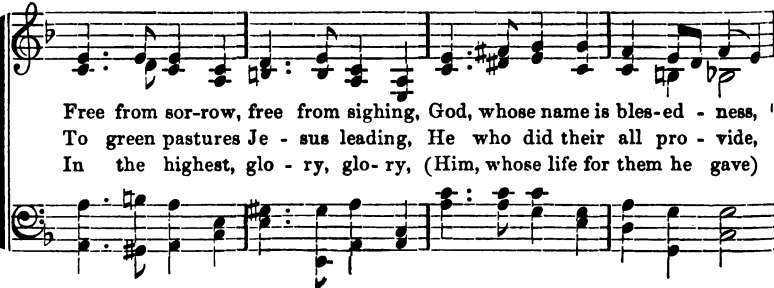
THORO HARRIS.



1. Bless - ed, bless-ed their con-di - tion Who to heav'n at length shall come:  
 2. Then shall they themselves be see-ing As to God him - self they are,  
 3. How they throng, that countless number, One with Christ with heart and soul.

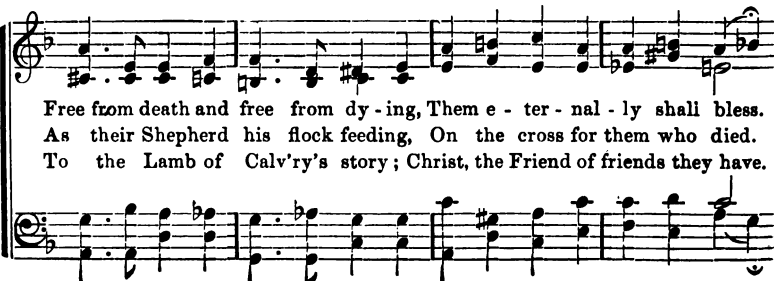


They shall reap in Christ fru - i - tion, Find in him faith's end and sum.  
 Love di - vine new bliss de - creeing, As they wing from star to star.  
 World and flesh no more encumber, High their hymns of tri - umph roll.



Free from sor-row, free from sighing, God, whose name is bles-ed - ness,  
 To green pastures Je - sus leading, He who did their all pro - vide,  
 In the highest, glo - ry, glo-ry, (Him, whose life for them he gave)

*D.C. to Fine.*

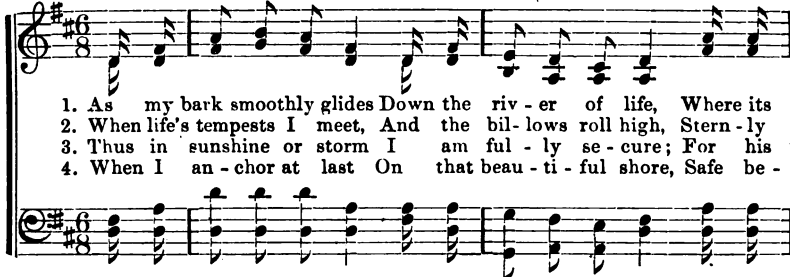


Free from death and free from dy-ing, Them e - ter - nal - ly shall bless.  
 As their Shepherd his flock feeding, On the cross for them who died.  
 To the Lamb of Calv'ry's story; Christ, the Friend of friends they have.

# 123 The Way I Should Go. 6.6.9.

JACOB W. WACHTER.

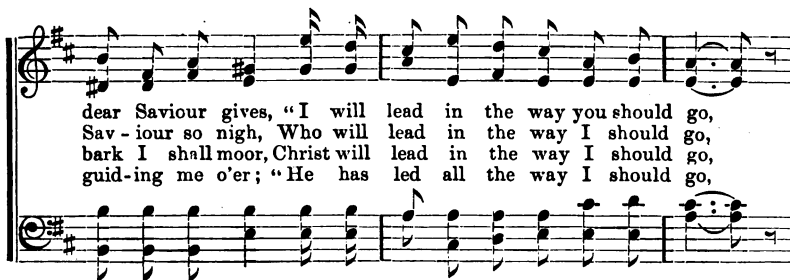
THORO HARRIS.



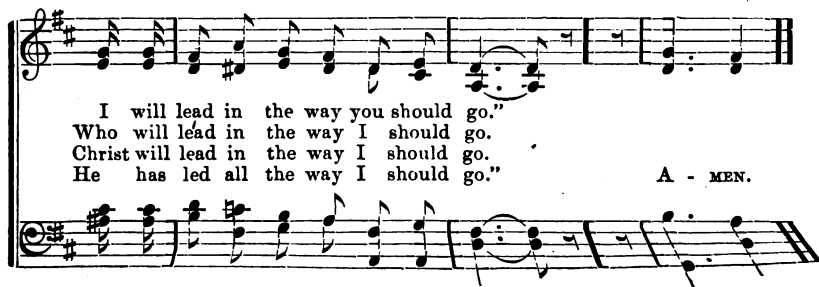
1. As my bark smoothly glides Down the riv - er of life, Where its  
 2. When life's tempests I meet, And the bil - lows roll high, Stern - ly  
 3. Thus in sunshine or storm I am ful - ly se - cure; For his  
 4. When I an - chor at last On that beau - ti - ful shore, Safe be -



wa - ters so peace - ful - ly flow, This blest promise I claim, Which my  
 threat'ning my bark to o'er - flow, Then I know I am safe With my  
 prom - ise ne'er fail - eth; I know; Till on heaven's fair shore My frail  
 yond where the dark waters flow, I shall praise ev - er - more Him for



dear Saviour gives, "I will lead in the way you should go,  
 Sav - iour so nigh, Who will lead in the way I should go,  
 bark I shall moor, Christ will lead in the way I should go,  
 guid - ing me o'er; "He has led all the way I should go,



I will lead in the way you should go."  
 Who will lead in the way I should go.  
 Christ will lead in the way I should go.  
 He has led all the way I should go."

A - MEN.

KATE HARRINGTON, alt.

THORO HARRIS.

*mp*

1. They dreamed not of danger, those sin - ners of old, Whom No - ah was  
 2. He could not a - rouse them; unheed - ing they stood, Unmoved by his  
 3. O sin - ners, the her - alds of mer - cy im - plore, They cry, like the  
 4. And now while this message, "Christ's coming is near," God's servants by

chos - en to warn; By fre - quent transgression their hearts had grown  
 warning and prayer. The proph - et passed in from the on - com - ing  
 pa - tri - arch, Come. The ark of sal - va - tion is moored to your  
 thousands proclaim, Say not like those sin - ners of old, with a

*cres.* . . . . . *dim.* . . . . .

cold, They laughed his en - treat - ies to scorn, They laughed his en -  
 flood, And left them to hope - less de - spair, And left them to  
 shore: O en - ter while yet there is room, O en - ter while  
 sneer, "All things shall con - tin - ue the same, All things shall con -

*dim.* . . . . . *cres.* . . . . .

treaties to scorn. . . . . Yet dai - ly he called them, "O come, sinners,  
 hopeless de - spair. . . . . The flood - gates were o - pen, the del - uge came  
 yet there is room. . . . . The storm - cloud of jus - tice hangs dark o - ver  
 tin - ue the same." . . . . The prophets have spoken, their words are un -  
 entreat - ies to scorn.

# Come In. Concluded.

*cres.* . . . . . *m*

come; Be-lieve, O be-lieve and pre-pare to em-bark. Re-ceive the glad  
on, The heavens as blackness of midnight grew dark. Too late, then they  
head, And when by its on-com-ing fu-ry you're tossed, A-las, of your  
sealed; The judgment in heaven will shortly be o'er; The arm of God's

mes-sage and know there is room For all who will come to the ark.  
turned: every foothold was gone; They perished in sight of the ark.  
perishing souls 'twill be said, They heard—they refused—and were lost.  
jus-tice will soon be revealed, And mer-cy in-vite you no more.

**REFRAIN.**

*p*  
Come in! come in! come now in-to the ark,  
Too late! too late! too late to en-ter now,  
Come in! come in! thy Sav-iour waits for thee,  
Come in! come in! O come, there's room to-day,

*p*  
Come in! come in! . . . come now in-to the ark.  
Too late! too late! . . . too late to en-ter now.  
Come in! come in! . . . thy Sav-iour waits for thee.  
Come in! come in! . . . nor more re-main a-way



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## Michael. 7.5.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Bear - er of the sa - cred light, Ho - ly and se - rene,  
 2. Prince of an - gels, Mi - cha - el, Mes - sen - ger di - vine,  
 3. Part - ner of th'e - ter - nal throne, Heav'n - ly Maj - es - ty,  
 4. Brood - ing o'er the wa - ter's face, Dis - mal, deep, and dim,  
 5. Whose al - might - y power im - parts, Pre - cious truth di - vine,  
 6. Ho - ly One of Is - ra - el, Clad in liv - ing flame,

Lead - er of those ar - mies bright From the world un - seen.  
 Light of lights in - ef - fa - ble, On thy votaries shine.  
 Thou, the Father's on - ly Son, Sov - er - eign Dei - ty.  
 Plant in us thy seed of grace, Chief of cher - u - bim.  
 Move up on our wait - ing hearts, Seal us with thy sign.  
 God with us, Em - man - u - el, Ev - er bless - ed name. A - MEN.

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## Gently Lead Us. 8.7.

THOS. HASTINGS.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us Through this lone - ly vale of tears,  
 2. When temptation's darts as - sail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
 3. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,  
 4. And when mortal life is end - ed, Bid us on thy bo - som rest

Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears.  
 Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.  
 Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear.  
 Till, by an - gel - bands attended, We a - wake among the blest. A - - MEN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A country so bright and so fair,  
 2. We sing of its pathways of gold, Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
 3. We talk of its peace and its love, The robes which the glorified wear,

And oft are its glo-ries con-fest; But O what must it be to be there?  
 Its wonders and pleasures untold; But O what must it be to be there?  
 The songs of the blessed a-bove; But O what must it be to be there?

## REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there,

To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be

there, to be there? To be there, to be there, O what must it be to be there?

JACOB W. WACHTER.

THORO HARRIS.

1. "Room for all"—how sweet the message, As from Jesus' lips it falls;  
 2. Room for all—blest in - vi - ta - tion Je - sus brings to great and small:  
 3. When our bat - tles here are end - ed And we hear the Master's call,

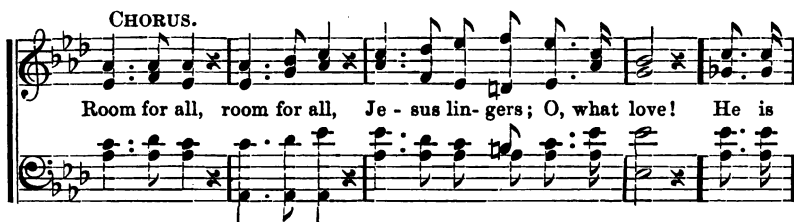
"Father's house has many mansions; Wea-ry one, there's room for all."  
 "Who- so - ev - er will may en - ter;" Sin-sick soul, there's room for all.  
 In the mansions he has prom-ised We shall find there's room for all.

Room for all—why not ac - cept it? 'Tis for you, this gracious call.  
 Soon he com - eth to re - ceive us, For the faithful he will call:  
 "Room for all"—how sweet the message! As from an-gel lips it falls.

"I am go - ing to pre - pare it; You may en - ter—room for all."  
 Brother, will you not come with us And ac - cept this room-for-all?  
 En - ter now; O heavy - la - den Longing soul, there's room for all.

## Room For All. Concluded.

### CHORUS.



Room for all, room for all, Je - sus lin - gers; O, what love! He is



wait - ing, he is plead - ing, Wand'rer, come, thy Saviour calls for thee.

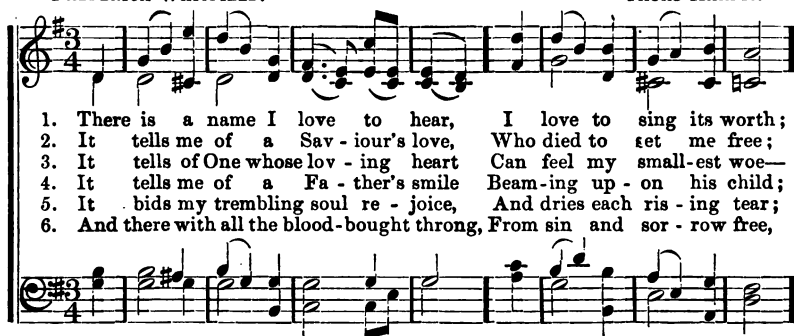
waiting for thee, he is pleading for thee, Wand'rer, come, thy Saviour calls for thee.

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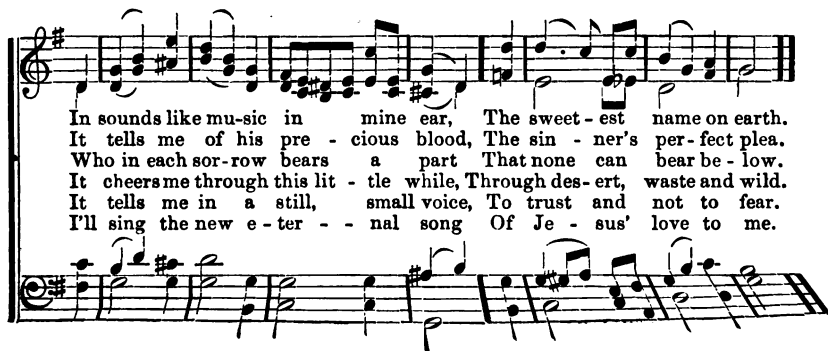
## Whitfield. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

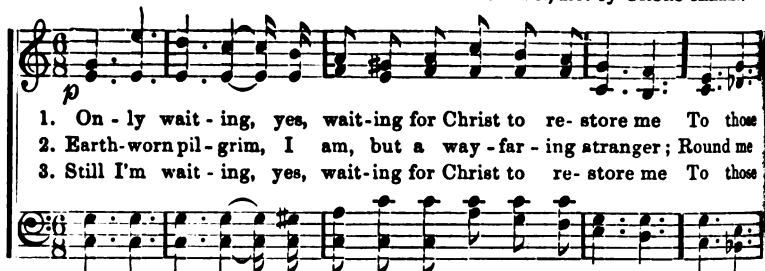
THORO HARRIS.



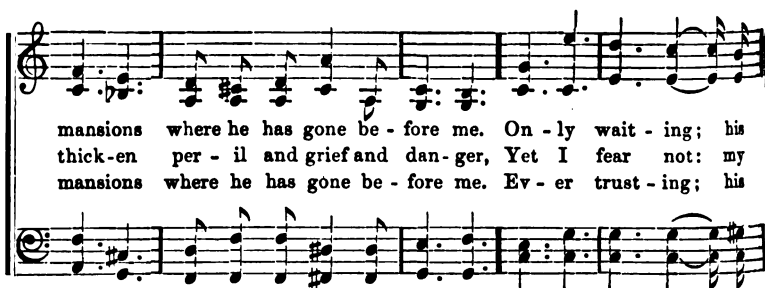
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my small - est woe—
4. It tells me of a Fa - ther's smile Beam - ing up - on his child;
5. It bids my trembling soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;
6. And there with all the blood - bought throng, From sin and sor - row free,



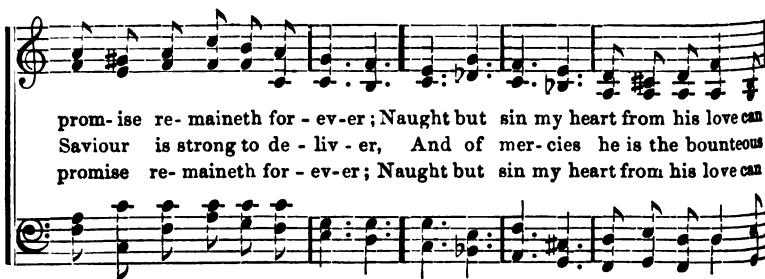
In sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.  
 It tells me of his pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.  
 Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.  
 It cheers me through this lit - tle while, Through des - ert, waste and wild.  
 It tells me in a still, small voice, To trust and not to fear.  
 I'll sing the new e - ter - - nal song Of Je - sus' love to me.



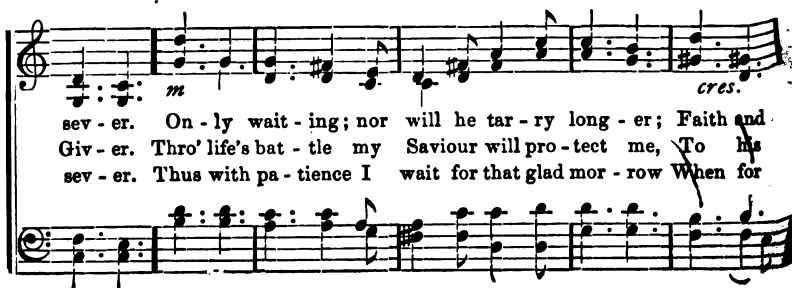
1. On - ly wait - ing, yes, wait - ing for Christ to re - store me To those  
 2. Earth - worn pil - grim, I am, but a way - far - ing stranger; Round me  
 3. Still I'm wait - ing, yes, wait - ing for Christ to re - store me To those



mansions where he has gone be - fore me. On - ly wait - ing; his  
 thick - en per - il and grief and dan - ger, Yet I fear not: my  
 mansions where he has gone be - fore me. Ev - er trust - ing; his



prom - ise re - maineth for - ev - er; Naught but sin my heart from his love can  
 Saviour is strong to de - liv - er, And of mer - cies he is the bounteous  
 promise re - maineth for - ev - er; Naught but sin my heart from his love can

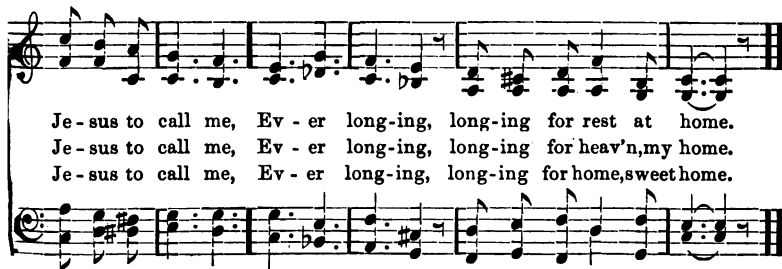
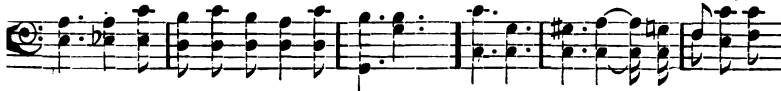


sev - er. On - ly wait - ing; nor will he tar - ry long - er; Faith and  
 Giv - er. Thro' life's bat - tle my Saviour will pro - tect me, To his  
 sev - er. Thus with pa - tience I wait for that glad mor - row When for

## Waiting. Concluded.



courage, and trust in his love grow stronger: On-ly wait-ing, yes, waiting for  
home of bright glory he'll soon direct me, On-ly wait-ing, yes, waiting for  
ev - er he'll ban-ish all grief and sor - row: On-ly wait-ing, yes, waiting for



Je - sus to call me, Ev - er long-ing, long-ing for rest at home.  
Je - sus to call me, Ev - er long-ing, long-ing for heav'n, my home.  
Je - sus to call me, Ev - er long-ing, long-ing for home, sweet home.

131

## Stenhammer. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D

Psa. 117.

THORO HARRIS.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:  
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter - nal truth attends thy word:



Let the Re-deemer's name be sung Through every land, by ev - ery tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.



T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lo, a pil - grim stran - ger knocking, Let the Sav - iour in,  
 2. List, while mer - cy stands en - treat - ing Let the Sav - iour in,  
 3. Once a - gain, O hear him call - ing, Let the Sav - iour in,  
 4. Hearken, lest he plead no long - er, Let the Sav - iour in,  
 5. While the voice of love is plead - ing, Let the Sav - iour in,

Let the Saviour in; To his arms the lost are flocking, Let the blessed  
 Let the Saviour in; Ev - er, ceaseless - ly re - peat - ung Let the blessed  
 Let the Saviour in; He will keep thy feet from falling, Let the blessed  
 Let the Saviour in; Faith and hope and love grow stronger When you let the  
 Let the Saviour in; While for you he's in - ter - ced - ing, Let the blessed

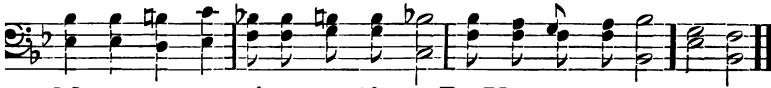
Sav - iour in, O let him in. He will ban - ish grief and sor - row,  
 Sav - iour in, O let him in. Come, O come, thy sins con - fess - ing,  
 Sav - iour in, O let him in. Come to Christ while mer - cy calls thee;  
 Lord come in, O let him in. Lin - ger not, we all im - plore you,  
 Sav - iour in, Yes, let him in. Soon thy day of grace di - minished,

And the anx - ious dread to - mor - row: Wea - ry heart, O hear him  
 Thou shalt know a Saviour's bless - ing; Child of woe, why long - er  
 Ere im - pend - ing doom be - falls thee; He will take a - way thy  
 Let the Sav - iour now re - store you, Let him speak the word of  
 And the gos - pel mys - t'ry fin - ished, Christ the King shall come in

## Let the Saviour In. Concluded.



gent-ly pleading, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.  
doubt or tar-ry? Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.  
sin and sor-row, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.  
peace and pardon, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.  
all his splendor; Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in. A - MEN.



133

## Anacostia. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

THORO HARRIS.



1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of  
2. Blest is that tran-quil hour of morn, And blest that  
3. Then is my strength by thee re - newed; Then are my  
4. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - ery fear; My spir - it  
5. Lord, till I reach yon bliss - ful shore, No priv - i -



morn to eve - ning star, As that which calls me  
sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the wings of  
sins by thee for - giv'n; Then dost thou cheer my  
seems in heav'n to stay; And e'en the pen - i -  
lege so dear shall be As thus my in - most



to thy feet, The calm and ho - ly hour of prayer?  
faith up - borne, The dark-ness of this world I leave.  
sol - i - tude With new pro - spec - tive views of heav'n.  
ten - tial tear My Sav - iour deigns to wipe a - way.  
soul to pour In fil - ial trust, in prayer to thee.





JACOB W. WACHTER.

THORO HARRIS.

1. One by one our loved ones leave us, Soon to join the ranks a - bove,  
 2. They will wear life's crown of glo - ry, In their hands the vic-tor's palm,  
 3. One by one our loved ones leave us, Soon to join the ranks a - bove,

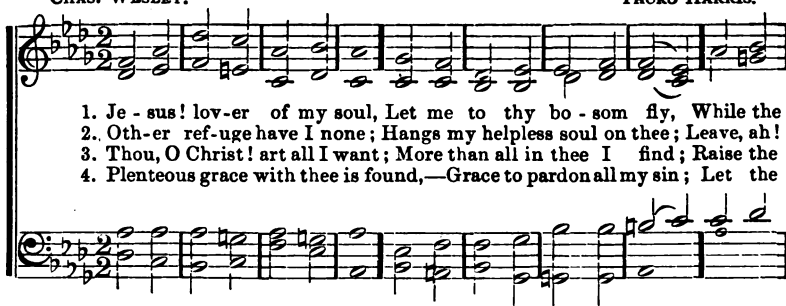
Ev - er bask - ing in the sun - light Of a bless - ed Saviour's love.  
 And through endless days be sing - ing Glad ho - san - nas to the Lamb.  
 Ev - er bask - ing in the sunlight Of the bless - ed Sav - iour's love.

*p*  
 They will drink from that blest fountain, Whence the liv - ing wa - ters flow,  
 Glad - ly will their Lord receive them In that land so fair and bright,  
 But if faith - ful to our du - ty, When the sands of time are run,

*dim.*  
 Walking in those sunny bowers, Where heav'n's choicest flowers grow.  
 Where there is no thought of sorrow, Where there are no shades of night.  
 We shall rise a - gain to meet them— Yes, we'll meet them one by one. AMEN.

CHAS. WESLEY.

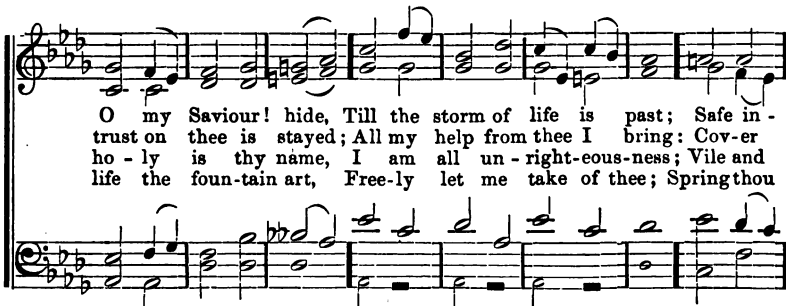
THORO HARRIS.



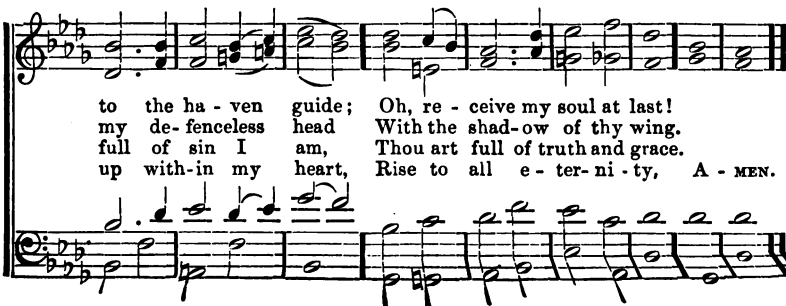
1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah!  
 3. Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in thee I find; Raise the  
 4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,—Grace to pardon all my sin; Let the



billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high. Hide me,  
 leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me. All my  
 fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and  
 heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of



O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in -  
 trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring: Cov - er  
 ho - ly is thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and  
 life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee; Spring thou




to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!  
 my de - fenceless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.  
 full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty, A - MEN.



## The Dark, Mystic River.

JACOB W. WACHTER.



THORO HARRIS.



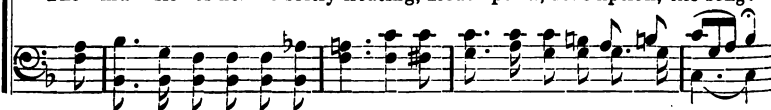

1. We're nearing the dark, mystic riv - er, Yet nothing we fear from the tide,
2. When crossing the dark, mystic riv-er, When touching the bright golden strand,
3. When o - ver the dark, mystic riv-er, What rap - turous scenes will unfold!


Since Jesus passed thro' the dark billows, For he will the waters di - vide.  
No tears veil the visions of glo - ry, God wipes them away with his hand.  
The wor-shippers clad in bright raiment, With harps of the purest of gold;

These words on the ear fall so sweet-ly, Because we all know they are true;  
O, beau - ti - ful land o'er the riv-er! We long all thy joys to be - hold,  
The mu - sic of heav'n softly floating, Redemption, redemption, the song:

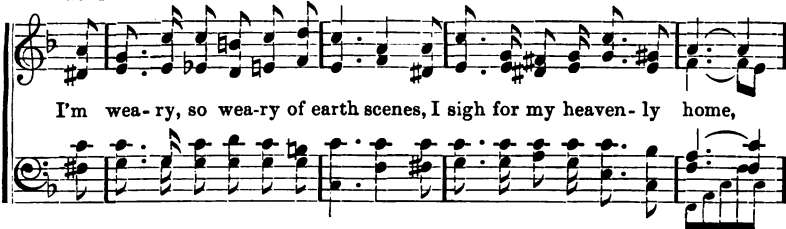



He whispers, "My grace is suf-fi-cient, Suf - ficient to car-ry you through."  
To share in that love which is sacred, That love which can never be told.  
The prelude on earth was unfinished, In glo-ry the strain we'll pro-long.

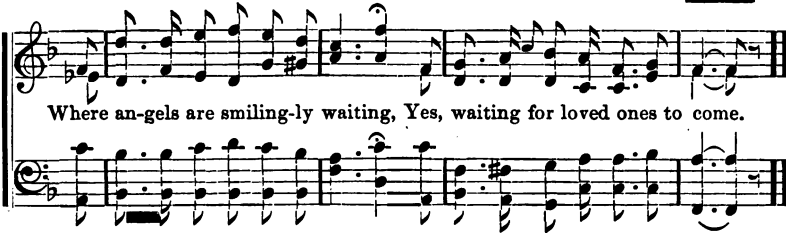


# The Dark, Mystic River. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



I'm wea-ry, so wea-ry of earth scenes, I sigh for my heaven-ly home,



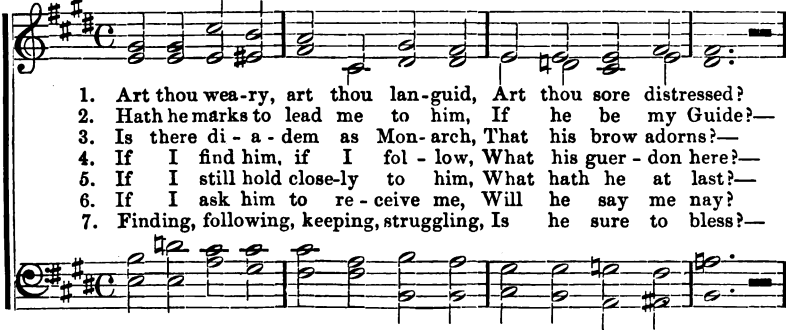
Where an-gels are smiling-ly waiting, Yes, waiting for loved ones to come.

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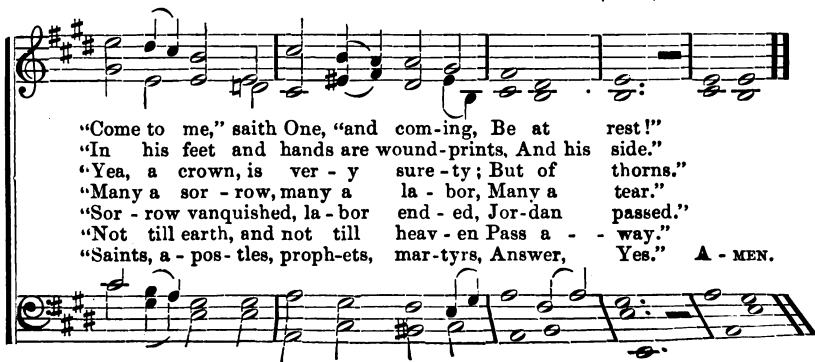
## Shannon. 8.5.8.3.

STEPHEN OF ST. SABAS. tr., JNO. M. NEALE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore distressed?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?—
3. Is there di-a-dem as Mon-arch, That his brow adorns?—
4. If I find him, if I fol-low, What his guer-don here?—
5. If I still hold close-ly to him, What hath he at last?—
6. If I ask him to re-ceive me, Will he say me nay?
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is he sure to bless?—



"Come to me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"  
 "In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."  
 "Yea, a crown, is ver-y sure-ty; But of thorns."  
 "Many a sor-row, many a la-bor, Many a tear."  
 "Sor-row vanquished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed."  
 "Not till earth, and not till heav-en Pass a-way."  
 "Saints, a-pos-tles, proph-ets, mar-tyrs, Answer, Yes." A - MEN.

F. E. BELDEN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O Christian! have you heard it? He's com-ing soon, Tho' thousands  
 2. Does now thy heart be-lieve it? He's com-ing soon, Do you with  
 3. O day of joy and gladness! He's com-ing soon, O day of

have deferred it. He's com-ing soon. Let not thy heart grow weary,  
 joy receive it? He's com-ing soon. Prize not this world's possessions,  
 gloom and sadness! He's com-ing soon. It may be night or morning,

*rit.*  
 He's coming soon; Morn fol-lows midnight dreary, He's coming soon,  
 He's coming soon; Trust not to vain professions, He's coming soon,  
 He's coming soon; Do not re-ject the warning, He's coming soon,

*tempo.*  
 Leave all earth's sin-ful pleas-ures, He's com-ing soon;  
 Work on, with zeal in-creas-ing, He's com-ing soon;  
 Are you pre-pared to meet him? He's com-ing soon;

## Woodman. Concluded.

Lay up in heav'n your treasures, He's com-ing soon.  
 Pray al - ways, without ceas - ing, He's com-ing soon.  
 Can you look up and greet him? He's com-ing soon. A - MEN.

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## Helliwell. C. M.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

JOHN BURT, JR. Harmony by THORO HARRIS.

1. I do not know why Je - sus came And touched my heart of stone;  
 2. I laid my bur - den at his feet, And there confessed my sin,  
 3. The ta - ble of his love he spread, That fes - ti - val di - vine;  
 4. I supped with him and he with me— Gone were my doubts and fears—

I had up - on his love no claim, And  
 And had with them com - mun - ion sweet, And  
 He gave me of the bro - ken bread, And  
 Par - took of that high mys - te - ry, 'Mid

yet, 'twas love a - lone....  
 peace and rest with - in....  
 poured life - giv - ing wine....  
 min - gled smiles and tears.... A - - MEN.

## The Battle-Cry.

T. H.

PROCESSIONAL.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lift the King's own standard in the field to-day, Loy-al sol-diers of the  
 2. Jesus Christ as Captain conquers ev-ery foe, His sure word can nev-er  
 3. Lift the roy-al banner in the field to-day; Charge, O sol-diers of the  
 4. Soon, yes, soon the strife forev-er will be o'er, And the bat-tle will be

cross. Sound the bat-tle-cry, your Captain's call o-bey; Ye shall  
 fail; Where his ban-ner lead-eth, on-ward we would go, For with  
 King! Shout the bat-tle-cry, the call of God o-bey, And as  
 won; Then on that e-ter-nal, bright, celes-tial shore, Ye shall

## REFRAIN.

nev-er suf-fer loss, suffer loss. March ye on, march ye on, march ye  
 him we shall prevail, shall prevail.  
 val-iant soldiers sing, joyful sing.  
 shine forth as the sun, as the sun.

on, march ye on, O plant the ban-ner of the cross,  
 plant the ban-ner of the cross,

## The Battle-Cry. Concluded.

High o'er moor and dale, (high o'er) hill and vale: It shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

141

## Place of Refuge. C. M.

C. H. KESLAKE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Je - sus my place of ref - uge is, My great high priest is he;  
 2. No long-er need I roam a - far, My Sav - iour Christ is near;  
 3. The law's demands he sat - is - fies, My debt for me he's paid;  
 4. As great high priest he ev - er lives, He is my of - fer - ing;

His blood a-tones for all my sins, In him my soul is  
 As my high priest he in - ter - cedes, And saves me from all  
 No more I dread th'a - veng-er's wrath; On him my mind is  
 In song I'll raise my heart and voice, My Sav - iour's praise to

In him my soul is

soul

free, In him my is free.  
 fear, And saves me from all fear.  
 stayed, On him my mind is stayed.  
 sing, My Saviour's praise to sing. A - MEN.

free, In him . . . my soul is free.



## Weep No More.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Bro-ken-heart-ed, weep no more! Hear what comfort he hath spoken,  
 2. Lamb of Je-sus' blood-bought flock, Brought again from sin and straying,  
 3. Bro-ken-heart-ed, weep no more, Far from con-so-la-tion stray-ing;

Smoking flax who ne'er hath quench'd, Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken.  
 Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice—'Tis a true and faith-ful say-ing:  
 He who calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thine anguish, heard thy praying.

Ye who wan-der here be-low, Heav-y-la-den as ye go,  
 Great-er love how can there be Than to yield up life for thee?  
 Bring thy bro-ken heart to me, Wel-come of-f'ring it shall be:

Come, your ev-ry sin con-fess-ing, Come to me and be at rest.  
 Bought with pang and tear and sigh-ing, Turn and live: why will ye die?  
 Burst-ing eyes and tears of sor-row Mine ac-cept-ed sac-ri-fice.

## Thy Dying Love.

DRYDEN PHELPS.

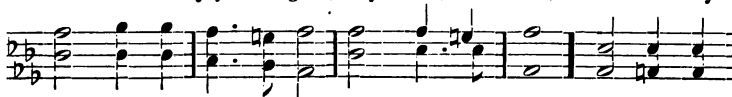
THORO HARRIS.



1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,  
 2. O'er thy blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me,  
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to thee,  
 4. All that I am and have—Thy gift so free—



Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee. In love my  
 Up - ward in faith I look, Je - sus, to thee: Help me the  
 That each de - part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of  
 Ev - er in joy or grief, My Lord, for thee; And when thy



soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow, Some of - f'ring  
 cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare, Some song to  
 love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wan - d'r'er  
 face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be Through all e -



bring thee now, Some - thing for thee.  
 raise, or prayer—Some - thing for thee.  
 sought and won—Some - thing for thee.  
 ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for thee.

A - - - - MEN.



## Come, Holy Ghost. 6.4.

KING ROBERT II. OF FRANCE. Alt.  
*Allegretto.*

THORO HARRIS.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love; De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove;  
 2. Come, ten-d'rest Friend and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest,  
 3. Come, Light se - rene and still, Our in - most bo - soms fill,  
 4. As we to heav'n as - pire, Ful - fil our heart's de - sire;

Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray.  
 Grant to us peace and rest, Thy sooth - ing power;  
 Make us to know thy will, Dwell in each breast.  
 Ex - tin - guish pas - sion's fire, Heal ev - 'ry wound.

Di - vine - ly good thou art: Thy sa - cred gifts im - part  
 Rest which the wea - ry know, Shade 'mid the noon - tide glow,  
 We know no light but thine; Send forth thy beams di - vine  
 Our stub - born spir - its bend, Our i - cy cold - ness end,

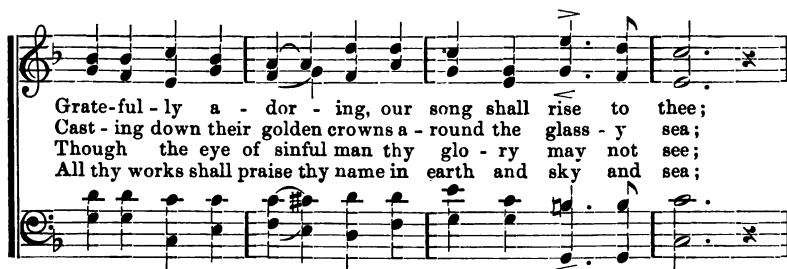
To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day.  
 Peace when deep griefs o'er - flow, Cheer us this hour.  
 On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.  
 Our de - vious steps at - tend While homeward bound. A - MEN.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

*Allegretto.*

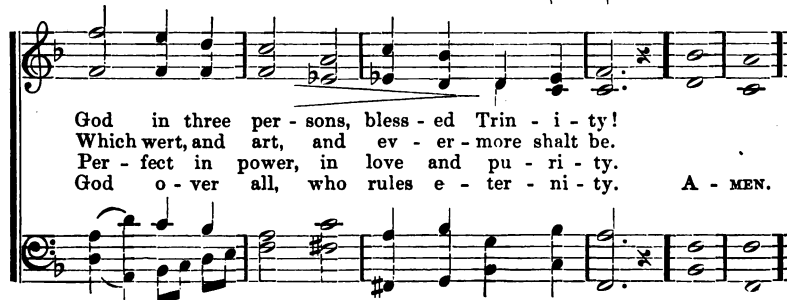

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, an - gels a - dore thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' dark - ness hide thee,  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!



Grate-ful - ly a - dor - ing, our song shall rise to thee;  
 Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glo - ry may not see;  
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;



*mp*  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y,  
 Thousands and tens thou - sands wor - ship low be - fore thee  
 On - ly thou art ho - ly: there is none be - side thee  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.  
 God o - ver all, who rules e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

C. H. KESLAKE.

Col. 2: 10.

THORO HARRIS.

*Fubilante.*

1. "Complete in him!" Oh, praise the Lord! In him complete, it  
 2. O - be - dient to the Fa - ther's will, The law's de - mands he  
 2. "Complete in him!" What joy so sweet? What need I more? "In

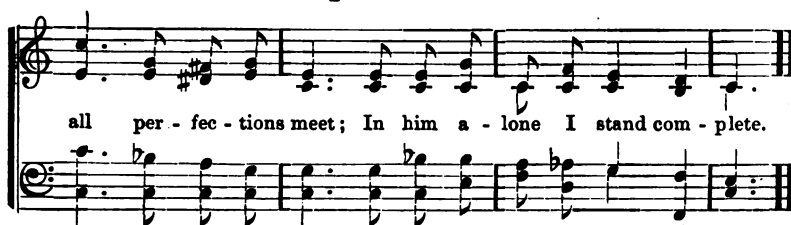
is his word. His life for me doth now a - tone: In Christ, my  
 did ful - fill. "Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name en -  
 him com - plete!" His life for mine—it stands the test: In him I

## REFRAIN.

God and I are one. Com - plete in him! it is his  
 graved up - on his hands."  
 am for - ev - er blest.

word; Complete in him, oh, praise the Lord! In Je - sus

# Complete. Concluded.



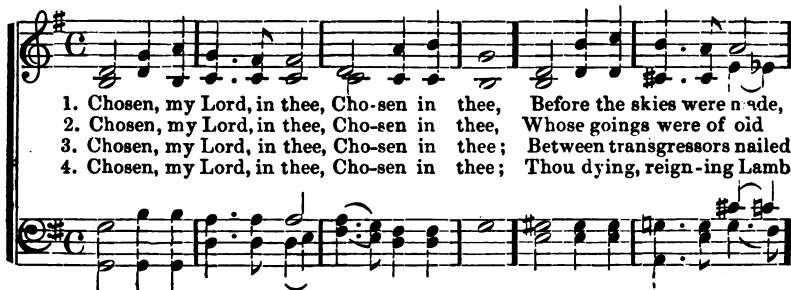
all per - fec - tions meet; In him a - lone I stand com - plete.

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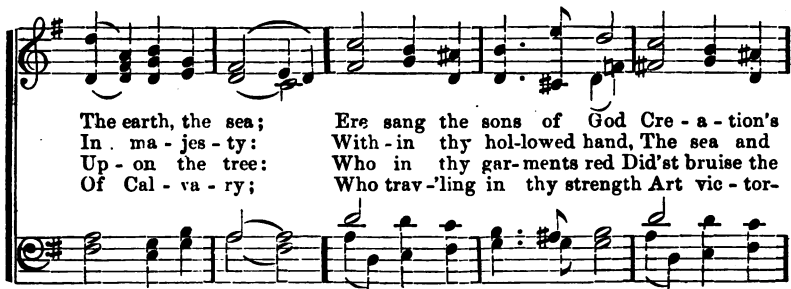
## Chosen in Thee.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

THORO HA: RIS.



1. Chosen, my Lord, in thee, Cho-sen in thee, Before the skies were made,
2. Chosen, my Lord, in thee, Cho-sen in thee, Whose goings were of old
3. Chosen, my Lord, in thee, Cho-sen in thee; Between transgressors nailed
4. Chosen, my Lord, in thee, Cho-sen in thee; Thou dying, reign-ing Lamb



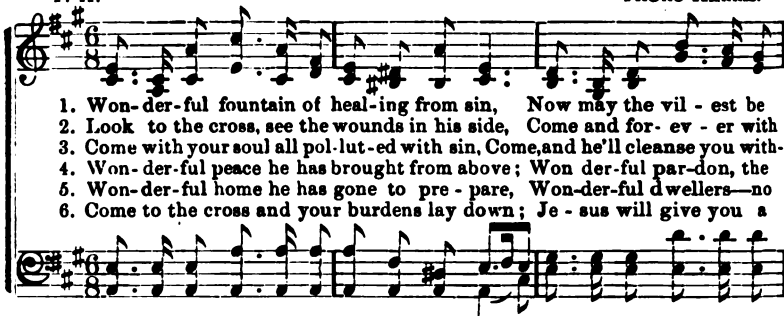
The earth, the sea;	Ere sang the sons of God Cre - a - tion's
In - ma - jes - ty:	With - in thy hol - lowed hand, The sea and
Up - on the tree:	Who in thy gar - ments red Did'st bruise the
Of Cal - va - ry;	Who trav - ling in thy strength Art vic - tor -



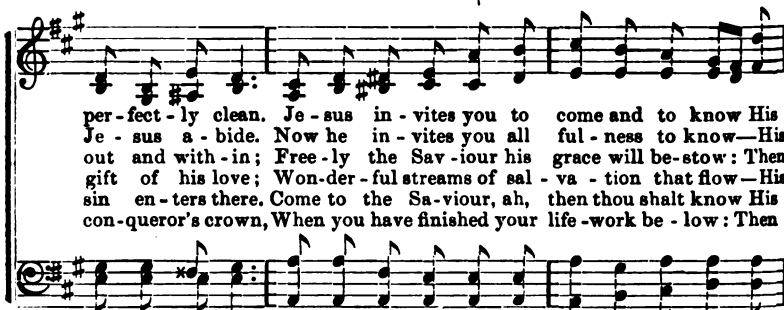
hymn abroad. Cho - sen, my Lord, in thee, Cho - sen in thee.  
 sol - id land. Cho - sen, my Lord, in thee, Cho - sen in thee.  
 Spoiler's head: Cho - sen, my Lord, in thee, Cho - sen in thee.  
 crown'd at length. Cho - sen, my Lord, in thee, Cho - sen in thee. A - MEN.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

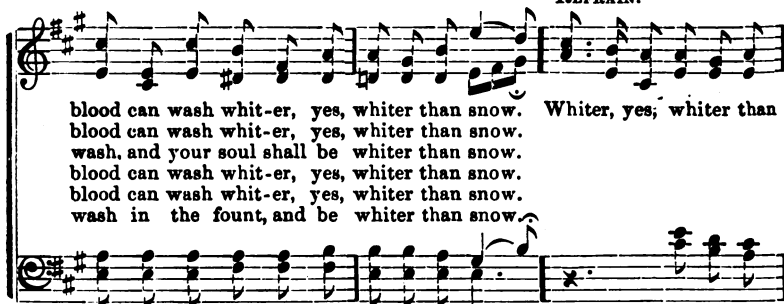


1. Won-der-ful fountain of heal-ing from sin, Now may the vil - est be
2. Look to the cross, see the wounds in his side, Come and for- ev - er with
3. Come with your soul all pol-lut-ed with sin, Come, and he'll cleanse you with-
4. Won-der-ful peace he has brought from above; Won-der-ful par-don, the
5. Won-der-ful home he has gone to pre-pare, Won-der-ful dwellers—no
6. Come to the cross and your burdens lay down; Je - sus will give you a



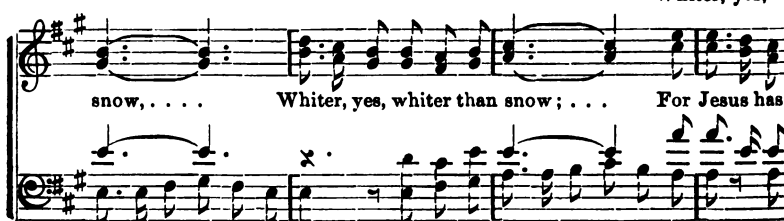
per-fect - ly clean. Je - sus in - vites you to come and to know His  
 Je - sus a - bide. Now he in - vites you all ful - ness to know—His  
 out and with - in; Free - ly the Sav - iour his grace will be - stow: Then  
 gift of his love; Won-der - ful streams of sal - va - tion that flow—His  
 sin en - ters there. Come to the Sa - viour, ah, then thou shalt know His  
 con-queror's crown, When you have finished your life-work be - low: Then

## REFRAIN.



blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow. Whiter, yes, whiter than  
 blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow.  
 wash, and your soul shall be whiter than snow.  
 blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow.  
 blood can wash whit-er, yes, whiter than snow.  
 wash in the fount, and be whiter than snow.

Whiter, yes,



snow, . . . Whiter, yes, whiter than snow; . . . For Jesus has

whiter, yes, whiter than snow, Whiter, yes, whiter, yes, whiter than snow; His

## Wonderful Fountain. Concluded.

*rit.*

died to redeem you from sin, And his blood can wash whiter than snow.  
whiter, yes, whiter than snow.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It features a melodic line with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

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## Christ For the World.

SAMUEL WOLCOT.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring  
2. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring  
3. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring  
4. Christ for the world we sing, The world to Christ we bring

The musical score is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. It begins with a series of chords and single notes, followed by a melodic line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and  
With fer - vent prayer; The wayward and the lost, By rest - less  
With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -  
With joy - ful song; The new-born souls whose days, Reclaimed from


The musical score continues with a melodic line and a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

*rit.*

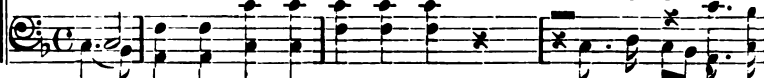

o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.  
passions tost, Redeemed at countless cost From dark despair.  
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.  
er - ror's ways, Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long. A - MEN.

The musical score concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the staff.


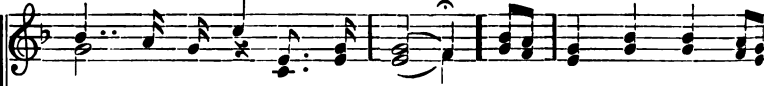






1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go? will you  
 2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? will you  
 3. We're going to join the heav'nly choir, Will you go? (Will you go?) will you



go? (will you go?) To sing the Sav-iour's dy - ing love, Will you  
 go? In rapturous strains to praise his name, Will you  
 go? To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you


go? (Will you go?) will you go? Mill - ions will reach that  
 go? will you go? The crown of life we  
 go? will you go? There saints and an - gels

blest a - bode, A - noint-ed kings and priests to God, For  
 there shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear, And  
 glad - ly sing Ho - san - na to their God and King, And

mill-ions now are on the road: Will you go? (Will you go?) will you go?  
 all the joys of heav'n we'll share: Will you go? will you go?  
 make the heavenly arch-es ring, Will you go? will you go?



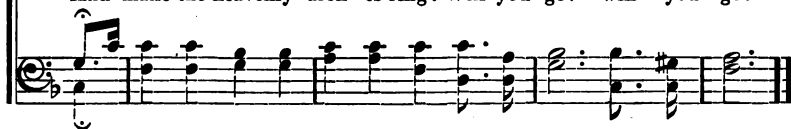
## Pilgrim's Hymn. Concluded.



Mill-ions will reach that blest a - bode, A-noint - ed kings and priests to God,  
The crown of life we there shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,  
There saints and an-gels glad - ly sing Ho - san - na to their God and King,



For mill-ions now are on the road: Will you go? will you go?  
And all the joys of heav'n we'll share: Will you go? will you go?  
And make the heavenly arch-es ring: Will you go? will you go?



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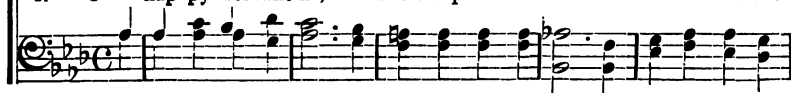
## Arabia. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his of fice wait, Ob-servant of his
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins as
3. Watch! 'tis your Lord's command: And while we speak he's near; Mark the first signal
4. O hap-py servant he, In such a posture found! He shall his Lord with

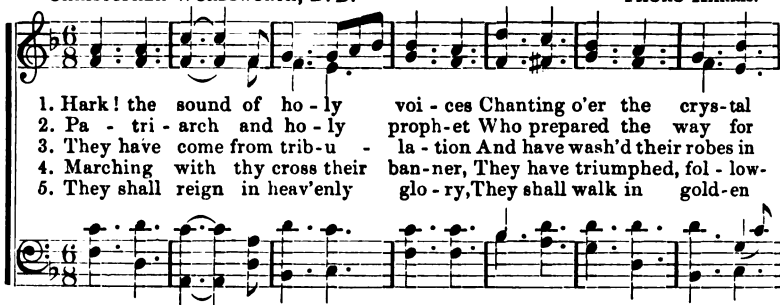


heavenly word And watchful at his gate, And watchful at his gate.  
in his sight; His coming thus proclaim, His coming thus proclaim.  
of his hand, And ready all appear, And ready all ap-pear.  
rap - ture see, And be with glory crown'd, And be with glory crown'd. A-MEN.

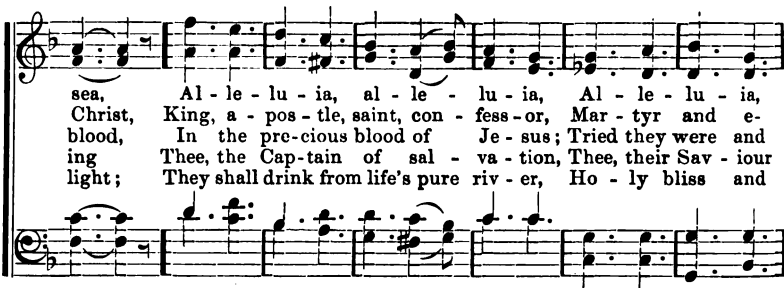


CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D.

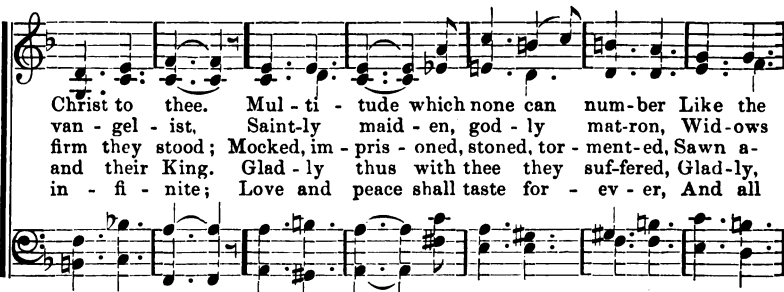
THORO HARRIS.



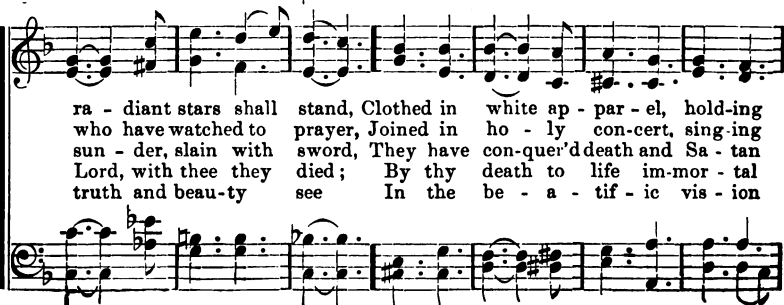
1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces Chanting o'er the crys - tal  
 2. Pa - tri - arch and ho - ly proph - et Who prepared the way for  
 3. They have come from trib - u - la - tion And have wash'd their robes in  
 4. Marching with thy cross their ban - ner, They have triumphed, fol - low -  
 5. They shall reign in heav'ently glo - ry, They shall walk in gold - en



sea, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,  
 Christ, King, a - pos - tle, saint, con - fess - or, Mar - tyr and e -  
 blood, In the pre - cious blood of Je - sus; Tried they were and  
 ing Thee, the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion, Thee, their Sav - iour  
 light; They shall drink from life's pure riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and



Christ to thee. Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber Like the  
 van - gel - ist, Saint - ly maid - en, god - ly mat - ron, Wid - ows  
 firm they stood; Mocked, im - pris - oned, stoned, tor - ment - ed, Saw - n a -  
 and their King. Glad - ly thus with thee they suf - fered, Glad - ly,  
 in - fi - nite; Love and peace shall taste for - ev - er, And all



ra - diant stars shall stand, Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing  
 who have watched to prayer, Joined in ho - ly con - cert, sing - ing  
 sun - der, slain with sword, They have con - quer'd death and Sa - tan  
 Lord, with thee they died; By thy death to life im - mor - tal  
 truth and beau - ty see In the be - a - tif - ic vis - ion

## Wordsworth. Concluded.

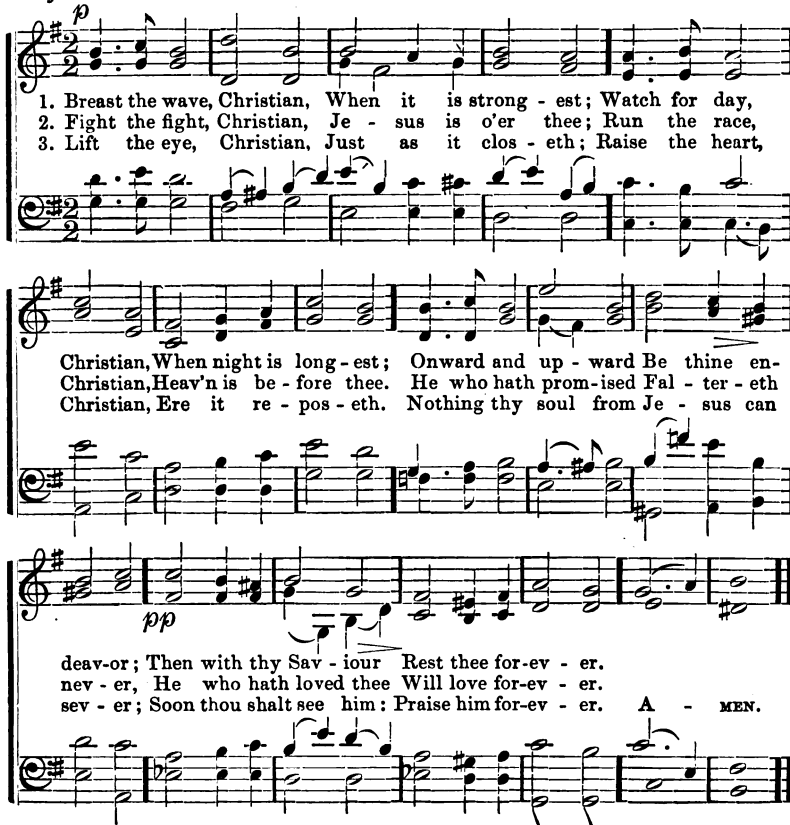


Palms of vic - t'ry in their hand.  
 To the Lord of sa - ba - oth, there.  
 By the might of Christ their Lord.  
 They were born and glo - ri - fied.  
 Of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - - MEN.

## 153 Breast the Wave. 5. D.

JOSEPH STAMMERS.

THORO HARRIS.



*p*

1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strong - est; Watch for day,
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race,
3. Lift the eye, Christian, Just as it clos - eth; Raise the heart,

Christian, When night is long - est; Onward and up - ward Be thine en -  
 Christian, Heav'n is be - fore thee. He who hath prom - ised Fal - ter - eth  
 Christian, Ere it re - pos - eth. Nothing thy soul from Je - sus can

*pp*

deav - or; Then with thy Sav - iour Rest thee for - ev - er.  
 nev - er, He who hath loved thee Will love for - ev - er.  
 sev - er; Soon thou shalt see him: Praise him for - ev - er. A - - MEN.

## Heaven, Sweet Heaven.

SARAH M. SWAN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Tell, O tell me of heav-en, sweet heav-en, That bright home of the  
 2. Then let oth-ers seek earthly pos-ses-sions, Let them lay up their  
 3. Tho' am-bi-tion may spread her bright phantoms, Fond-ly whisp'ring of

pure and the blest, Where no sor-row or e-vil can en-ter, Where the  
 treas-ures be-low: I have heard of a land that is bet-ter, And to  
 hon-or and fame; Tho' she lure on her thousands to la-bor, So to

wea-ry for-ev-er shall rest. Let me hear of that beau-ti-ful  
 seek it with ar-dor I go. I have heard of a world robed in  
 win-an il-lus-tri-ous name; Yet be this my am-bi-tion, to

cit-y Wherein all is im-mor-tal and fair, And I'll flee from all  
 glo-ry, Whol-ly free from temp-ta-tion and care, Where no sick-ness or  
 fol-low In the path my Re-deem-er has trod, Be an heir of his

# Heaven, Sweet Heaven. Concluded.

earth-ly enchantments And I'll ear-nest-ly long to be there(to be there).  
 sor-row can en-ter; And I long, O I long to be there(to be there).  
 heav-en-ly king-dom, And to dwell in the cit-y of God (over there).

## CHORUS.

Then, O tell me of heav-en, sweet heav-en, That fair

home of the pure and the blest, Where no sor-row or  
 That fair home of the blest,

e-vil can en-ter, Where the wea-ry for-ev-er shall rest.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Nearer, to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Wea-ry and lone, Darkness come o-ver me,  
 3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n, All that thou sendest me  
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs  
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

*cres.*  
 That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my  
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my  
 Beth-el I'll raise: So by my woes to be, Near-er, my  
 Up-ward I fly, Thy ra-diant face to see, Still all my

*dim.*  
 God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;  
 God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;  
 God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;  
 God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;  
 song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee;

*dim.* *p*  
 Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee. A-MEN.

BENJ. CLEVELAND.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Oh! could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God, Then  
 2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A-new from day to day, In  
 3. Blest Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly thine, That  
 4. Thus, till my last ex - pir-ing breath, Thy goodness I'll a - dore; Un-

would my hours glide sweet away While lean-ing on his word.  
 joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.  
 I may nev - er more de-part, Nor grieve thy love di-vine.  
 til my frame dissolves in death, I'll love thee more and more. A-MEN.

REV. THOS. KELLY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Sing of Jesus, sing for - ev - er Of the love that changes nev - er;  
 2. With his precious blood he bo't them When they knew him not, he sought them,  
 3. Thro' the desert drear he leads them, With the bread of heav'n he feeds them,  
 4. There, ay there, the Lord who bo't them, Came from heav'n to earth and so't them,

Who or what from him can sev - er Those he makes his own?  
 And from all their wandrings bro't them: His the praise a - lone.  
 And through all the journey speeds them To their home a - bove.  
 And by his own Spirit taught them, They shall serve and love. A - MEN.

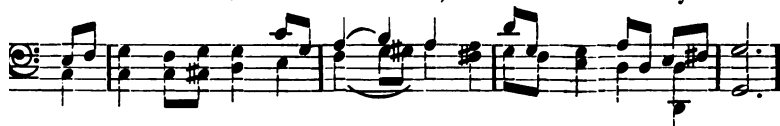




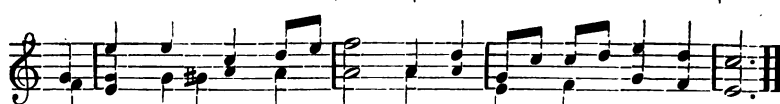
1. O Sent of God, whose off - 'ring En - rich - es all our race,
2. Thy grace is all - suf - fi - cient To save us from de - spair;
3. We taste thy great sal - va - tion; With joy our hearts pro - claim,



Shed on these wait - ing spir - its The dew - drops of thy grace.  
 The Fa - ther hears thy plead - ing, Thine all - a - vail - ing prayer.  
 Each in his lot and sta - tion, The hon - ors of thy name.



Be - hold our hearts' deep yearn - ing, Hear thou our hum - ble plea,  
 Thou art his Well - be - lov - ed: Ac - cept - ed, Lord, in thee,  
 Conjoined in sweet com - mun - ion And tend' rest love with thee,



As ev - ery i - dol spurn - ing, We cast our - selves on thee.  
 May each, thy self be - hold - ing, Re - flect thine im - age - ry.  
 In heav'n's e - ter - nal un - ion Thy glo - ry may we see.



REV. JOHN NEWTON.

STEPHEN HELLER. ARR. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Does the Gos-pel word proclaim Rest for those that wea-ry be? Then, my  
 2. Burdened with a load of sin, Harassed with tor-menting doubt, Hour-ly  
 3. In the ark the wea-ry dove Found a welcome rest-ing-place; Thus my

soul, advance thy claim— Sure that promise speaks to thee! Marks of grace I  
 conflicts from with-in, Hour-ly cross-es from without;—All my lit-tle  
 spir-it longs to prove Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace. Tempest-tossed I

can-not show, All pol-lut-ed is my best; But I wea-ry  
 strength is gone, Sink I must without sup-ply; Sure up-on the  
 long have been, And the flood in-creas-es fast; O-pen, Lord, and

[STANZAS 1 & 2.] [LAST STANZA.]

am, I know, And the wea-ry long for rest,  
 earth is none Can more wea-ry be than I.  
 take me in, Till the storm be o-ver-past!

160

## Return to the King. L. M. D.

T. H.

2 Sam. 15: 19. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. { Return thee now un-to thy King, Because thou art an ex - ile here;  
A heart all torn and bleeding bring, An out-cast, in his sight ap-pear; }

2. { Return thee now un-to thy home, Nor longer dwell a stran-ger here;  
With faith, his fav'rite trib-ute, come, An out-cast, in his sight ap-pear; }

And he will sure - ly take thee in, And purge from ev - 'ry  
Long hast thou groped in woe and pain, Thou long hast sought his

taint of sin; Re - turn and seek his ho - ly  
courts in vain; He calls thee now; no more de -

face, For thou hast wan - dered from thy place.  
lay, But rise, and cast all fear a - way. A - MEN.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR.

THORO HARRIS.

*p*

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy; Je - sus is mine!  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine:  
 3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine:  
 4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine:

Break ev - ery ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine:  
 Here would I ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine:  
 Lost in this dawn-ing bright, Je - sus is mine:  
 Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine:

*pp*

Dark is the wil - der - ness; Earth has no rest - ing - place;  
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,  
 All that my soul has tried, Left but a dis - mal void;  
 Wel - come, O loved and blest! Wel - come, sweet scenes of rest;

Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - - sus is mine.  
 Pass from my heart a - way, Je - - sus is mine.  
 Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - - sus is mine.  
 Wel - come, my Saviour's breast; Je - - sus is mine! A - MEN.

*cres.*

## Day of Judgment.

JOHN NEWTON.

THORO HARRIS.

*Allegretto.*

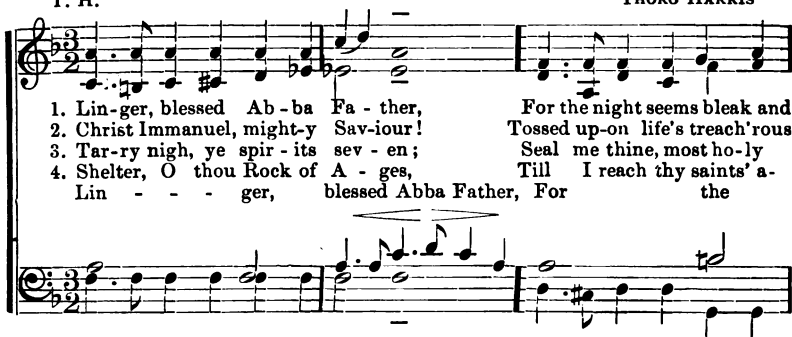
*mf*

1. Day of judg-ment, day of won-ders! Hark, the trum-pet's  
 2. See the Lord in glo-ry near-ing, Clothed in ma-jes-  
 3. At his call the dead a-wak-en, Rise to life from  
 4. But to those who have con-fess-ed, Loved and served their

aw-ful sound! Loud-er than a thou-sand thun-ders  
 ty di-vine! Ye who long for his ap-pear-ing  
 earth and sea. All the pow'rs of na-ture shak-en  
 Lord be-low, He will say, "Come near, ye bless-ed,

*mp* Shakes the vast cre-a-tion round. *p* How the sum-mons,  
 Then shall say, "This God is mine." Gra-cious Sav-iour,  
 At his wrath, pre-pare to flee. Care-less sin-ner,  
 See the king-dom I be-stow: Ye for-ev-er,

How the sum-mons Will the sin-ner's heart con-found!  
 Gra-cious Sav-iour, Own me in that day as thine.  
 Care-less sin-ner, What will then be-come of thee?  
 Ye for-ev-er Shall my love and glo-ry know." A-MEN.

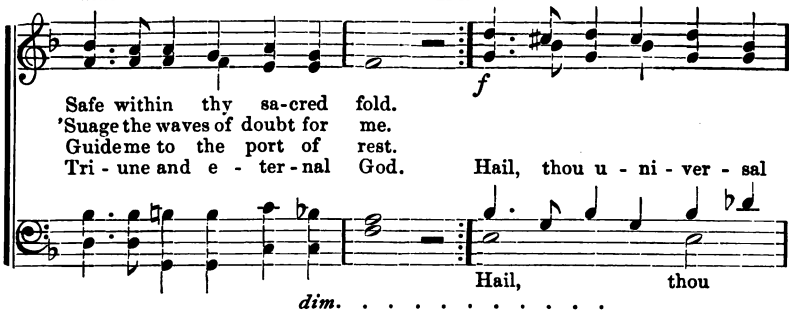


1. Lin-ger, blessed Ab-ba Fa-ther, For the night seems bleak and  
 2. Christ Immanuel, might-y Sav-iour! Tossed up-on life's treach'rous  
 3. Tar-ry nigh, ye spir-its sev-en; Seal me thine, most ho-ly  
 4. Shelter, O thou Rock of A-ges, Till I reach thy saints' a-  
 Lin - - - ger, blessed Abba Father, For the



cold; Let thine an-gels'round me hov-er,  
 sea, Gra-cious Pi-lot, grant this fa-vor,—  
 Guest: Lead me to yon gates of heav-en,  
 bode: Then shall rise per-pet-ual prais-es,  
 night seems bleak and cold: Let thine angels'round me hov-er,

*dim.* . . . . . REFRAIN.



Safe within thy sa-cred fold.  
 'Suage the waves of doubt for me.  
 Guideme to the port of rest.  
 Tri-une and e-ter-nal God. Hail, thou u-ni-ver-sal  
 Hail, thou

*dim.* . . . . .



*dim.* . . . . .  
 Lord! Heav'n and earth a-dore thee. A - MEN.  
 uni-ver-sal Lord!

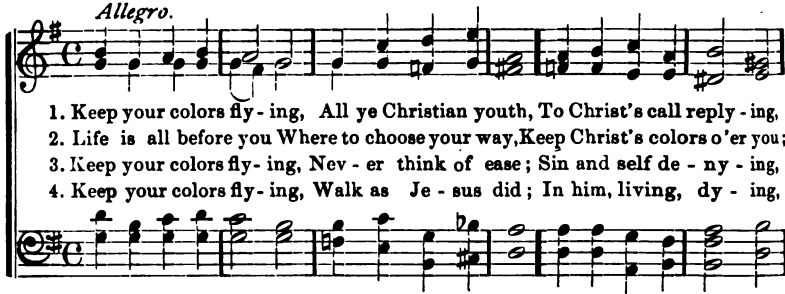
# 164 Keep Your Colors Flying. 6.5. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN.

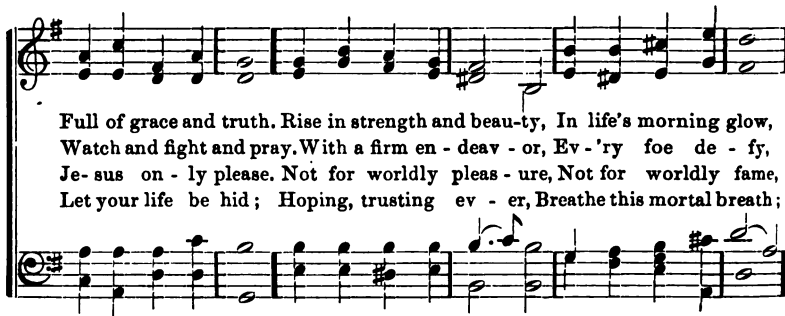
PROCESSIONAL.

THORO HARRIS.

*Allegro.*

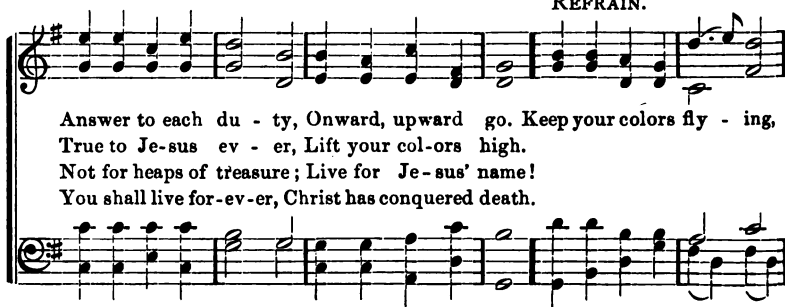


1. Keep your colors fly - ing, All ye Christian youth, To Christ's call reply - ing,  
 2. Life is all before you Where to choose your way, Keep Christ's colors o'er you;  
 3. Keep your colors fly - ing, Nev - er think of ease; Sin and self de - ny - ing,  
 4. Keep your colors fly - ing, Walk as Je - sus did; In him, living, dy - ing,



Full of grace and truth. Rise in strength and beau-ty, In life's morning glow,  
 Watch and fight and pray. With a firm en - deav - or, Ev - 'ry foe de - fy,  
 Je - sus on - ly please. Not for worldly pleas - ure, Not for worldly fame,  
 Let your life be hid; Hoping, trusting ev - er, Breathe this mortal breath;

REFRAIN.



Answer to each du - ty, Onward, upward go. Keep your colors fly - ing,  
 True to Je - sus ev - er, Lift your col - ors high.  
 Not for heaps of treasure; Live for Je - sus' name!  
 You shall live for - ev - er, Christ has conquered death.

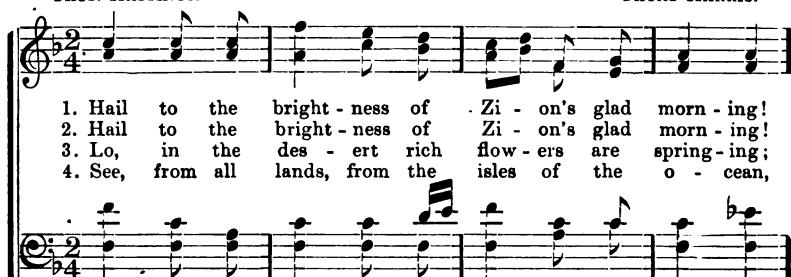


Stand for God and truth, Keep your colors fly - ing, All ye Christian youth.

# 165 Hail to the Brightness. 11.10.

THOS. HASTINGS.

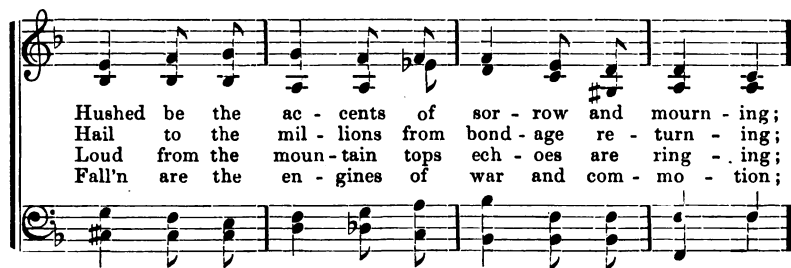
THORO HARRIS.



1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing!  
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing!  
 3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing;  
 4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-cean,



Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!  
 Long by the proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told;  
 Streams ev-er co-pious are glid-ing a-long;  
 Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cend-ing on high;



Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing;  
 Hail to the mil-lions from bond-age re-turn-ing;  
 Loud from the moun-tain tops ech-oes are ring-ing;  
 Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion;

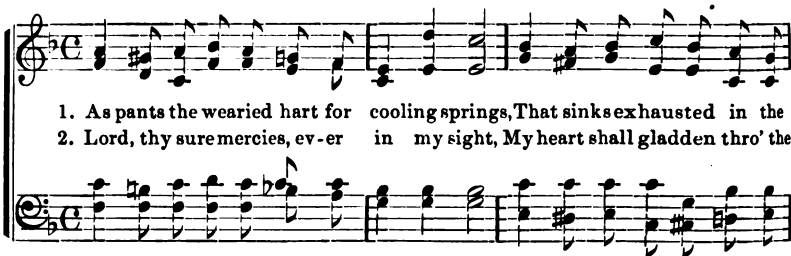


Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.  
 Gen-tile and Jew the blest vis-ion be-hold.  
 Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min-gle in song.  
 Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.

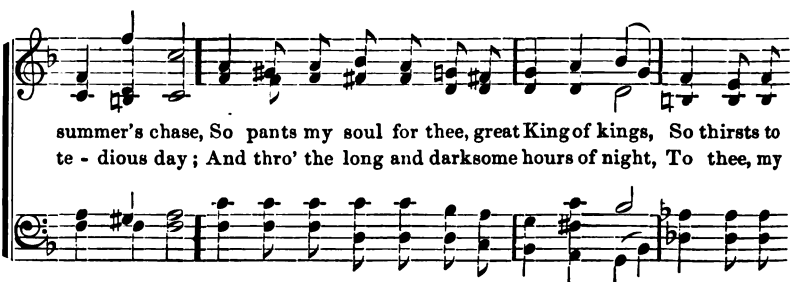


PSA. 42: 1-5.

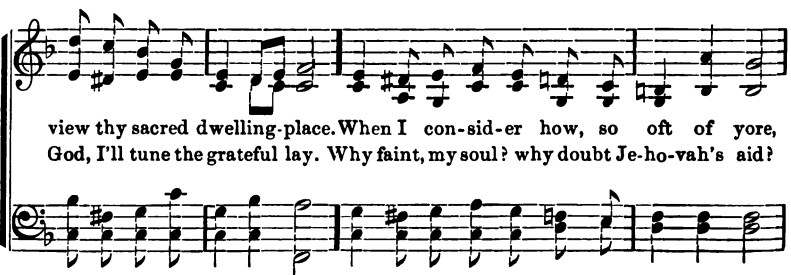
CHOPIN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



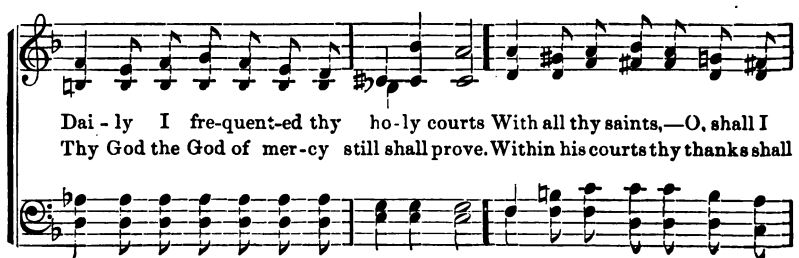
1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sink exhausted in the  
2. Lord, thy sure mercies, ev-er in my sight, My heart shall gladden thro' the



summer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to  
te - dious day; And thro' the long and darksome hours of night, To thee, my



view thy sacred dwelling-place. When I con-sid-er how, so oft of yore,  
God, I'll tune the grateful lay. Why faint, my soul? why doubt Je-ho-vah's aid?



Dai - ly I fre-quent-ed thy ho-ly courts With all thy saints,—O, shall I  
Thy God the God of mer-cy still shall prove. Within his courts thy thanks shall

## Hart. Concluded.



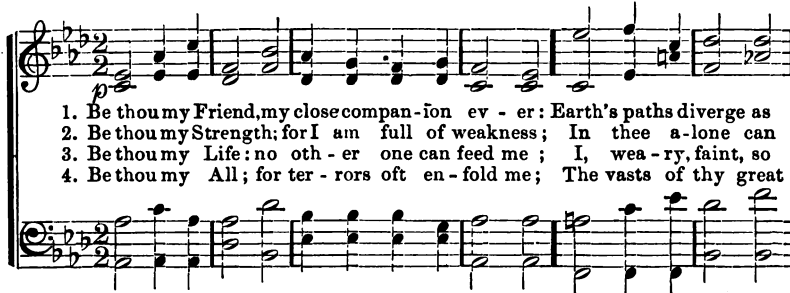
nev-er more Dwell in that temple where the Lord resorts?  
yet be paid: Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love. A - - - MEN.

167

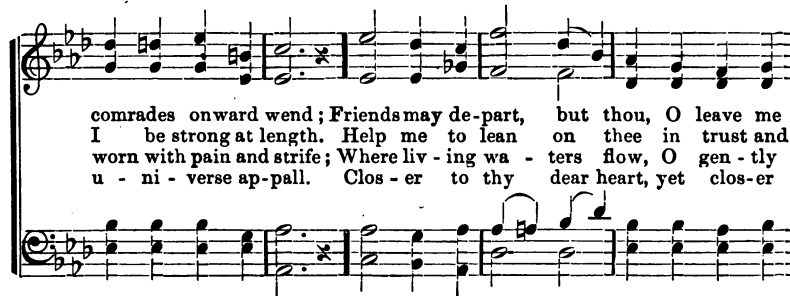
## Be Thou My All.

EMMA C. DOWD.

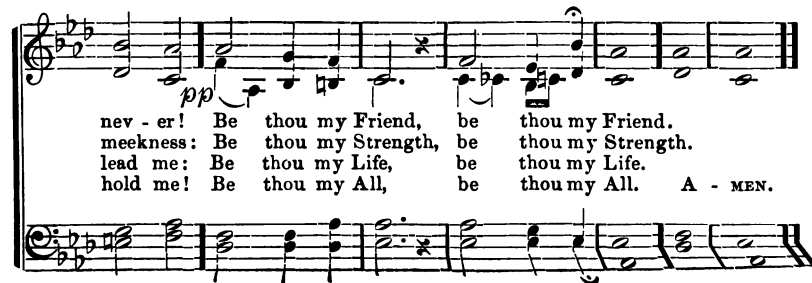
THORO HARRIS.



1. Be thou my Friend, my close compan-ion ev - er: Earth's paths diverge as  
2. Be thou my Strength; for I am full of weakness; In thee a-lone can  
3. Be thou my Life: no oth - er one can feed me; I, wea - ry, faint, so  
4. Be thou my All; for ter - rors oft en - fold me; The vasts of thy great



comrades onward wend; Friends may de-part, but thou, O leave me  
I be strong at length. Help me to lean on thee in trust and  
worn with pain and strife; Where liv - ing wa - ters flow, O gen - tly  
u - ni - verse ap-pall. Clos - er to thy dear heart, yet clos-er

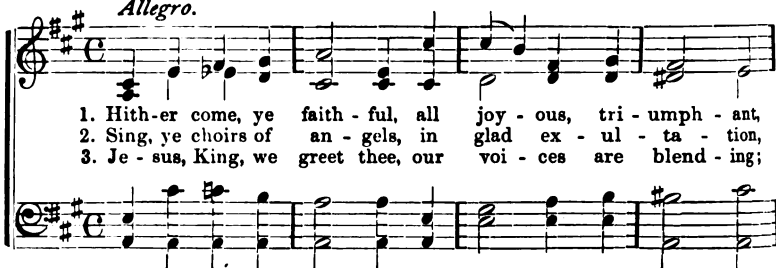


nev - er! Be thou my Friend, be thou my Friend.  
meekness: Be thou my Strength, be thou my Strength.  
lead me: Be thou my Life, be thou my Life.  
hold me! Be thou my All, be thou my All. A - MEN.

# 168 Hither Come, Ye Faithful. 12.13.

THORO HARRIS.

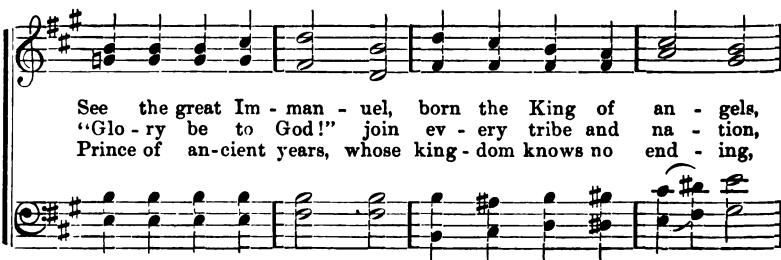
*Allegro.*



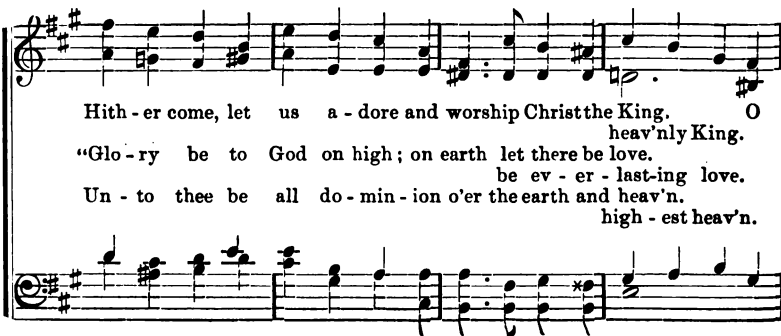
1. Hith-er come, ye faith - ful, all joy - ous, tri - umph - ant,  
 2. Sing, ye choirs of an - gels, in glad ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 3. Je - sus, King, we greet thee, our voi - ces are blend - ing;



Come ye now to Beth - le - hem and wor - ship Christ the Lord.  
 Sing now, all ye cit - i - zens of earth and heav'n a - bove,  
 Ev - er thus, O Lord, to thee, be grace and glo - ry giv'n;



See the great Im - man - uel, born the King of an - gels,  
 "Glo - ry be to God!" join ev - ery tribe and na - tion,  
 Prince of an - cient years, whose king - dom knows no end - ing,



Hith - er come, let us a - dore and worship Christ the King. O  
 heav'nly King.  
 "Glo - ry be to God on high; on earth let there be love.  
 be ev - er - last - ing love.  
 Un - to thee be all do - min - ion o'er the earth and heav'n.  
 high - est heav'n.

# Hither Come, Ye Faithful. Concluded.

CHORUS.

come let us a - dore him all glo - rious and tri - umph - ant,

Hith-er come to Beth-le - hem and worship Chirst the Lord. A - MEN.

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## Thine Forever. 7.

MRS. M. F. MAUD.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Thine for-ev - er, God of love! Hear us from thy throne of love.  
 2. Thine for-ev - er, Lord of life! Shield us thro' the earth - ly strife.  
 3. Thine for-ev - er, O how blest They who find in thee their rest!  
 4. Thine for-ev - er! Sav-iour, keep These thy frail and trembling sheep

Thine for-ev - er may we be Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Thou, the life, the truth, the way, Guide us to the realms of day.  
 Saviour, guardian, heav'nly friend, O de-fend us to the end!  
 Safe a - lone beneath thy care; Let us all thy goodness share. A - MEN.

## Pilot, Lan' de Boat.

THORO HARRIS.

1. De win' blow soft from de heav'nly sho', Pi-lot, lan' de boat. Ou'  
 2. De preachuz stan'in' roun' de long stage plank, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. Soon  
 3. She's loaded down with de poo' los' sheep, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De  
 4. We's all dead weary fo' de trip wuz long, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De  
 5. De steam's shut off an' she's roun'in' to, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De

backs soon carry de loads no mo', Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De han's on  
 gwine to la'nh 'er to Zi-on's bank, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De bright sho'  
 current's swif' an' de wa-teh's deep, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De wheels poun'  
 deck han's singin' de land-in' song, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. De toil an'  
 captain's singin' wif de ransom' crew, Pi-lot, lan' de boat. We hea' de

deck an' dey all done gwine To hit de bank wif de  
 crowded wif de an - gel ban' Come down to de lev - ee fo' to  
 hard on de riv - eh's breast, De sun gwine down in the  
 sor-row ob de trip am past, De flag done low-er'd from de  
 tin-kle ob de en - gine bell, De waves wash de land-in' from de

*rit.* *m*  
 long tow line, De ransom' chillun den all rise an' shine, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.  
 see us lan', Dey'll tell us "howdy" wif a welcome han', Pi-lot, lan' de boat.  
 fi - ery west, We's nea' de po't of e - ter - nal rest, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.  
 jack-staff mast, We climb de levee an' we make her fast, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.  
 ol' boat's swell, Fa' well, ol' riveh, bid yo' long fa' - well, Pi-lot, lan' de boat.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Grand-er than a-cean's sto-ry, Or songs of for-est trees;  
 2. Dear-er than a-ny lov-ings The tru-est friends be-stow;  
 3. Rich-er than all earth's treas-ure The wealth my soul re-ceives;

Pur-er than breath of morn-ing, Or evening's gen-tle breeze;  
 Stronger than all the yearn-ings A mother's heart can know;  
 Brighter than roy-al jew-els The crown that Je-sus gives;

Clear-er than moun-tain ech-oes Ring out from peaks a-bove,  
 Deep-er than earth's foun-da-tions, And far a-bove all thought;  
 Wondrous the con-de-scen-sion, And grace be-yond de-gree!

*cres. . . . .* *p*


Rolls on the glo-rious an-them Of God's e-ter-nal love.  
 Broader than heav'n's high arches, The love that Christ has brought!  
 I would be ev-er sing-ing The love of Christ to me! A-MEN.

## Full Salvation.


THORO HARRIS.



1. "Saved to the ut - termost!" sweet the re - frain; "Saved to the  
 2. "Saved to the ut - termost"—this Christ can do; "Save to the  
 3. "Saved to the ut - termost!"—glo - ry to God! "Saved to the



ut - termost!" sing it a - gain. Bright words of glo - ry, how  
 ut - termost"—words ev - er true. Trust - ing thy Sav - iour, this  
 ut - termost;" tell it a - broad. To Christ my Sav - iour, my

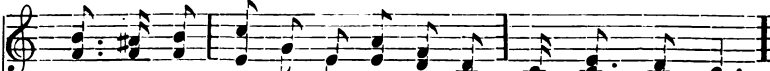


beauteous they shine,—“Saved to the ut - termost;” Je - sus is mine.  
 truth shall be thine: “Saved to the ut - termost; Je - sus is mine.”  
 all I re - sign; “Saved to the ut - termost;” Je - sus is mine.

## REFRAIN.



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost, Saved, saved, saved to the



ut - termost, Saved to the ut - termost: Je - sus is mine.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

THORO HARRIS.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee; Hear thou the  
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-  
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy  
 4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea, More love to  
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be, More love to  
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their refrain, When they can sing with me,—More love to  
 part-ing cry, My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be: More love to

thee, *pp* More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee.

AFTER LAST STANZA.

*pp* More love, O Christ, to thee, More love O Christ, to thee.



## I Need Thy Spirit.

L. D. SANTEE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. I need thy sweet Spirit, my Saviour, For life is so wea - ry with  
 2. I long for thy Spirit, my Saviour, To give me the gra - ces I  
 3. I need thy sweet Spirit, my Saviour, When, be-reav-ed, I stand by the

care; The sor-rows that chas - ten my spir - it Are  
 need, — The peace that flows deep as a riv - er, Thro'  
 tomb. 'Tis then I would know that the loved one Will

of - ten-times heav - y to bear. Be - fore thee I hum-bly am  
 meadows of love where I'd feed; The pa-tience that knoweth not  
 wak - en and rise from the gloom; That, free from the country of

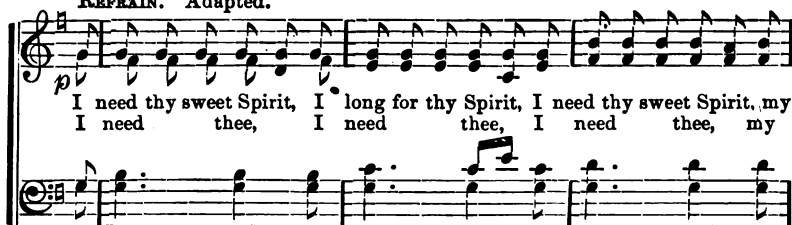
kneel-ing, For strength in my weakness I pray. Oh, come with the  
 sor - row; The trust that is stayed but on thee; The hope that sees  
 shad - ows, He'll en - ter the king-dom of God, In peace rest in

touch that brings heal-ing, And drive all the shad - ows a - way!  
 joy on the mor-row; The Day - star o'er life's trou - bled sea.  
 ev - er - green meadows, Where footsteps of sin - nev - er trod.

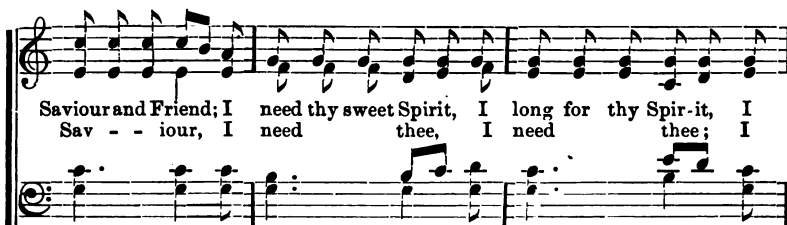
# I Need Thy Spirit. Concluded.

REFRAIN. Adapted.

*p*



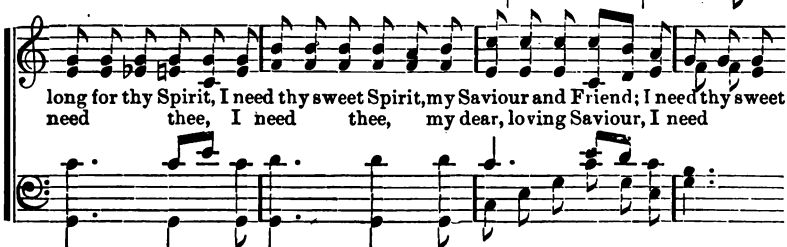
I need thy sweet Spirit, I long for thy Spirit, I need thy sweet Spirit, my  
I need thee, I need thee, I need thee, my



Saviour and Friend; I need thy sweet Spirit, I long for thy Spir-it, I  
Sav - iour, I need thee, I need thee; I

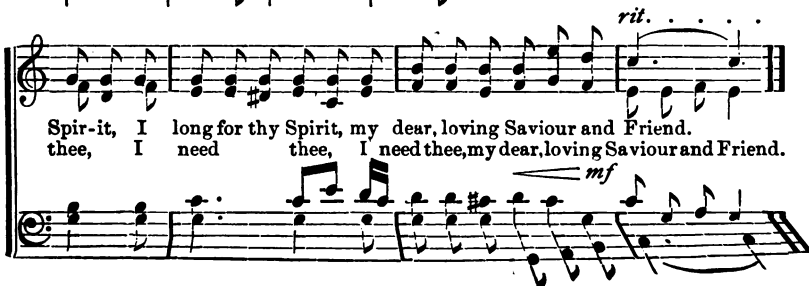


need thy sweet Spirit, my Saviour and Friend; I need thy sweet Spir-it, I  
need thee, my Sav - iour, I need thee, I



long for thy Spirit, I need thy sweet Spirit, my Saviour and Friend; I need thy sweet  
need thee, I need thee, my dear, loving Saviour, I need

*rit.*



Spir-it, I long for thy Spirit, my dear, loving Saviour and Friend.  
thee, I need thee, I need thee, my dear, loving Saviour and Friend.

*mf*

BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1 { Let thy Spir-it, bless-ed Saviour, Come and bid our doubtings cease; }  
Come, O come with love and fa - vor, Fill us all with joy and peace.

2 { On thy word our souls are rest-ing; Taught by thee, thy name we love; }  
Still we kneel, thy throne addressing, Still or prayers as-cend a - bove.

Fear - ful dan - gers are a - round us, Sa - tan watch - es  
Let us not, O Lord, be wea - ry Of the rough - ness

to de - stroy; Lord, our foes would fain con - found us;  
of the way; Tho' the road be of - ten drear - y,

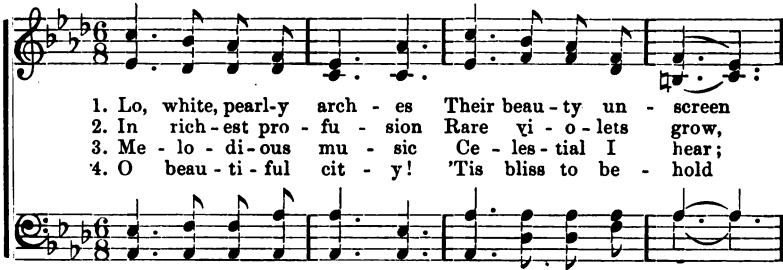
[1st STANZA.]

[FINAL STANZA.]

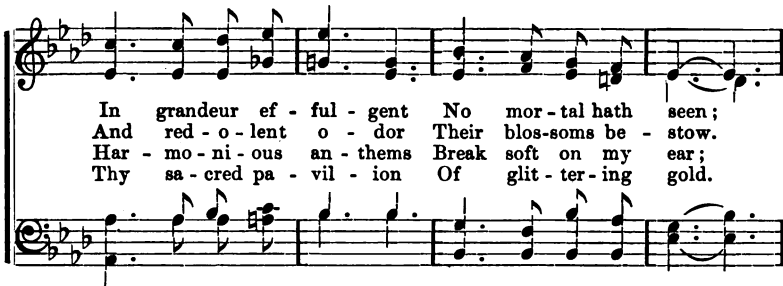
O, for us thy might employ. Thou shalt drive our gloom a - way.

T. H.

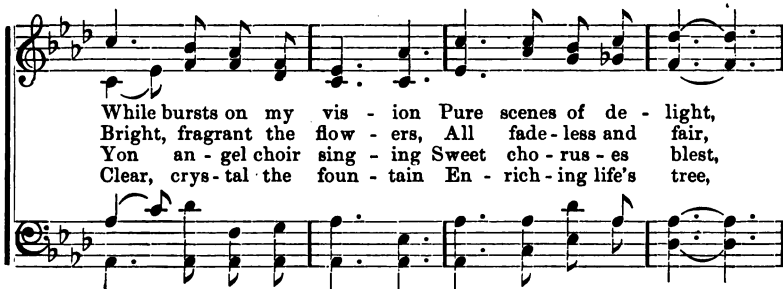
THORO HARRIS.



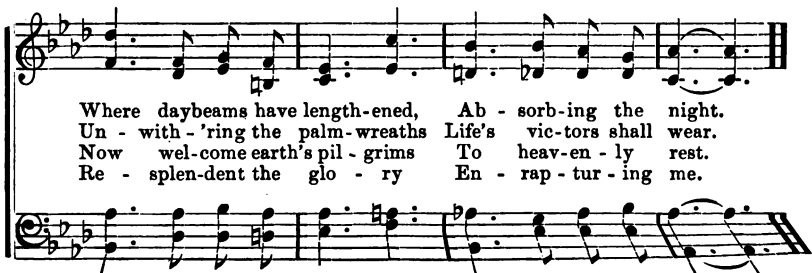
1. Lo, white, pearl-y arch - es Their beau - ty un - screen  
 2. In rich - est pro - fu - sion Rare vi - o - lets grow,  
 3. Me - lo - di - ous mu - sic Ce - les - tial I hear;  
 4. O beau - ti - ful cit - y! 'Tis bliss to be - hold



In grandeur ef - ful - gent No mor - tal hath seen;  
 And red - o - lent o - dor Their blos - soms be - stow.  
 Har - mo - ni - ous an - thems Break soft on my ear;  
 Thy sa - cred pa - vil - ion Of glit - ter - ing gold.



While bursts on my vis - ion Pure scenes of de - light,  
 Bright, fragrant the flow - ers, All fade - less and fair,  
 Yon an - gel choir sing - ing Sweet cho - rus - es blest,  
 Clear, crys - tal the foun - tain En - rich - ing life's tree,



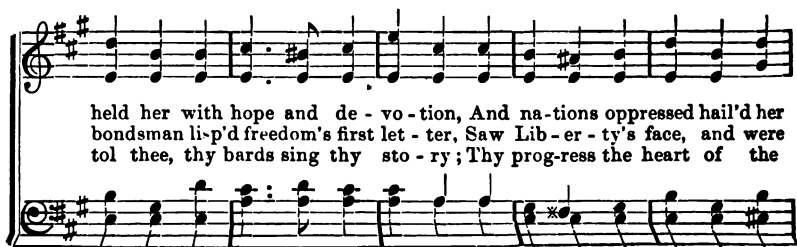
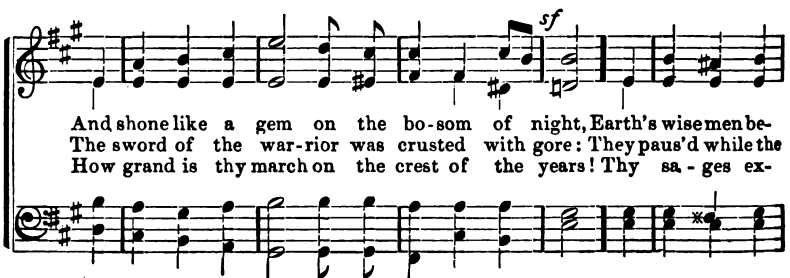
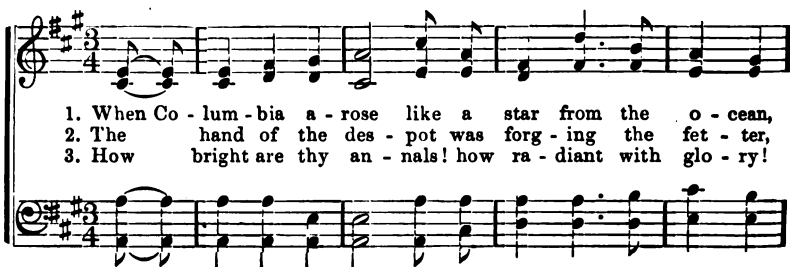
Where daybeams have length - ened, Ab - sorb - ing the night.  
 Un - with - 'ring the palm - wreaths Life's vic - tors shall wear.  
 Now wel - come earth's pil - grims To heav - en - ly rest.  
 Re - splen - dent the glo - ry En - rap - tur - ing me.

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## When Columbia Arose.

D. W. McCourt.

THORO HARRIS.



# When Columbia Arose. Concluded.

beams with de - light. Her heav'n-ly re - ful - gence in  
ty - rants no more. Thou shrine of the free, and the  
pat - ri - ot cheers. O may thy ad - vance-ment in

glo - ry trans-cend-ing The radiance that fell from her  
hope of the na-tions, To thee earth's oppress'd, from curs'd  
end - less pro - gres-sion, Still lead the world on in the

*dim.*

bright sis - ter stars, Shone far o'er the earth with a lus - ter un-  
tyr - an - ny flee; They come to thy al - tars thro' dark trib - u-  
grandarts of peace, Till ty - rants and big - ot - ry find no pos-

*cresc.*

end-ing, And lit the slave's face thro' his dark pris - on bars.  
la - tions, And find thy mild rule, Heaven's boon to the free.  
ses-sion, And war's hor - rid thun - ders in love's mu - sic cease.

## When the Saviour I See.

C. H. KESLAKE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. When in his beau - ty the Sav - iour I see, When in his  
 2. When in my bo - som shall dwell love di - vine, When in my  
 3. When, filled with love, with lost sin - ners I plead, And, led by  
 4. When day by day I'm pos - sessed of Christ's mind And in his  
 5. When from the voice of my Sav - iour I hear Glad - ly the

im - age re - newed I shall be, When from all sin I for -  
 life my dear Sav - iour shall shine, So that the world may know,  
 Je - sus, shall show them their need, How for them all the dear  
 ser - vice true hap - pi - ness find, When, as was he, I am  
 wel - come his glo - ry to share— Pre - cious the thought! 'twill be

ev - er am free, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 Lord, I am thine, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 Sav - iour did bleed, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 gen - tle and kind, I shall be sat - is - fied.  
 sweet to be there; I shall be sat - is - fied.

## REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, When in his

## When the Saviour I See. Concluded.

beau - ty the Sav - iour I see, I shall be sat - is - fied.

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## Thy First Love. C. M.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Dear Je - sus, shall I nev - er know Thy spir - it linked with mine?  
 2. That light which, mirrored in thy face So fair, se - rene - ly shone,  
 3. In the hushed si - lence of that hour, As dews of mid - night fall,

Shall tears of sorrow ceaseless flow, And quench the light divine,—  
 When in thy mild, attractive grace, Thou spak'st with me alone?  
 I heard thy voice, I felt its pow'r, And owned the gracious call. A - MEN.


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 4 With joy my ravished soul awoke<br>To sing triumphant lays;<br>Of thy rich grace my lips outspoke;<br>My heart o'erflowed with praise. | 8 Return, Beloved, once again,<br>My wounded spirit heal.<br>Far from the prying gaze of men<br>Thine inmost self reveal.    |
| 5 As mystic forms of beauty appear<br>When sets the golden sun,<br>Methought thine image hovered near,<br>O thou Beloved One!            | 9 Be each endeavor of my heart<br>To bannish sin away;<br>And may thy saving strength impart<br>The power to watch and pray. |
| 6 Like softest music of the skies<br>From angel choirs above,<br>My heart dissolved in ecstasies,<br>Woody by thy words of love.         | 10 Reopen now my blinded eyes,<br>That they again may see<br>A day of cloudless glory rise;<br>And call me back to thee.     |
| 7 And tho' apart from thee I stray,<br>Far from that sacred spot,<br>Tho' I have wandered far away,<br>Thou hast not me forgot.          | 11 Awake anew the rapturous song<br>As thou didst once before;<br>Till my unfettered tongue prolong<br>Thy name forevermore. |





# 180 The Saviour is Coming. 12.11. D.

T. H.



THORO HARRIS.




1. The Sav-iour is com-ing with joy and sal-va-tion To all his dear  
 2. And tho' in this world we may meet trib-u - lation, He quick-ly re -  
 3. The Sav-iour is coming: the sun shall be darkened, The moon and the

children who've wait-ed for him. Then blow ye the trum-pet from  
 turn-eth in whom is our peace; Nor long will he tar - ry who  
 stars shall withhold their mild light. The heav-ens shall rend, and the

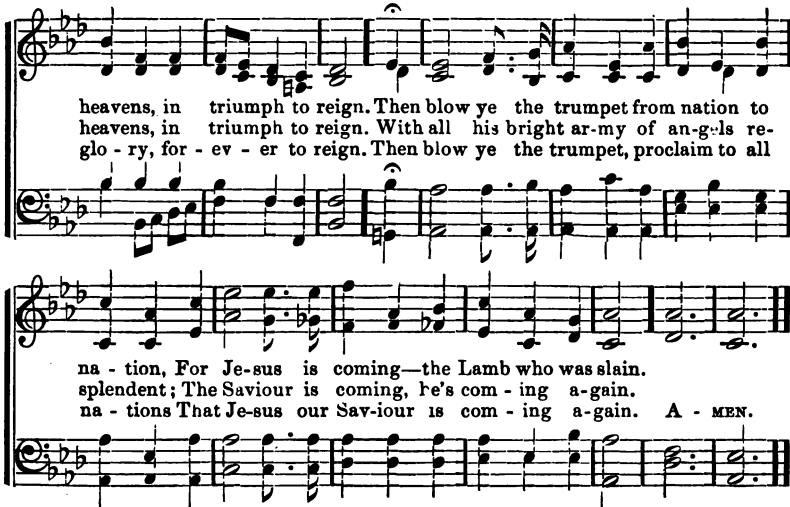
na - tion to nation, And trim all your lamps, lest their light should grow dim.  
 bring-eth sal-va-tion, And soon all our la - bor and sor - row shall cease.  
 earth shall be shaken, And all shall dissolve in the black-ness of night.




The Sav - iour is com-ing, in glo - ry de - scend-ing A-cross the broad  
 The Sav - iour is com-ing in glo - ry transcend-ent A-cross the clear  
 The Sav - iour is com-ing, is coming triumphant With crown of bright



## The Saviour is Coming. Concluded.



heavens, in triumph to reign. Then blow ye the trumpet from nation to  
 heavens, in triumph to reign. With all his bright ar-my of an-gels re-  
 glo - ry, for - ev - er to reign. Then blow ye the trumpet, proclaim to all

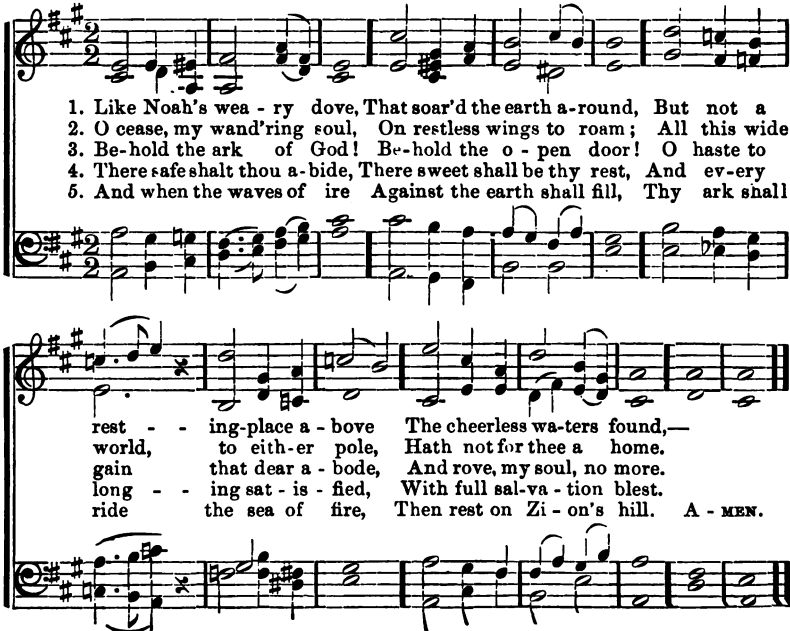
na - tion, For Je-sus is coming—the Lamb who was slain.  
 splendid; The Saviour is coming, re's com - ing a-gain.  
 na - tions That Je-sus our Sav-iour is com - ing a-gain. A - MEN.

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## Muhlenberg. S. M.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

THORO HARRIS.



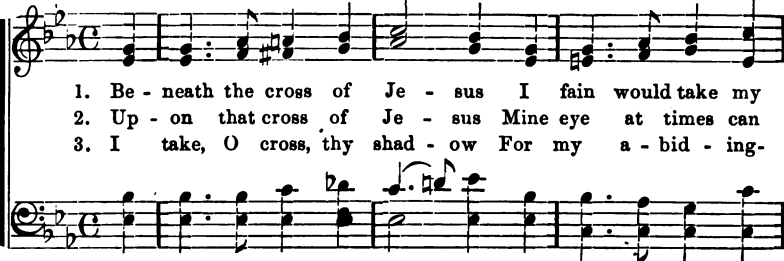
1. Like Noah's wea - ry dove, That soar'd the earth a-round, But not a
2. O cease, my wand'ring soul, On restless wings to roam; All this wide
3. Be-hold the ark of God! Be-hold the o - pen door! O haste to
4. There safe shalt thou a-bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And ev-ery
5. And when the waves of ire Against the earth shall fill, Thy ark shall

rest - ing-place a - bove The cheerless wa-ters found,—  
 world, to eith-er pole, Hath not for thee a home.  
 gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
 long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.  
 ride the sea of fire, Then rest on Zi - on's hill. A - MEN.

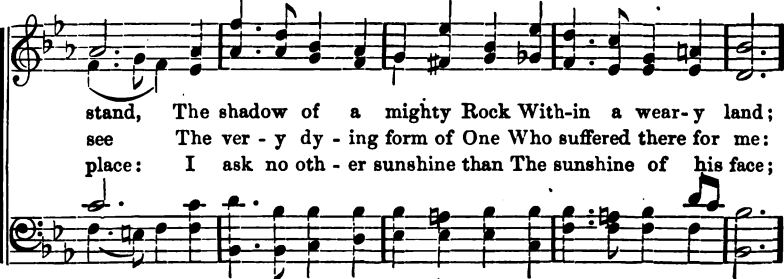
## Beneath the Cross.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

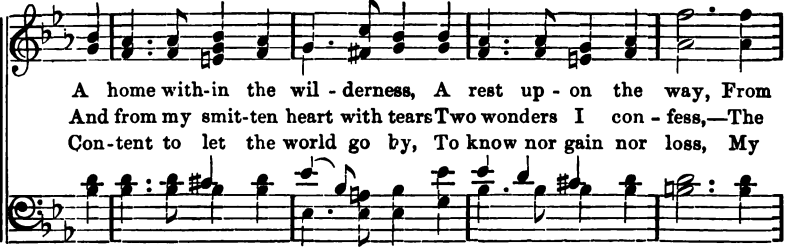
THORO HARRIS.



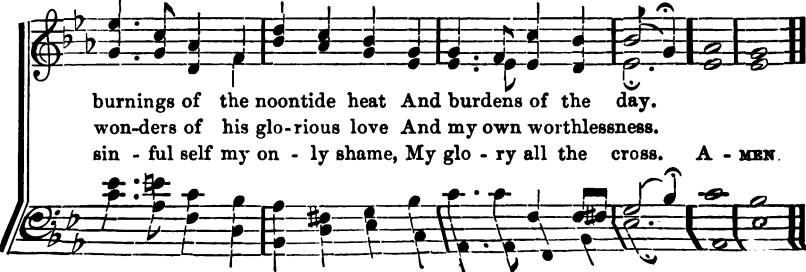
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my  
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can  
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing-



stand, The shadow of a mighty Rock With-in a wear-y land;  
 see The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suffered there for me;  
 place: I ask no oth - er sunshine than The sunshine of his face;



A home with-in the wil - derness, A rest up - on the way, From  
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two wonders I con - fess,—The  
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know nor gain nor loss, My



burnings of the noontide heat And burdens of the day.  
 won - ders of his glo - rious love And my own worthlessness.  
 sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross. A - MEN.

HORACE L. HASTINGS.

HONO HARRIS.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll,  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our stormy voy'ge is o'er?  
 3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine,  
 4. Soon we'll meet with Christ our Saviour; When he comes to claim his own,

Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 We shall know his blessed fa-vor, And sit down up-on his throne.

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll meet beyond the riv-er, On fair Ca-naan's shore for-ev-er;

We shall meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll.

## Take My Heart. 8.7. D.

THORO HARRIS,

*p Andante.*

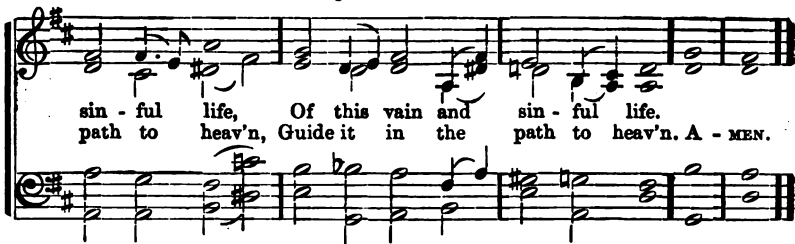
1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther, take it! Make and keep it all thine own;  
2. Ev - er let thy grace surround it, Strengthen it with power di - vine;

Let thy Spir - it melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone.  
Till thy cords of love have bound it, Make it to be whol - ly thine.

*pp*  
Fa - ther, make it pure and low - ly, Fond of peace and far from strife,  
May the blood of Je - sus heal it, And its sins be all for - giv'n;

Turn - ing from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and  
Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal it, Guide it in the

# Take my Heart. Concluded.



sin - ful life, Of this vain and sin - ful life.  
path to heav'n, Guide it in the path to heav'n. A - MEN.

185

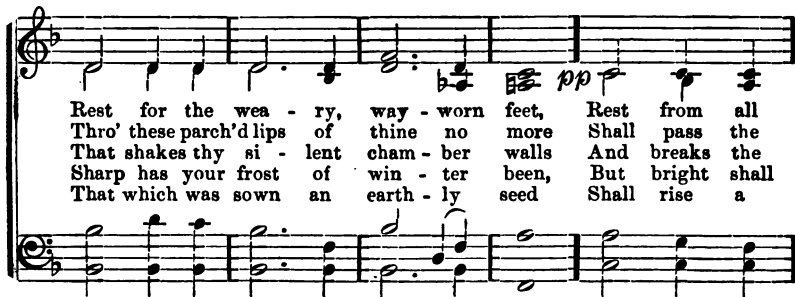
Rest. S. M.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the anx - ious brow,  
2. Rest for the fe - vered brain, Rest for the throb - ing eye;  
3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel - come sound  
4. Ye dwell - ers in the dust, A - wake! come forth and sing;  
5. 'Twas sown in weak - ness here, 'Twill then be raised in power;



Rest for the wea - ry, way - worn feet, Rest from all  
Thro' these parch'd lips of thine no more Shall pass the  
That shakes thy si - lent cham - ber walls And breaks the  
Sharp has your frost of win - ter been, But bright shall  
That which was sown an earth - ly seed Shall rise a



la - bor now.  
moan or sigh.  
turf-sealed ground.  
be your spring.  
heav'nly flower. A - - MEN, A - - - - MEN.

1. Bound up - on a tree of anguish, Bruised and bleeding, who is he?  
 2. Bound up - on a tree of anguish, Dread and aw - ful, who is he?  
 3. Bound up - on a tree of anguish, Wan and dy - ing, who is he?

*mp*

See the Suff'rer faint and languish, See the man of Cal - va - ry,  
 See the si - lent Suff'rer languish, See him die up - on the tree,  
 See the Suff'rer faint and languish, Man to set at lib - er - ty,

See the man of Cal - va - ry. By the heart for sin - ners bro - ken,  
 See him die up - on the tree. Thou the bread of life hast bro - ken;  
 Man to set at lib - er - ty. Lo, the debt of sins for - giv - en!

By the thorns up - on thy brow—*mf* Sealed the ev - er - last - ing token—  
 Low be - fore thy cross we bow, Hear the word of comfort spoken:  
 See the Prince of life hath died! O - pen stands the gate of heaven,

## Tree of Anguish. Concluded.

*p*

Son of Man, Son of Man, Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!  
 Son of God, Son of God, Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou!  
 Christ the Lord, Christ the Lord, Christ the Lord is cruci-fied. A - MEN.

## 187 Thy Burden. 7.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

THORO HARRIS.

*Tranquillo con espressione.*

1. Cast thy burden on the Lord, On-ly lean up-on his word;  
 2. He sustains thee by his hand, He en-a-bles thee to stand;  
 3. Heav'n and earth may pass a-way, God's free grace shall not de-cay;  
 4. Je-sus, guardian of thy flock, Be thyself our constant rock;

Thou wilt soon have cause to bless His un-chang-ing faith-ful-ness,  
 Those whom Jesus once did love, From his grace need ne'er re-move,  
 He hath promised to ful-fil All the pleas-ure of his will,  
 Maké us by thy powerful hand Firm as Zi-on's mountain stand,

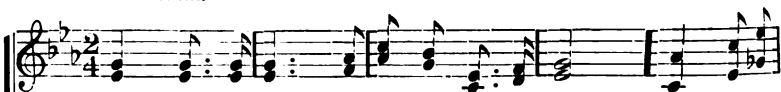
His un-chang-ing faith-ful-ness.  
 From his grace need ne'er remove.  
 All the pleas-ure of his will.  
 Firm as Zi-on's mountain stand. A - - MEN, A - - MEN.  
*dim.*



## I Shall Be Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THORO HARRIS.



- |                               |                              |                 |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. When I shall wake          | on that fair morn of morns,  | Af - ter whose  |
| 2. When this vile bod - y     | shall a - rise a - gain,     | Purged by thy   |
| 3. When I shall gaze          | up - on the face of him      | Who for me      |
| 4. When I shall call          | to mind the long, long past, | With clouds and |
| 5. When ev - 'ry en - e - my  | shall dis - ap - pear,—      | The un - be -   |
| 6. When ev - 'ry van - i - ty | shall pass a - way,          | And all be      |



- |                                       |                              |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| dawn - ing nev - er night re - turns, | And with whose glo - - ry    |
| power from ev - ery taint and stain,  | De - liv - ered from all     |
| died, with eye no long - er dim,      | And praise him in the        |
| storms and shadows o - ver - cast,    | And know that I am           |
| lief, the darkness, and the fear,—    | When Christ shall smooth the |
| re - al, all without de - cay,        | In that sweet dawn - ing     |



# I Shall Be Satisfied. Concluded.

day e - ter - nal burns, I shall be sat-is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied.  
 weakness and all pain, I shall be sat-is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied.  
 ev - er - last - ing hymn, I shall be sat-is - fied, I shall be sat-is - fied.  
 saved and blest at last,  
 brow and wipe the tear,  
 of the cloudless day,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks (\*) indicating specific musical techniques.

## REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

The second system of the musical score is the first line of the refrain. It continues with the same vocal and piano parts as the first system, with the lyrics 'I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,' written below the vocal line.

I shall be sat - is - fied when I a - wake with thee,

The third system of the musical score is the second line of the refrain. It continues with the same vocal and piano parts, with the lyrics 'I shall be sat - is - fied when I a - wake with thee,' written below the vocal line.

I shall be sat - is - fied when I a - wake with thee. A - MEN.

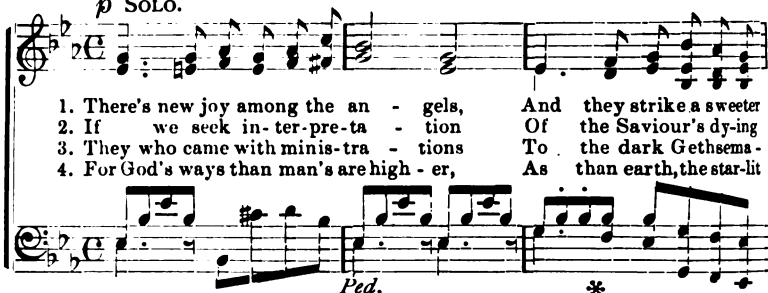
The fourth system of the musical score is the third line of the refrain. It concludes the piece with the lyrics 'I shall be sat - is - fied when I a - wake with thee. A - MEN.' written below the vocal line. The piano part ends with a final chord and a double bar line.

# 189 New Joy Among the Angels.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

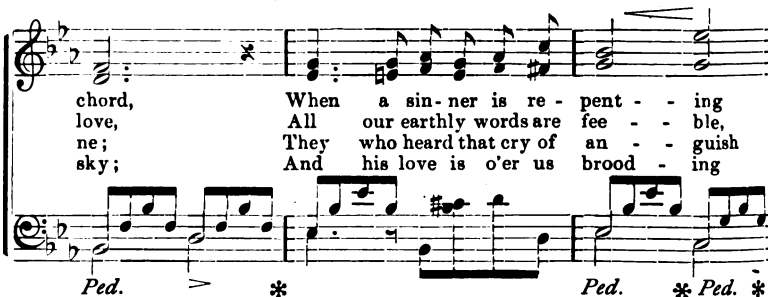
THORO HARRIS.

*p* SOLO.




1. There's new joy among the an - gels, And they strike a sweeter  
 2. If we seek in-ter-pre-ta - tion Of the Saviour's dy-ing  
 3. They who came with minis-tra - tions To the dark Gethsema -  
 4. For God's ways than man's are high - er, As than earth, the star-lit

*Ped.* \*



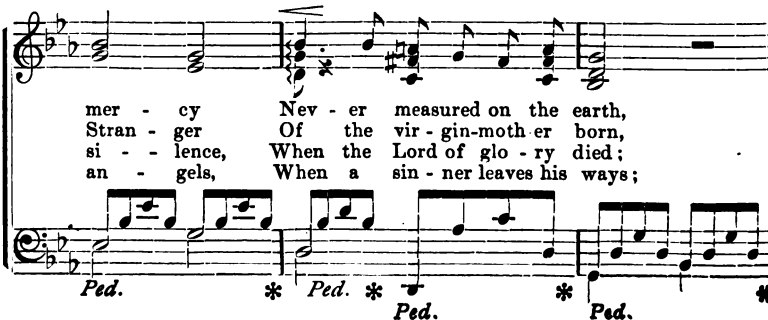
chord, When a sin-ner is re - pent - - ing  
 love, All our earthly words are fee - - ble,  
 ne; They who heard that cry of an - - guish  
 sky; And his love is o'er us brood - ing

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



And re- turning to the Lord; There are highs and depths of  
 On - ly they can know a - bove; They who welcomed first the  
 When he hung up-on the tree; They who felt the aw - ful  
 With e - ter-nal minis - try; - There's new joy among the

*rall.* *Ped.* \*



mer - cy Nev - er measured on the earth,  
 Stran - ger Of the vir - gin-moth - er born,  
 si - - lence, When the Lord of glo - ry died;  
 an - gels, When a sin - ner leaves his ways;

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

# New Joy Among the Angels. Concluded.

*f*

For the grace that saves a sin - - ner, Has in heav'n alone its  
They who saw the breaking glo - - ry, Of the earth's first Christmas  
He, with highest place in heav - en, By man's hand was cruci-  
And this word is wing's to heav - en, When 'tis said, Behold, he

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

birth. There's new joy a - mong the an - - gels,  
morn.  
fled.  
prays.

*Ped.* \* *Ped.*

*f*

And they strike a sweeter chord, When a sin-ner is re -

\* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*dim.*

pent - - ing And re - turn - ing to the Lord.

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THORO HARRIS.

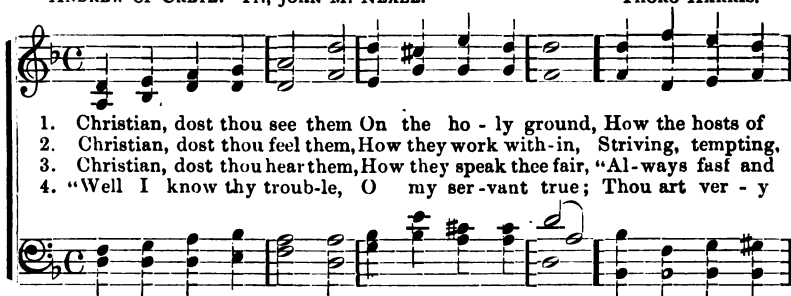
*Maestoso.*

1. Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs rang.  
2. Heav'n and earth must pass away; Songs of praise shall crown that day:


*mp* When Je - ho-vah's work be-gun, When he spake and it was done.  
God will make new heav'ns, new earth; Songs of praise shall hail their birth. *cresc. . . . . sf*

*f* Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of peace was born;  
Saints be-low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice, *m*

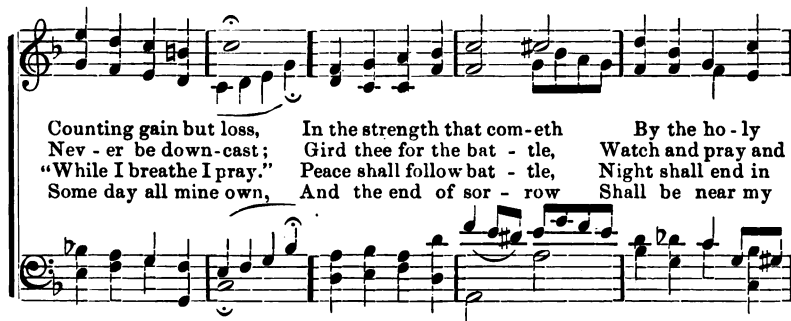
*mf* Songs of praise a-rose, when he Captive led cap-tiv-i-ty. *mp*  
Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. A - MEN.



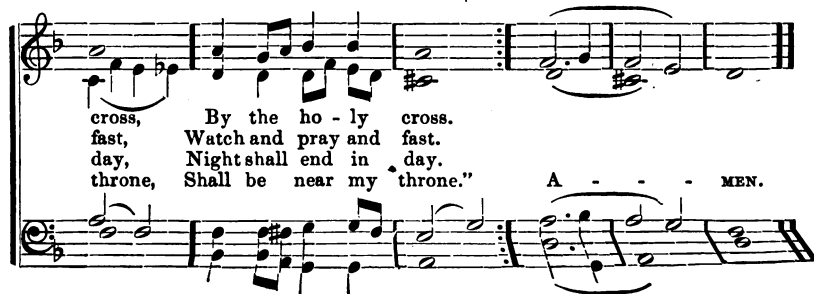
1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of  
 2. Christian, dost thou feel them, How they work with-in, Striving, tempting.  
 3. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair, "Al-ways fast and  
 4. "Well I know thy troub-le, O my ser-vant true; Thou art ver - y



Mid - ian Howl and prowl a - round? . . . Christian, up and smite them!  
 lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin? . . . Christian, nev-er trem - ble,  
 vig - il? Always watch and prayer?" . . . Christian, answer bold - ly,  
 wea - ry: I was wea - ry too; . . . But that toil shall make thee



Counting gain but loss, In the strength that com-eth By the ho - ly  
 Nev - er be down-cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and  
 "While I breathe I pray." Peace shall follow bat - tle, Night shall end in  
 Some day all mine own, And the end of sor - row Shall be near my




cross, By the ho - ly cross.  
 fast, Watch and pray and fast.  
 day, Night shall end in day.  
 throne, Shall be near my throne." A - - - MEN.



T. H.

THORO HARRIS.


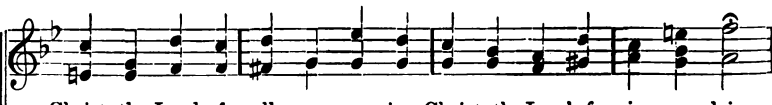
*f*





1. He is com - ing, all vic - torious; Christ is coming back to earth a - gain,  
2. Fast the signs are all ful - fill - ing; Tokens of the bright and blessed day;


With his heav'nly train most glorious; Speed the message, Jesus soon is coming!  
And our raptured hearts are thrilling, For we know that Jesus now is coming.

Christ, the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners slain;  
Wea - ry saints, re - joice with singing! Welcome, Earth, thy na - tive King!

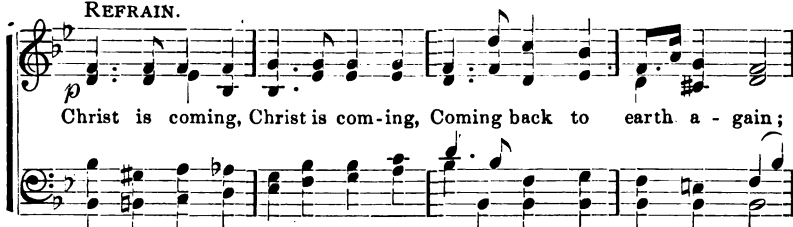



Spread the glorious proc - la - mation, Sound the joyful tidings, Christ is coming.  
To his feet your praises bringing; For the Lord of glory now is coming.

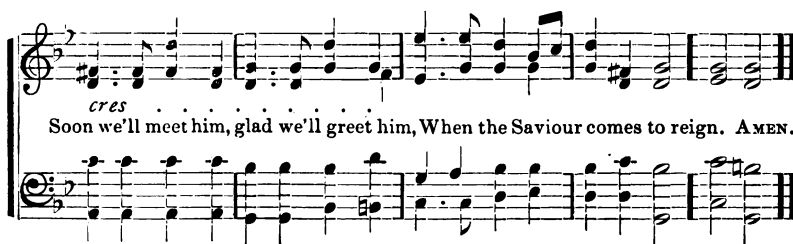


# He is Coming. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



Christ is coming, Christ is com-ing, Coming back to earth a - gain;



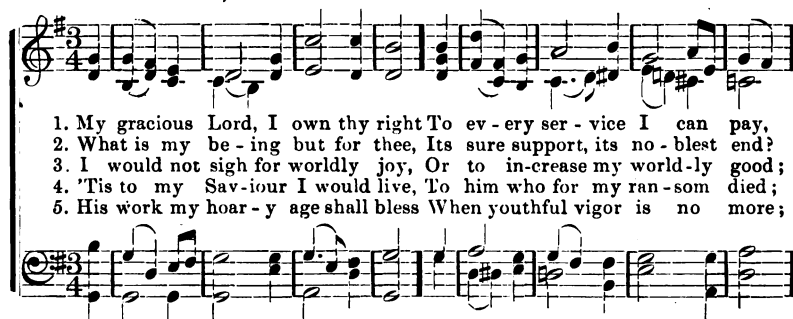
*cres*  
Soon we'll meet him, glad we'll greet him, When the Saviour comes to reign. AMEN.

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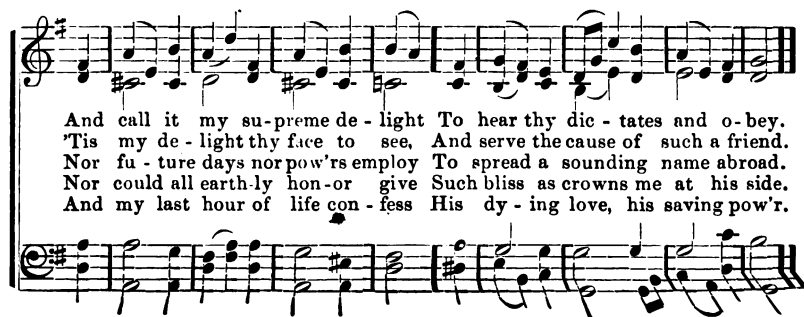
## Service. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.



1. My gracious Lord, I own thy right To ev - ery ser - vice I can pay,  
2. What is my be - ing but for thee, Its sure support, its no - blest end?  
3. I would not sigh for worldly joy, Or to in - crease my world - ly good;  
4. 'Tis to my Sav - iour I would live, To him who for my ran - som died;  
5. His work my hoar - y age shall bless When youthful vigor is no more;

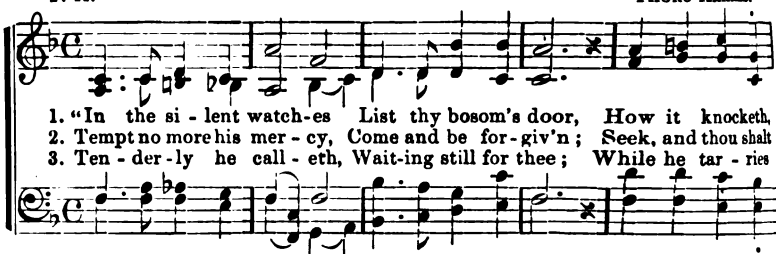


And call it my su-preme de - light To hear thy dic - tates and o-bey.  
'Tis my de - light thy face to see, And serve the cause of such a friend.  
Nor fu - ture days nor pow'r's employ To spread a sounding name abroad.  
Nor could all earth - ly hon - or give Such bliss as crowns me at his side.  
And my last hour of life con - fess His dy - ing love, his saving pow'r.

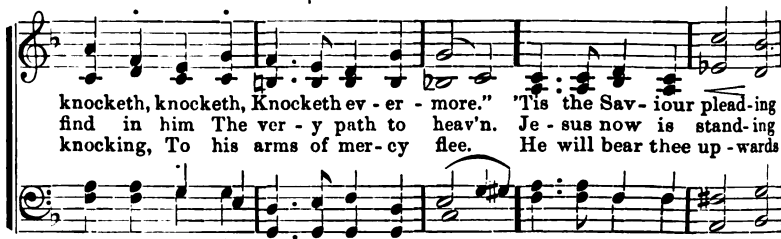


## Somebody's Knocking.

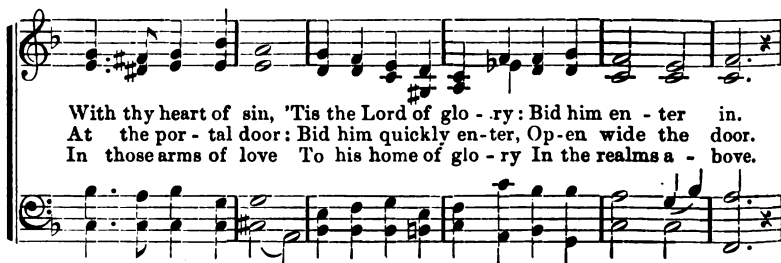
THORO HARRIS.



1. "In the si - lent watch-es List thy bosom's door, How it knocketh,  
2. Tempt no more his mer - cy, Come and be for-giv'n; Seek, and thou shalt  
3. Ten - der - ly he call - eth, Wait-ing still for thee; While he tar - ries

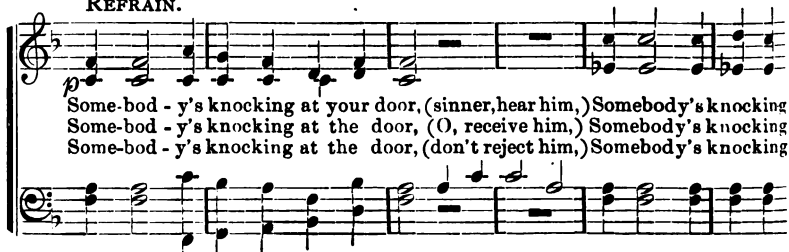


knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more." 'Tis the Sav - iour plead-ing  
find in him The ver - y path to heav'n. Je - sus now is stand-ing  
knocking, To his arms of mer - cy flee. He will bear thee up - wards



With thy heart of sin, 'Tis the Lord of glo - ry: Bid him en - ter in.  
At the por - tal door: Bid him quickly en-ter, Op-en wide the door.  
In those arms of love To his home of glo - ry In the realms a - bove.

## REFRAIN.



Some-bod - y's knocking at your door, (sinner, hear him,) Somebody's knocking  
Some-bod - y's knocking at the door, (O, receive him,) Somebody's knocking  
Some-bod - y's knocking at the door, (don't reject him,) Somebody's knocking



at your door, O sin - ner! why don't you an - swer? Je - sus is

# Somebody's Knocking. Concluded.

*rit.* . . . . . *rit.* . . . . .

knocking, he's knocking at your door. A - MEN. A - - MEN.

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## A New Song.

PSALM 96.

THORO HARRIS.


[STANZAS 1-6.] [LAST STANZA.]

- 1 O sing unto the Lord a *new* | *song* : |  
Sing unto the *Lord* | *all the earth*. |  
Sing unto the *Lord*, *bless his* | *name* ; shew |  
*Forth* his salvation *from* | *day to day*. |
- 2 Declare his glory *among the* | *heathen*, his |  
*Wonders a-* | *mong all people*. For the |  
Lord is *great*, and greatly to be | *praised* : |  
He is to be *feared a-* | *bove all gods*. |
- 3 For all the gods of the *nations are* | *idols*. |  
*But the Lord* | *made the heavens*. |  
*Honor and majesty are be-* | *fore him*, |  
*Strength and beauty are* | *in his sanctuary*. |
- 4 Give unto the *Lord*,—*O ye* | *people*,  
Give unto the Lord | *glory and strength*. |  
Worship the *Lord* in the beauty of | *holiness*,  
*Bow before him* | *all the earth*. |
- 5 Say among the *heathen*, "The *Lord* | *reigneth*:" the |  
World shall be established that it | *shall not be moved*. |  
Let the heav'n's *rejoice*, and let the | *earth be glad* ; let the |  
*Sea roar* and the | *fullness thereof*. |
- 6 Before the *Lord* : for *he* | *cometh*, |  
*For he cometh to* | *judge the earth* : |  
He shall judge the *world* with | *righteousness*, |  
*And the people* | *with his truth*. |
- 7 Glory be to the Father, and to the | *Son*,  
*And to the* | *Holy Ghost*, |  
As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and ever | *shall be*, |  
*World without* | *end*. AMEN.


JOSIAH CONDER.

John 15: 16.

THORO HARRIS.

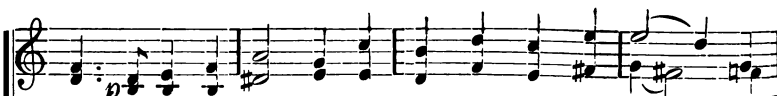


1. 'Tis not that I -did choose thee, For, Lord, that could not be; This  
2. 'Twas sovereign mer-cy called me, And taught my open-ing mind; The



heart would still re - fuse thee; But thou hast cho - sen me;— Hast  
world had else en - thrall'd me, To heav'n - ly glo - ries blind. My

Hast from



from the world that stained me, Washed me and set me free, And  
heart owns none a - bove thee; For thy rich grace I thirst; This



to this end or - dain me, That I should live to thee; Thou didst or -  
know-ing: if I love thee, Thou must have loved me first; Yea, Lord, I

## Conder. Concluded.



*dim.* . . . . .

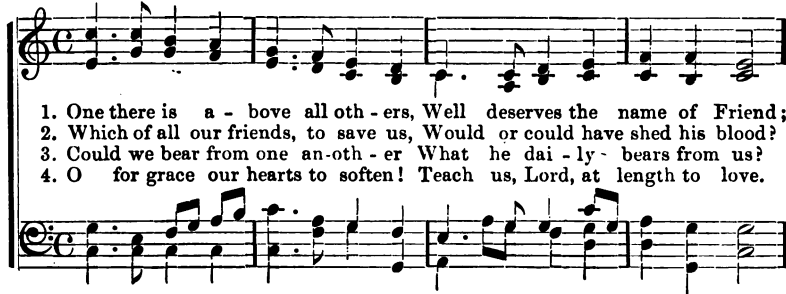
dain me, That I should live to thee.  
love thee, For thou hast loved me first. A - - MEN.

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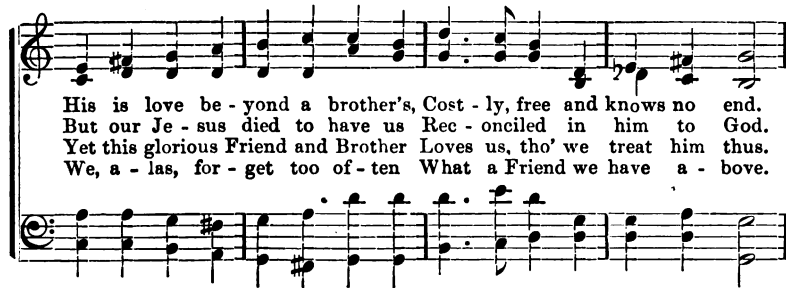
Oklahoma. 8.7.7.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

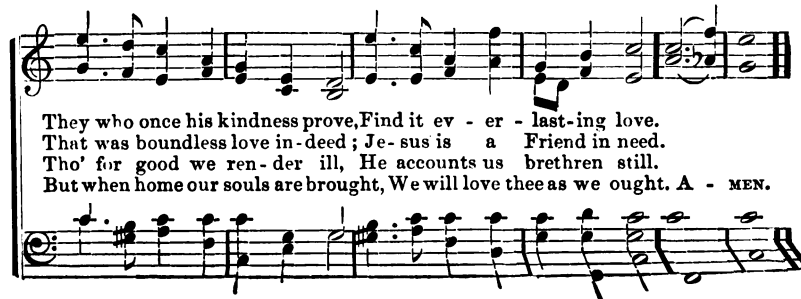
THORO HARRIS.



1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;  
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Would or could have shed his blood?  
3. Could we bear from one an-oth - er What he dai - ly - bears from us?  
4. O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love.



His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free and knows no end.  
But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - onced in him to God.  
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother Loves us, tho' we treat him thus.  
We, a - las, for - get too of - ten What a Friend we have a - bove.



They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.  
That was boundless love in - deed; Je - sus is a Friend in need.  
Tho' for good we ren - der ill, He accounts us brethren still.  
But when home our souls are brought, We will love thee as we ought. A - MEN.

1. Bro-ken-heart-ed, weep no more! Hear what com-fort he hath  
 2. Lamb of Je-sus' blood-bought flock, Brought a-gain from sin and  
 3. Bro-ken-heart-ed, weep no more, Far from con-so-la-tion

spok-en, Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched, Bruised reed who ne'er hath  
 stray-ing, Hear the Shepherd's gen-tle voice,— 'Tis a true and faith-ful  
 fly-ing: He who calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thine anguish, heard thy

broken:— Ye who wander here be-low, Heav-y-la-den as ye  
 saying:— Great-er love how can there be Than to yield up life and  
 crying. Bring thy broken heart to me, Wel-come off'ring, 'tis ac-

jour-ney. Come with grief and sin op-prest, Come to me and rest for-glo-ry? Bought with pang and tear and sigh, Turn and live; why will ye  
 cept-ed; Stream-ing eyes and bursting sighs— Lay thine all up-on mine

## Comfort. Concluded.

*rit. . . .*



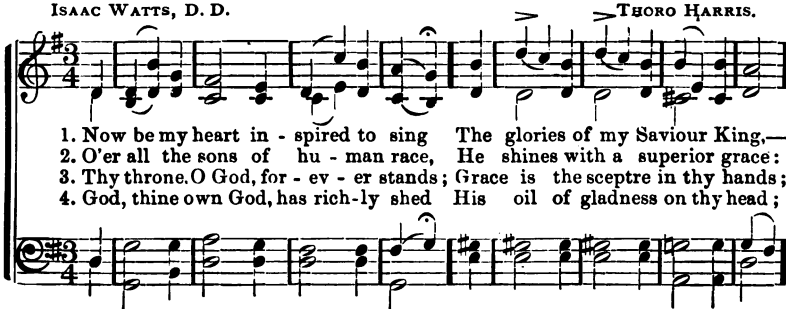
ev - er, Come to me, . . . . rest for - ev - - er.  
 tar - ry? Turn and live; . . . . will ye tar - - ry?  
 al - tar, Lay thine all . . . . on my al - - tar.

199

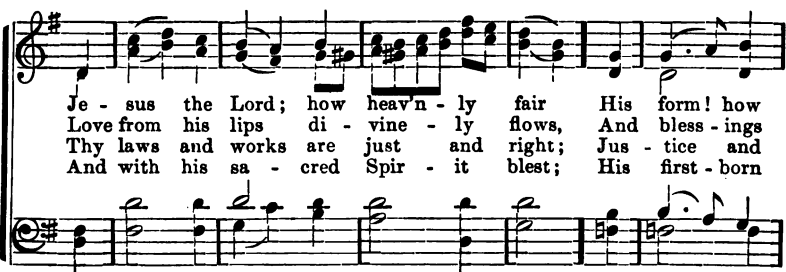
## Exultation. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

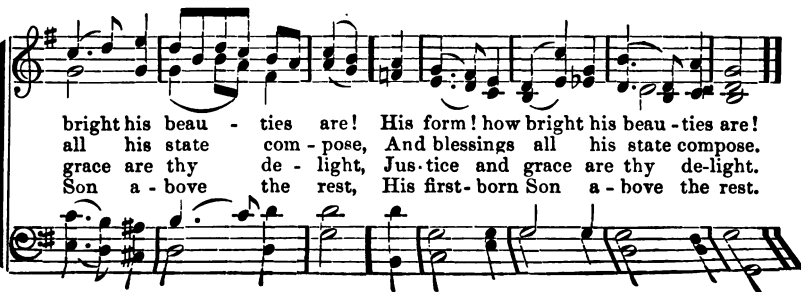
THORO HARRIS.



1. Now be my heart in - spired to sing The glories of my Saviour King;—  
 2. O'er all the sons of hu - man race, He shines with a superior grace;  
 3. Thy throne, O God, for - ev - er stands; Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;  
 4. God, thine own God, has rich - ly shed His oil of gladness on thy head;



Je - sus the Lord; how heav'n - ly fair His form! how  
 Love from his lips di - vine - ly flows, And bless - ings  
 Thy laws and works are just and right; Jus - tice and  
 And with his sa - cred Spir - it blest; His first - born



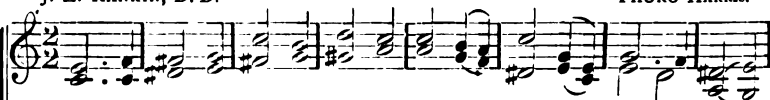
bright his beau - ties are! His form! how bright his beau - ties are!  
 all his state com - pose, And blessings all his state compose.  
 grace are thy de - light, Jus - tice and grace are thy de - light.  
 Son a - bove the rest, His first - born Son a - bove the rest.

200

## The Expected End. 8.7. D.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

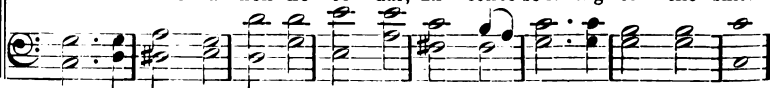
THORO HARRIS.



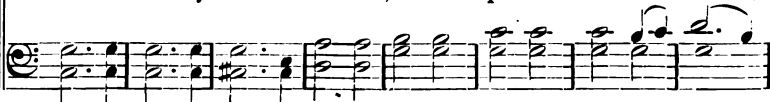
1. He who came an in - fant stranger, In Eph - ra - tah who was born,
2. God has set his King in Zi - on, He has pub - lished the de - cree:
3. Cru - ci - fied for our transgression, Sin made for us on the tree;
4. Na - ture's hid - den force employing, Fire and wa - ter, lightning - flame,
5. He shall ask no flock of Ke - dar For the dai - ly sac - ri - fice;



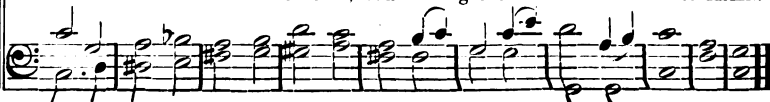
Took our sins and took our dan - ger, Hu - man pride and hu - man scorn;  
 Pas - chal Lamb and Ju - dah's Li - on Earth's one sov - er - eign yet shall be!  
 He shall come to take pos - ses - sion, And shall rule in eq - ui - ty.  
 Wis - dom of the wise de - stroy - ing, Writ - ing his the high - est name.  
 Take from Leb - a - non no ce - dar, In - cense send - ing to the skies:



Yet shall come a - gain in glo - ry, While ce - les - tial hosts at - tend;  
 Not one prom - ise shall be broken, Strife of tongues shall all be stilled;  
 In dyed robes ar - rayed as raiment, In the great - ness of his strength,  
 Peace shall spring forth from the mountains. Hills and vales the toiler bless;  
 But in ev - ery tribe and na - tion, Shall his pre - cious name be known;



Shall complete redemption's sto - ry, Bringing the ex - pect - ed end.  
 Ev - ery word that God has spoken, Ev - ery proph - e - cy ful - filled.  
 He shall come ex - act - ing pay - ment; Righting all earth's wrongs at length.  
 Smitten rocks burst in - to fountains, Blossom all the wil - der - ness.  
 Praise shall rise and ex - ul - ta - tion, Round our great Emmanuel's throne. AMEN.



MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lead now, as forth we go, Mas - ter di - vine;  
 2. Ours be the will - ing hand Thy work to share;  
 3. Low - ly our task or grand, Serve we the same;  
 4. Drawn by thy Spir - it now, Our - selves we bring;

On paths of joy or woe Let thy face shine.  
 Ours be a lov - ing band Thy cross to bear;  
 Bring by thine own right hand, Praise from our shame.  
 On prayer and song and vow Our souls take wing.


Where winds of trou - ble blow, Where tides of sor - row flow,  
 True chil - dren of the King, New songs our lips shall sing;  
 If but some soul in pain Look up and smile a - gain,  
 Forth from this bless - ed place Lead us to show thy grace;

Fear - less our steps shall go Close af - ter thine.  
 Faint hearts and sor - row - ing, These are our care.  
 No deed can be in vain, Wrought in his name.  
 Write on each lift - ed face, "Child of a King." A - - MEN.


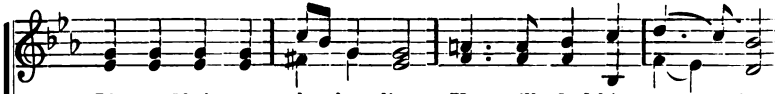


# 202 Heaven is Propitious. 7.6.D.



THORO HARRIS.




1. Drooping souls, no lon - ger grieve: Heav - en is pro - pi - tious.  
 2. From his hands, his feet, his side, Runs a heal - ing foun - tain;  
 3. Grace he of - fers full and free, Drooping souls to glad - den;


If on Christ ye do be - lieve, Ye will find him pre - cious.  
 See the con - so - la - tion tide, Bound - less as the o - - cean.  
 Hear him say, "Come un - to me, Wea - ry, heav - y la - - den."

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Calls the wand'ers to him;  
 See the liv - ing wa - ters move For the sick and dy - ing:  
 Tho' your sins, like mountains high, Rise and reach to heav - en,

*f* Droop - ing souls, ye need not die; Now look - up and  
 Now re - solve to gain his love, Or to per - ish  
 Soon as ye on him re - ly, All shall be for -



# Heaven is Propitious. Concluded.

view him.  
try - ing.  
giv - en. A - - MEN. All shall be for - giv - en.

203

Merrick. 8.7. 61.

THORO HARRIS.

*Religioso.*

*mp*

1. Lead us, ho - ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
2. Saviour, breathe for- giveness o'er us; All our weakness thou dost know;
3. Spir - it of our God, de-scending, Fill our hearts with ho - ly joy,

*mf*

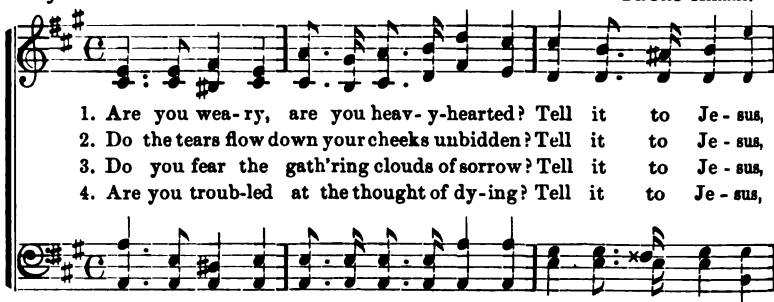
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee:  
Thou didst tread this earth before us, Thou didst feel its keen-est woe;  
Love with ev - ery passion blending, Pleasure that can nev - er cloy:

*mp*

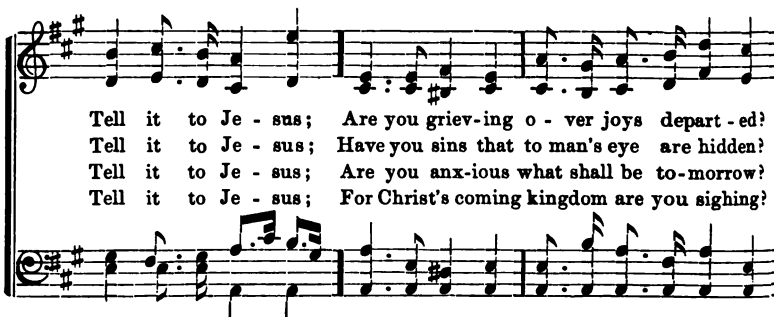
Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - 'ry bless - ing If our God our Fa - ther be.  
Lone and drea - ry, Faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert thou didst go.  
Thus pro - vid - ed, Pardoned, guid - ed, Nothing can our peace de - stroy.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Are you wea-ry, are you heav-y-hearted? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus,  
 4. Are you troub-led at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,

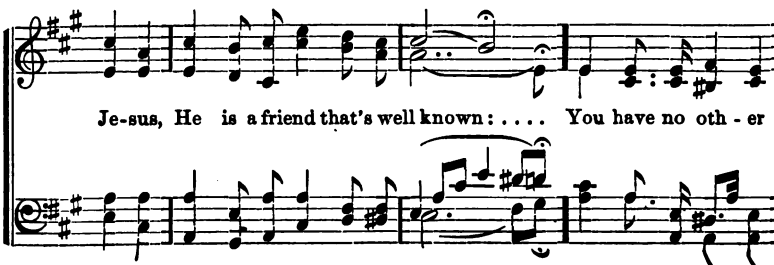


Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing o-ver joys depart-ed?  
 Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?  
 Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to-morrow?  
 Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?

## REFRAIN.



Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to



Je-sus, He is a friend that's well known: . . . You have no oth-er

## To Jesus Alone. Concluded.

such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone, a - lone.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

205

## Christ the Life.

THORO HARRIS.

1. I know no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro -  
2. I fear no trib - u - la - tion, Since whatsoe'er it be, It makes no sep - a -

The musical notation is in E-flat major (three flats) and common time. It features a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the first two lines of the lyrics.

vid - ed For all mankind, for me. I know no death, O Jesus, Since thou hast  
ration Between my Lord and me. If thou, O mighty Master, Vouchsafe to

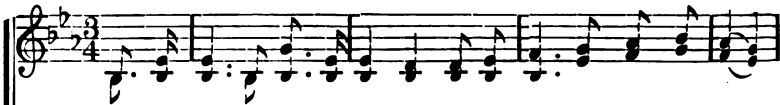
The second system of the musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment, corresponding to the third and fourth lines of the lyrics.

set me free; Thy death it is that frees us From death eter - nal - ly.  
be my own, Tho' poor, I shall be rich - er Than monarch on his throne.

The third system of the musical notation concludes the piece, corresponding to the final two lines of the lyrics. The notation includes a final cadence in the bass staff.

THOMAS KELLY.

BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. Je - su-, hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives its worth;
3. King of glo-ry, reign for-ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
4. Sav-iour, hast-en thy ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glorious day



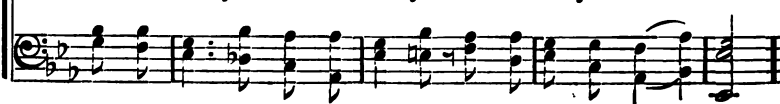
Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love.  
 Lord of life, thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:  
 Nothing from thy love can sev - er Those whom thou shalt call thine own:  
 When the aw-ful summons hearing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.



See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone.  
 When we think of love like thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.  
 Hap-py ob-jects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face.  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing "Glor-y, glo-ry to our King."  
 See, he sits on yon-der throne; Jesus rules



Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! A - MEN.



# Alaska. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.

Hark, all the choir of saints and angels sweet-ly sing, "All glo - ry,  
glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!" Hark, all the choir of  
saints and angels sweetly sing, "All glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

207

## God of Light. 8.7.

F. E. BELDEN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. God of light and matchless splendor, Fee - ble tho' the praise we bring,  
2. Heav'n a - bove can - not contain thee; At thy presence earth would flee;  
3. Grate-ful praise my tongue shall of - fer 'Neath thy smile or 'neath thy rod;  
4. Liv - ing on - ly to thy glo - ry, From all self-ish mo - tives free,

Let thy Spir - it touch and ten - der Ev - ery heart as now we sing.  
And tho' ev - ery sin doth pain thee, Still thy mer - cy spar-eth me!  
Take the hum-ble gift I prof-fer.—Heart and mind and strength, O God!  
So shall I pro - claim the sto - ry Of the One who died for me.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Days and mo - ments quick - ly fly - ing, Blend the  
 2. Je - sus, in - fi - nite Re - deem - er, Keep - er  
 3. Whence we came, and whith - er fly - ing, (Grant that

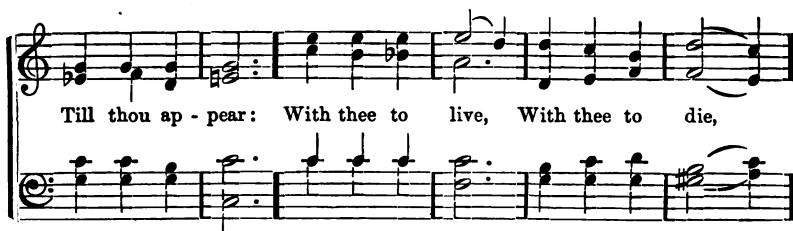
liv - ing with the dead; Soon shall we who  
 of this migh - ty frame, Help us al - ways  
 we thy - self may know,) To in - her - it

sing, be ly - ing Each with - in his nar - row bed.  
 to re - mem - ber What we are and whence we came;  
 bliss un - dy - ing, Or a - rec - om - pense of woe.

## REFRAIN.

Life pass - eth soon, Death draw - eth near: Keep us, good Lord,

## Days and Moments. Concluded.



Till thou ap - pear: With thee to live, With thee to die,



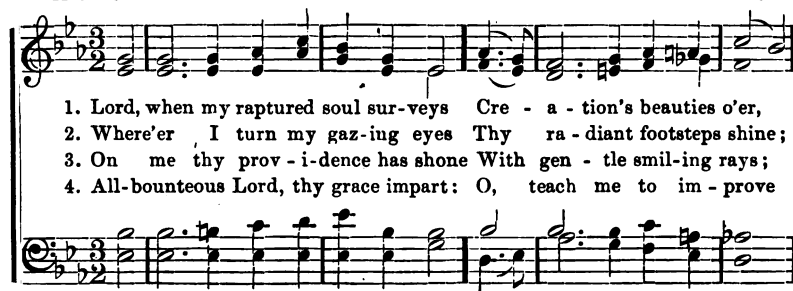
With thee to reign thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

**209**

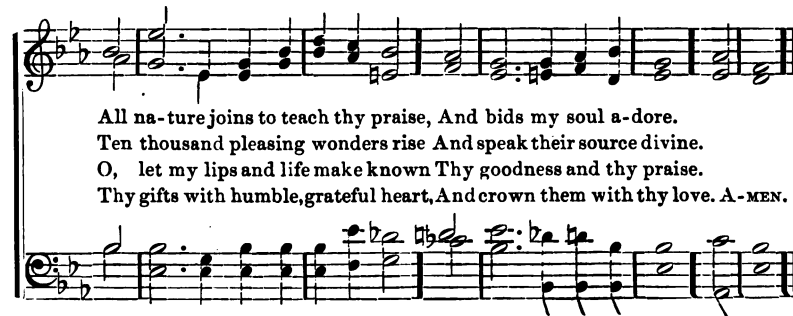
## Nature. C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Lord, when my raptured soul sur-veys Cre - a - tion's beauties o'er,
2. Where'er I turn my gaz-ing eyes Thy ra - diant footsteps shine;
3. On me thy prov - i-dence has shone With gen - tle smil-ing rays;
4. All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart: O, teach me to im - prove




All na-ture joins to teach thy praise, And bids my soul a-dore.  
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise And speak their source divine.  
 O, let my lips and life make known Thy goodness and thy praise.  
 Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart, And crown them with thy love. A-MEN.

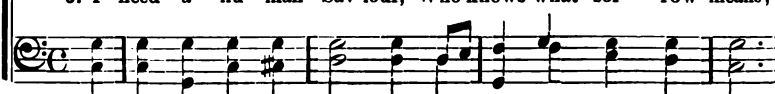



REV. J. E. RANKIN.



THORO HARRIS.



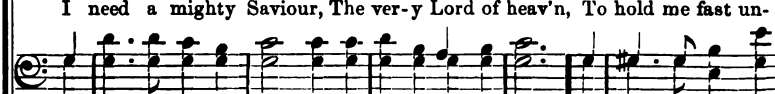

1. I need a dy - ing Sav-iour, Whose ef - fi - ca - cious blood  
 2. I need a pa - tient Sav-iour, Whose love can still for - get  
 3. I need a hu - man Sav-iour, Who knows what sor - row means;

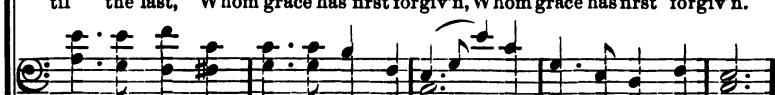
My soul with-in can cleanse from sin, And bring me peace with God.  
 The ma - ny days I've left his ways, When sin has me be - set.  
 To wipe my tears in all life's years, And tem - per all its scenes.

I need a liv-ing Saviour, Who sees my daily need; For me to stand at  
 I need a faithful Saviour, Sometimes to use the scourge To keep my eyes up-  
 I need a mighty Saviour, The ver-y Lord of heav'n, To hold me fast un-

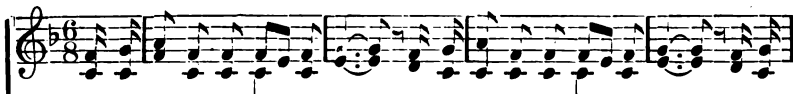



God's right hand, And for my soul to plead, And for my soul to plead.  
 on the prize, And on my feet to urge, And on my feet to urge.  
 til the last, Whom grace has first forgiv'n, Whom grace has first forgiv'n.



## The Beautiful Land.

THORO HARRIS.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high; To its glo-ries I fain would fly, When by
2. In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From all sin and its cares set free; For my
3. O, that beau-ti-ful land of rest, Where no e-vils the saints molest! Soon the
4. There a crown of pure gold I'll wear, And the joys of that land I'll share. Safe at



sorrow cast down, I long for a crown In that beau-ti-ful land on high.  
 Je-sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me.  
 Savi-our I'll see, Who suffered for me, In that beau-ti-ful land of rest.  
 home ev-er-more, On Canaan's fair shore I shall dwell with the loved ones there.



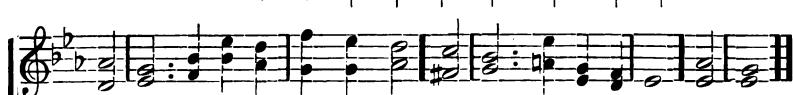
## Awake, Ye Saints. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

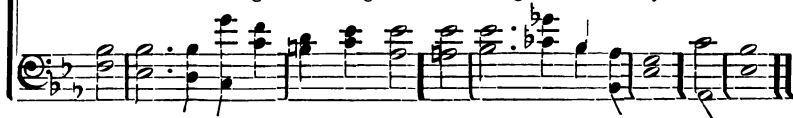
THORO HARRIS.



1. A - wake, ye saints, lift up your eyes, And raise your voi-ces high;
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies, Each mo - ment brings it near:
3. Not ma - ny years their round shall run. Nor ma - ny mornings rise,
4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course! Ye mor - tal powers, decay!



Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh.  
 Then welcome each de-clin-ing day, Welcome each closing year.  
 Ere all its glo-ries stand revealed To our admir-ing eyes.  
 Haste! till the last glad morning rise That brings e - ternal day. A - MEN.



1. Be - fore the ho - ry hills ap - peared Thou  
 2. Long ere agc - ces - sion had be - gun, Or  
 3. Thy pow'r or - dained the roll - ing spheres And

wert es - sen - tial God; Be - fore the earth her  
 worlds their cir - cuits trod, Thou wert the un - cre -  
 bade the plan - ets shine. How mean our might - iest

form up-reared A - bove th'a - bys-mal flood.  
 a - ted One, The self - - ex - ist - ent God.  
 work ap - pears, Great God! compared with thine. A - MEN.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Strong Father of our feeble race,<br/>         Thy sovereignty we own,<br/>         The outskirts of thy ways we trace,<br/>         But thou remain'st unknown.</p> | <p>7 The myriad creatures of thy hand<br/>         Soon sicken and decay;<br/>         The heav'n and earth, at thy command,<br/>         Must shortly pass away;</p>      |
| <p>5 There is no mystery concealed<br/>         From thy all-scanning view;<br/>         But what thy wisdom has revealed<br/>         Is for thy children too.</p>       | <p>8 The spangled host shall all depart<br/>         When stormy blasts assail;<br/>         But thou unchanged, unchanging art,<br/>         Thy being cannot fail.</p>   |
| <p>6 O center of infinity!<br/>         O Sun serenely bright!<br/>         All paths, converging, meet in thee,<br/>         Sole source of truth and light.</p>         | <p>9 Then let my raptured soul delight<br/>         To sing thy matchless praise<br/>         Without cessation, day and night,<br/>         Through everlasting days.</p> |

## SOPRANO SOLO.

*mp*  
As pants the wearied hart for cool-ing springs, That sinks exhaust - ed

in the summer's chase, *sf* So pants my soul for thee, great King of

kings, So thirsts to reach thy sa - cred dwelling - place.

## QUARTET.

Lord, thy sure mer - cies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall

glad - den thro' the tedious day; And thro' the *p* dark and

## The Wearied Hart. Continued.

gloom-y shades of night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful

This system contains the first two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

lay, . . . To thee, my God, I'll tune the grate-ful lay.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jeho-vah's aid? Thy God the God of

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Within his courts thy thanks

mer-cy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

paid; Unquestioned be . . . his faith-ful-ness and love.

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

# The Wearied Hart. Concluded.

*Largo.*

A - men, a - men, a - - men, a - men.

215

## Hades. C. M.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

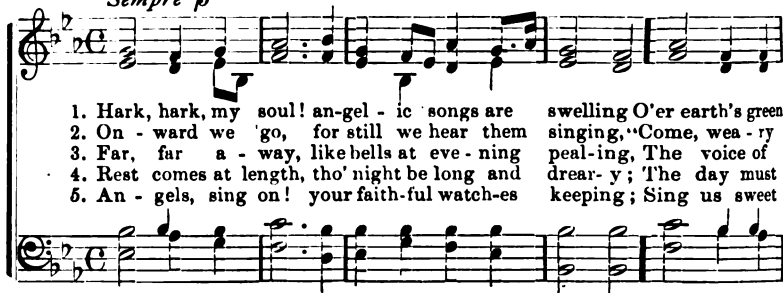
1. How long, O Lord, shall ha - des reign, And stamp thy chil - dren
2. Break, slumb'ring earth and fet - t'ring tomb! And all ye sons of
3. Break in - to song! the shades of night But ush - er in a
4. Born and to con-quer! on the wing Of buoy-ant hope they
5. Nor long-er shall dread Death bear away: Slain is the great arch-

in the dust? How long th'in'-sa - tiate grave re - tain  
 God, a - wake! The seeds our hands have plant - ed, bloom!  
 glo - rious morn. As broad-er grow the streams of light,  
 joy - ful rise. God's own ap - point - ed chari - ots bring  
 en - e - my. Then hail, thou Res - ur - rec - tion Day!

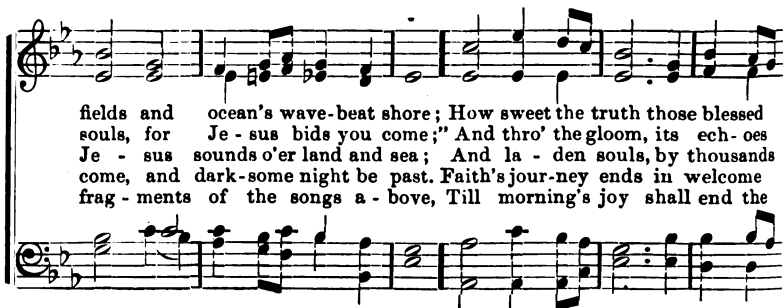
The sa - cred rel - ics of the just.  
 Ye dark a - bodes of si - lence, break!  
 The na - tions of the dead are born!  
 Them to their man - sions in the skies.  
 Thrice welcome, Im - mor - tal i - ty. A - MEN.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D.

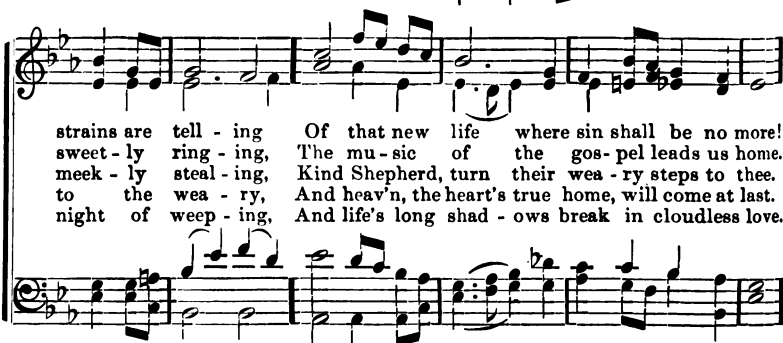
THORO HARRIS.

*Sempre p*


1. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of  
 4. Rest comes at length, tho' night be long and drear - y; The day must  
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keeping; Sing us sweet



fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed  
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the gloom, its ech - oes  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands  
 come, and dark-some night be past. Faith's jour - ney ends in welcome  
 frag - ments of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall end the



strains are tell - ing Of that new life where sin shall be no more!  
 sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.  
 to the wea - ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloudless love.

REFRAIN.

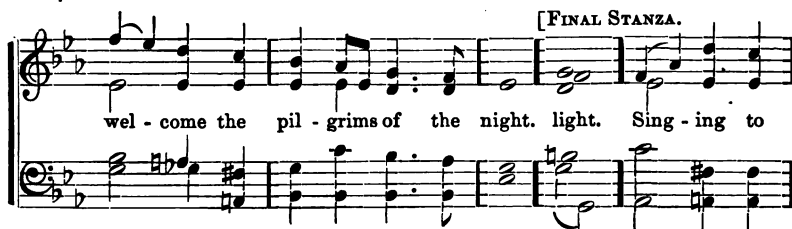
[STANZAS 1-4.]



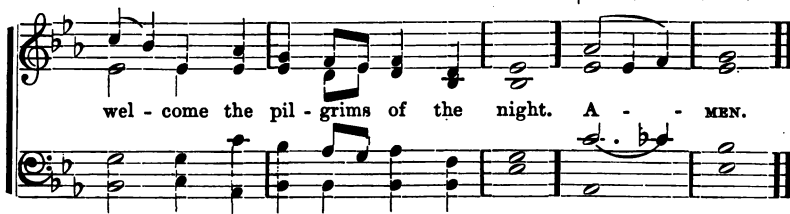
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to

## Angelic Songs. Concluded.

[FINAL STANZA.]



wel - come the pil - grims of the night. light. Sing - ing to



wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - - MEN.

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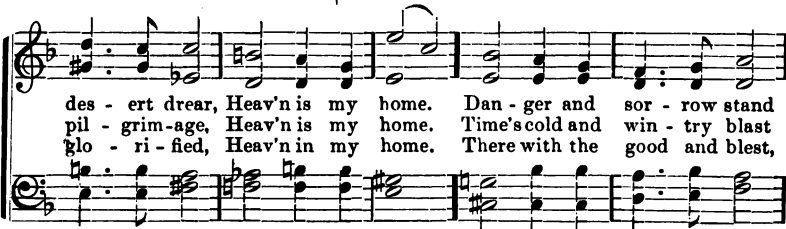
### My Home. 6.4.

THOS. A. TAYLOR.

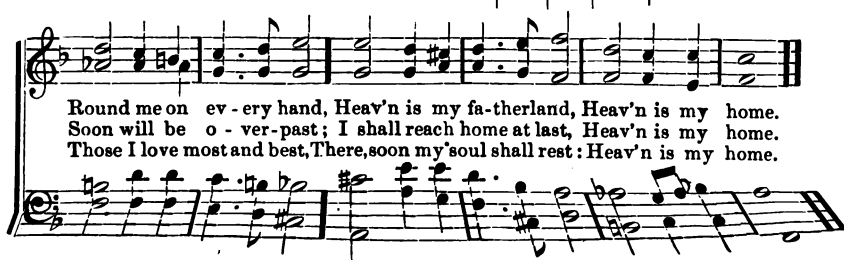
THORO HARRIS.



1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a  
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my  
3. There at my Fa - ther's side, Heav'n is my home, I shall be



des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand  
pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win - try blast  
glo - ri - fied, Heav'n in my home. There with the good and blest,




Round me on ev - ery hand, Heav'n is my fa-therland, Heav'n is my home.  
Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.  
Those I love most and best, There, soon my soul shall rest: Heav'n is my home.

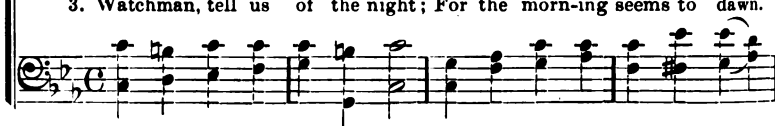
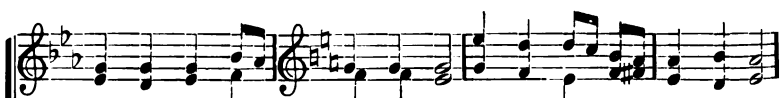


JOHN BOWRING.

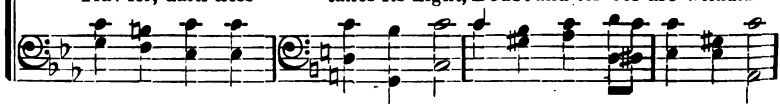

THORO HARRIS.





1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are?  
 2. Watchman, tell us of the night; High-er yet that star as - cends.  
 3. Watchman, tell us of the night; For the morn-ing seems to dawn.

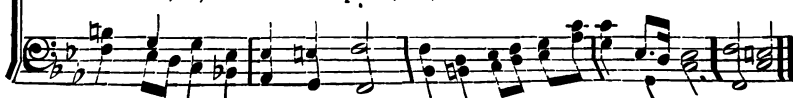
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain hight See that glo - ry beam-ing star!  
 Trav'ler, bless - ed - - ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!  
 Trav'ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?  
 Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Watchman, let thy wond'ring cease, Hie thee to thy qui - et home!

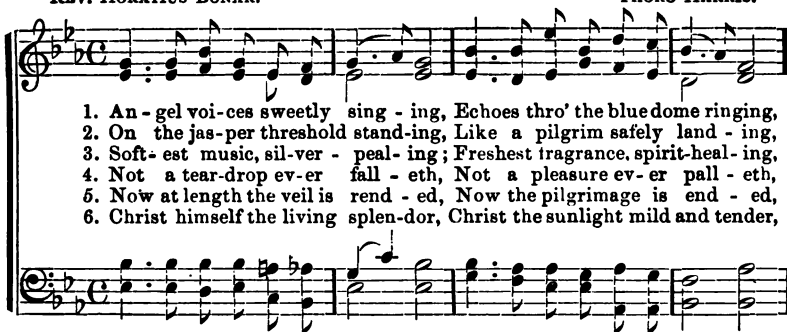



Trav'ler, yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.  
 Trav'ler, a - ges are its own; See, it shines o'er all the earth!  
 Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of peace, Lo, the Son of God is come! AMEN.

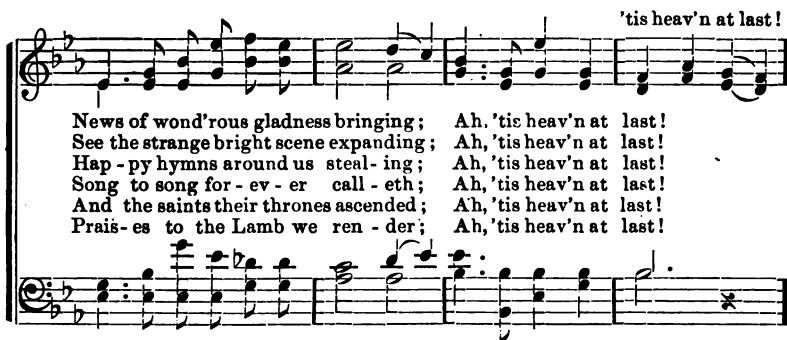


REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

THORO HARRIS.



1. An - gel voi - ces sweetly sing - ing, Echoes thro' the blue dome ring - ing,  
 2. On the jas - per threshold stand - ing, Like a pilgrim safely land - ing,  
 3. Soft - est music, sil - ver - peal - ing; Freshest fragrance, spirit - heal - ing,  
 4. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleasure ev - er pall - eth,  
 5. Now at length the veil is rend - ed, Now the pilgrimage is end - ed,  
 6. Christ himself the living splen - dor, Christ the sunlight mild and tender,

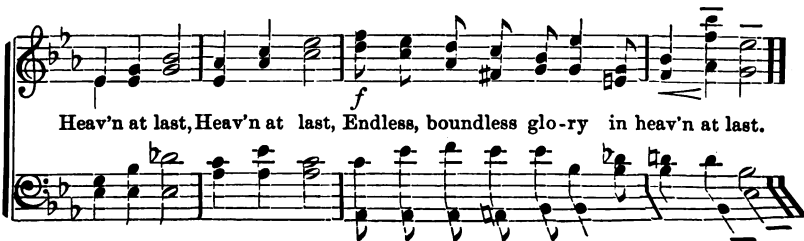


'tis heav'n at last!  
 News of wond'rous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 See the strange bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 Hap - py hymns around us steal - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 And the saints their thrones ascended; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!  
 Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

## CHORUS.




Heav'n at last, Heav'n at last, O the joy - ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!




Heav'n at last, Heav'n at last, Endless, boundless glo - ry in heav'n at last.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

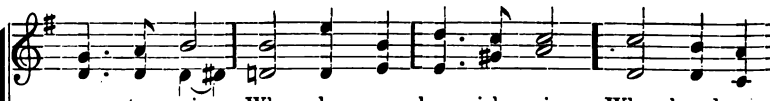
THORO HARRIS.



1. We shall be sat - is - fied : Sweet is the promise giv'n ; We shall be  
 2. We shall be sat - is - fied, No more with care oppress ; We shall be  
 3. We shall be sat - is - fied Where flow'rs can nev-er die ; We shall be



sat - is - fied, At home in heav'n. When Je - sus  
 sat - is - fied When we shall rest. No tears shall  
 sat - is - fied With Christ on high. Blest Sav - iour,



comes to reign, When pleas-ures ban - ish pain, When loved ones  
 mar our joy, Temp - ta - tions ne'er an - noy ; Bliss sweet, with-  
 lead us on To that bright land of song, Thy prais-es

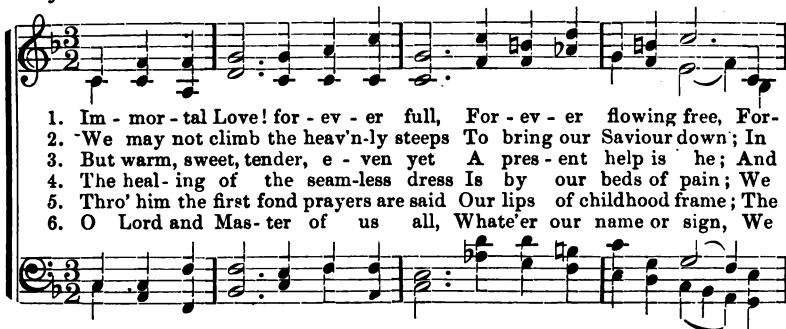
[STANZAS 1, 2. [FINAL STANZA.]



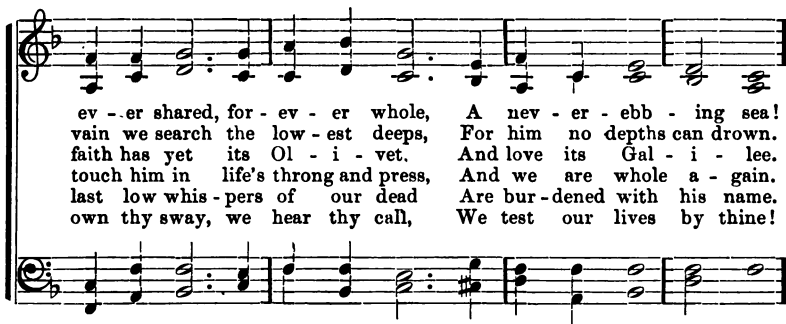
meet a - gain, We shall be sat - is - fied.  
 out al - loy, Shall make us sat - is - fied.  
 to pro - long Where all are sat - is - fied. A - - MEN.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Im - mor - tal Love! for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flowing free, For -  
 2. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steep To bring our Saviour down; In  
 3. But warm, sweet, tender, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is he; And  
 4. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain; We  
 5. Thro' him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame; The  
 6. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign, We

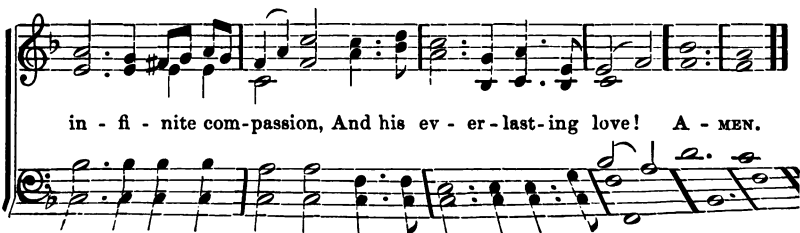


ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!  
 vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.  
 faith has yet its Ol - i - vet. And love its Gal - i - lee.  
 touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.  
 last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with his name.  
 own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

## REFRAIN.



O the wondrous con - de - scension Of the Au - thor of sal - va - tion! O his



in - fi - nite com - passion, And his ev - er - last - ing love! A - MEN.

## Shall We Be There?

T. II.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Shall we be a-mong the faith-ful Standing round the throne of God,  
 2. Shall we dwell in that blest cit - y Where there is no death or pain,



Sing-ing ev - er - last-ing prais - es To our Saviour, Christ the Lord?  
 Where our sor - rows will be o - ver? Life e - ter - nal shall we gain?



Shall we gath - er with the ransomed, With the saints that o - ver - come?  
 In that home of wondrous rap-ture Shall we ev - er-more a - bide?



Shall we drink the liv - ing wa - ter In the soul's e - ter - nal home?  
 Shall we live and reign with Je - sus By our heav'nly Fa - ther's side?



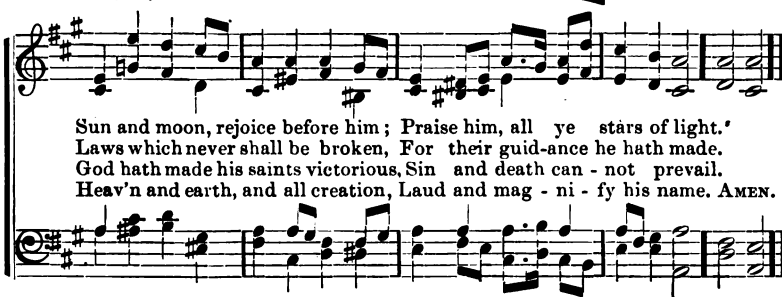
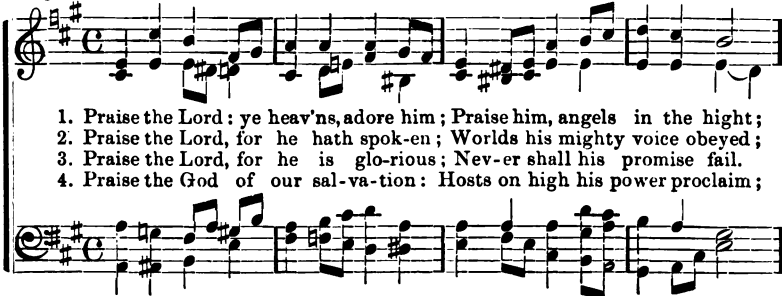
223

## Praise the Lord. 8.7.

JNO. KEMPTHORN.

Ps. 148.

THORO HARRIS.

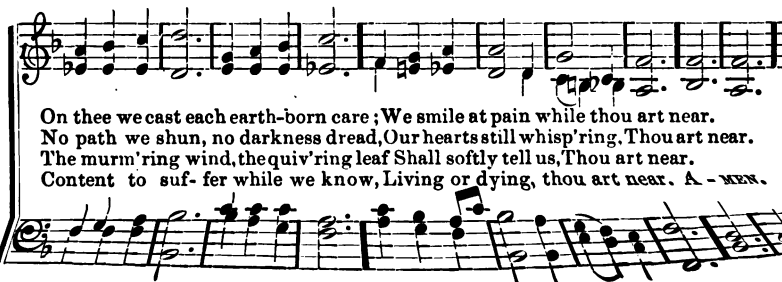
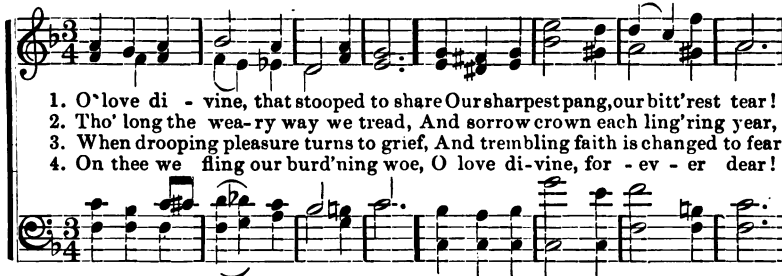


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## O Love Divine. L. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THORO HARRIS.

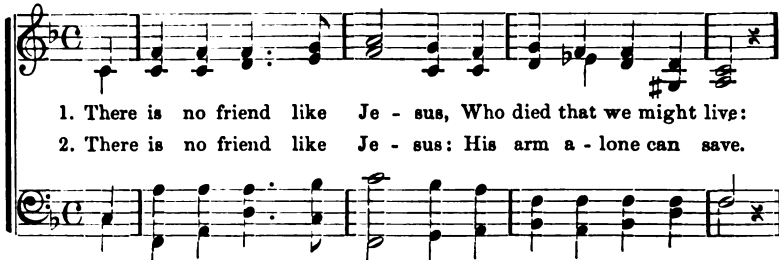


225

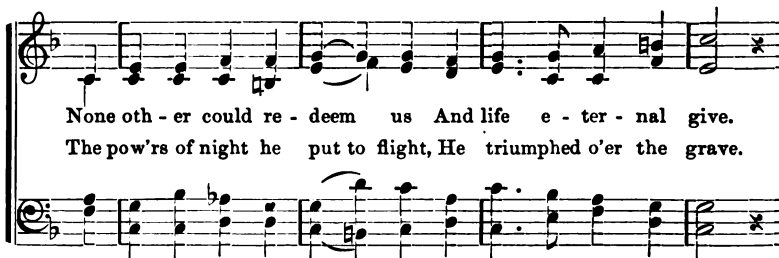
## No Friend Like Jesus.

T. H.

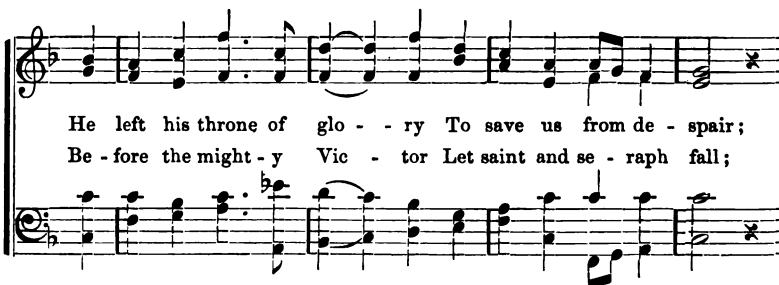
THORO HARRIS.



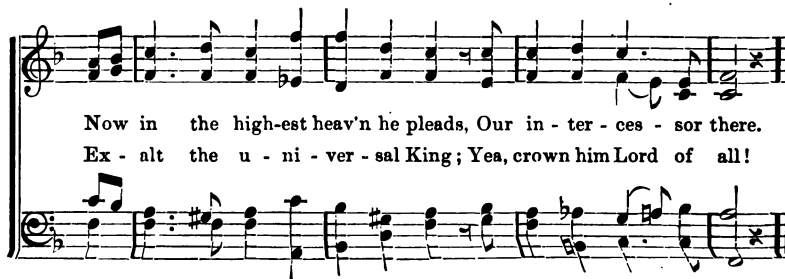
1. There is no friend like Je - sus, Who died that we might live:  
2. There is no friend like Je - sus: His arm a - lone can save.



None oth - er could re - deem us And life e - ter - nal give.  
The pow'rs of night he put to flight, He triumphed o'er the grave.



He left his throne of glo - - ry To save us from de - spair;  
Be - fore the night - y Vic - tor Let saint and se - raph fall;

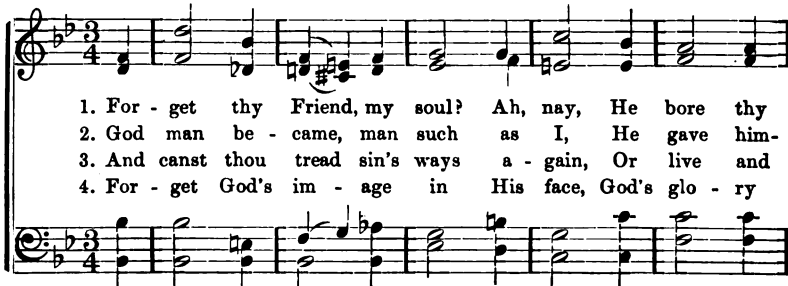


Now in the high - est heav'n he pleads, Our in - ter - ces - sor there.  
Ex - alt the u - ni - ver - sal King; Yea, crown him Lord of all!

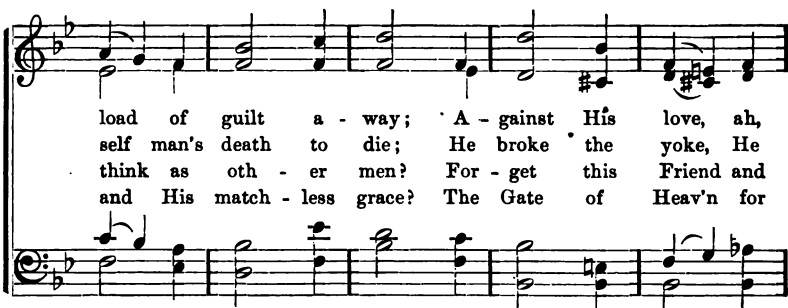
J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

THORO HARRIS.

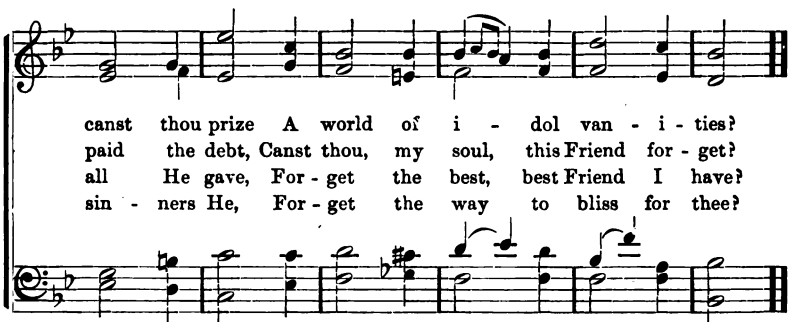
From the Hebrew of Krischna, a converted Hindoo.



1. For - get thy Friend, my soul? Ah, nay, He bore thy  
 2. God man be - came, man such as I, He gave him-  
 3. And canst thou tread sin's ways a - gain, Or live and  
 4. For - get God's im - age in His face, God's glo - ry



load of guilt a - way; A - gainst His love, ah,  
 self man's death to die; He broke the yoke, He  
 think as oth - er men? For - get this Friend and  
 and His match - less grace? The Gate of Heav'n for



canst thou prize A world of i - dol van - i - ties?  
 paid the debt, Canst thou, my soul, this Friend for - get?  
 all He gave, For - get the best, best Friend I have?  
 sin - ners He, For - get the way to bliss for thee?

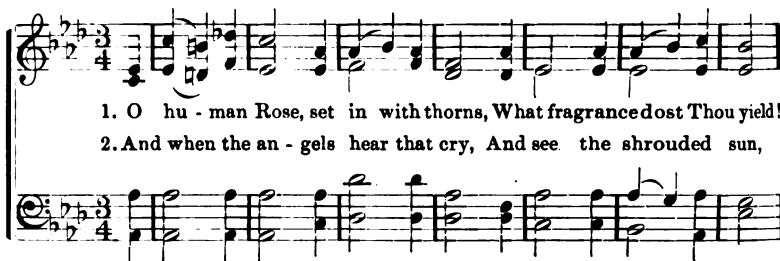
5 Ah! no, though earth fade from my sight,  
 My body sink in death's cold night,  
 My last word, still, of Him shall be:  
 Forget my Lord, who died for me?

6 And when I reach that other shore  
 Where flesh and sense shall vex no  
 more,  
 Surviving death will be the debt  
 My ransomed soul can ne'er forget.

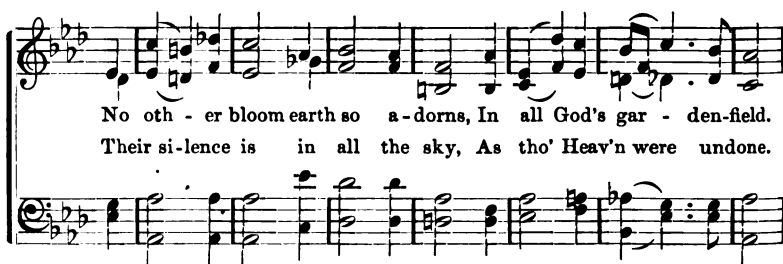


REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

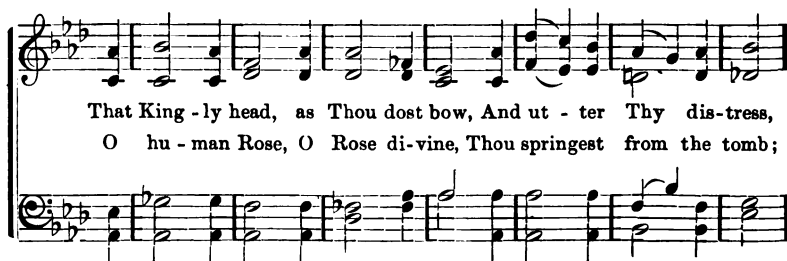
THORO HARRIS, 1898.



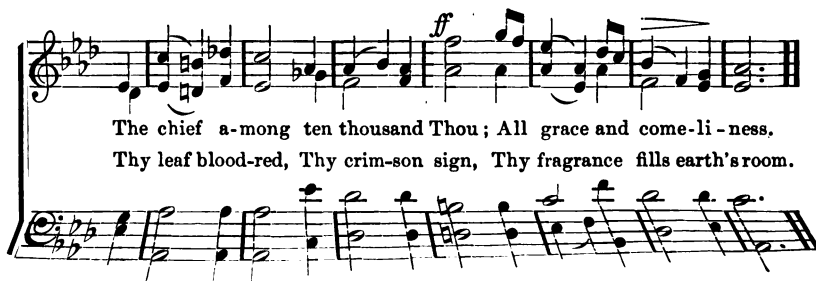
1. O hu - man Rose, set in with thorns, What fragrance dost Thou yield!  
2. And when the an - gels hear that cry, And see the shrouded sun,



No oth - er bloom earth so a - dorns, In all God's gar - den-field.  
Their si - lence is in all the sky, As tho' Heav'n were undone.



That King - ly head, as Thou dost bow, And ut - ter Thy dis - tress,  
O hu - man Rose, O Rose di - vine, Thou springest from the tomb;



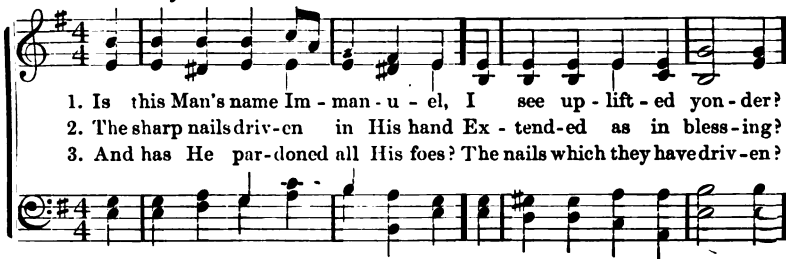
The chief a - mong ten thousand Thou; All grace and come - li - ness,  
Thy leaf blood - red, Thy crim - son sign, Thy fragrance fills earth's room.

## 228 Is This Man's Name "Immanuel?"

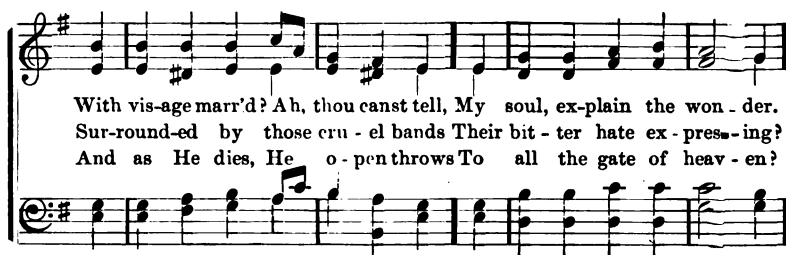
From the Welsh by  
Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

R. DEW. MALLARY.

*Not too fast.*

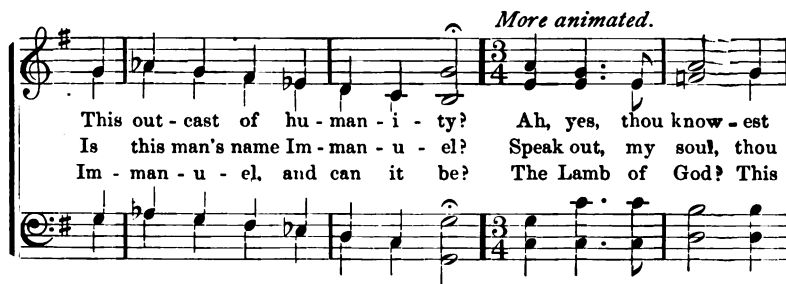


1. Is this Man's name Im - man - u - el, I see up - lift - ed yon - der?  
2. The sharp nails driv - en in His hand Ex - tend - ed as in bless - ing?  
3. And has He par - doned all His foes? The nails which they have driv - en?

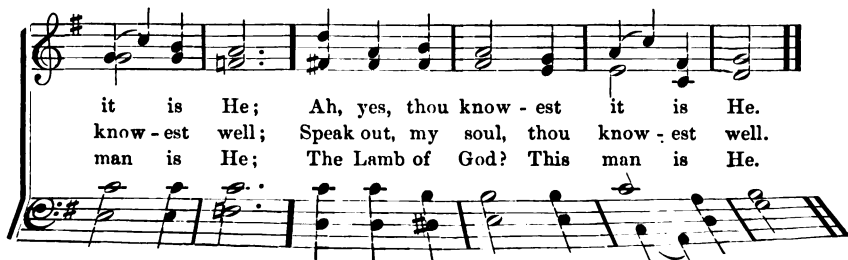


With vis - age marr'd? Ah, thou canst tell, My soul, ex - plain the won - der.  
Sur - round - ed by those cru - el bands Their bit - ter hate ex - pres - ing?  
And as He dies, He o - pen throws To all the gate of heav - en?

*More animated.*



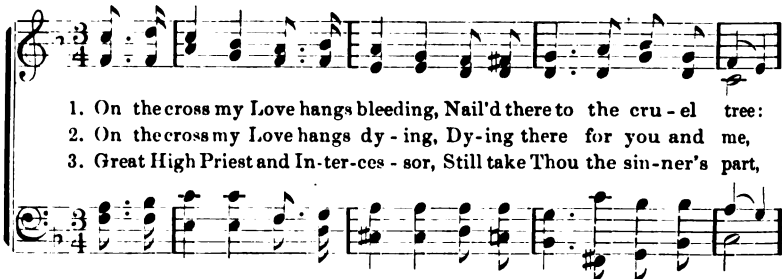
This out - cast of hu - man - i - ty? Ah, yes, thou know - est  
Is this man's name Im - man - u - el? Speak out, my soul, thou  
Im - man - u - el, and can it be? The Lamb of God? This



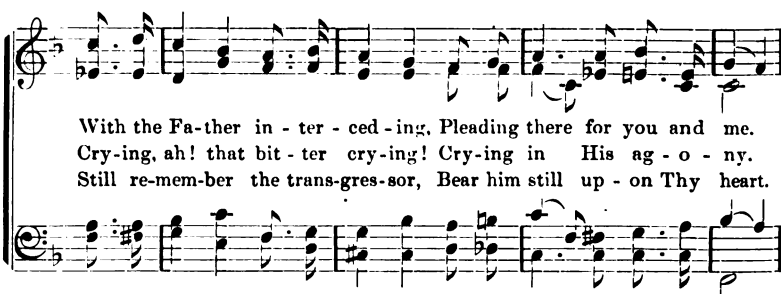
it is He; Ah, yes, thou know - est it is He.  
know - est well; Speak out, my soul, thou know - est well.  
man is He; The Lamb of God? This man is He.

## 229 Great High Priest and Intercessor.

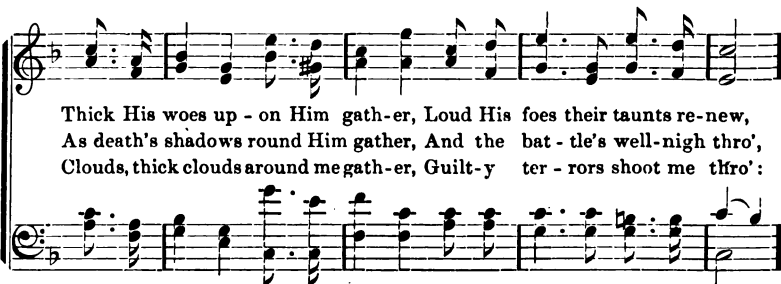
Words by LUDWIG VAN BRETHOVEN. Arr. and partly Composed by  
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D. THORO HARRIS, 1898.



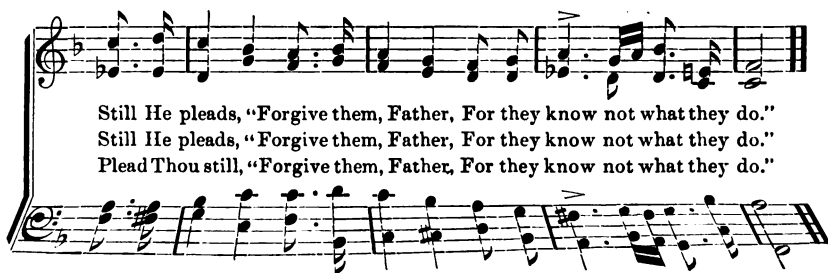
1. On the cross my Love hangs bleeding, Nail'd there to the cru-el tree:  
2. On the cross my Love hangs dy-ing, Dy-ing there for you and me,  
3. Great High Priest and In-ter-ces-sor, Still take Thou the sin-ner's part,



With the Fa-ther in - ter - ced - ing, Pleading there for you and me.  
Cry-ing, ah! that bit - ter cry-ing! Cry-ing in His ag - o - ny.  
Still re-mem-ber the trans-gres-sor, Bear him still up - on Thy heart.



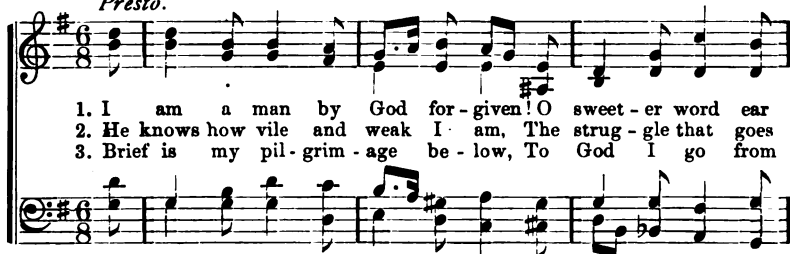
Thick His woes up - on Him gath-er, Loud His foes their taunts re-new,  
As death's shadows round Him gather, And the bat - tle's well-nigh thro',  
Clouds, thick clouds around me gath-er, Guilt-y ter - rors shoot me thro':



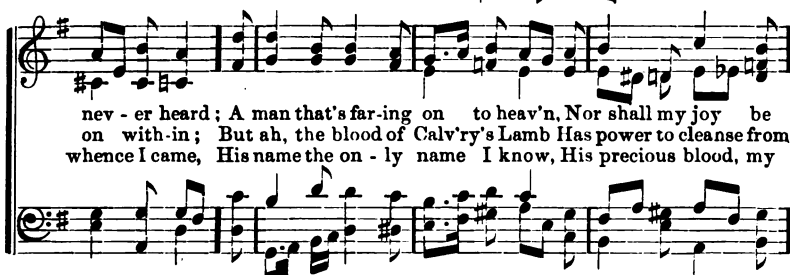
Still He pleads, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."  
Still He pleads, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."  
Plead Thou still, "Forgive them, Father, For they know not what they do."

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

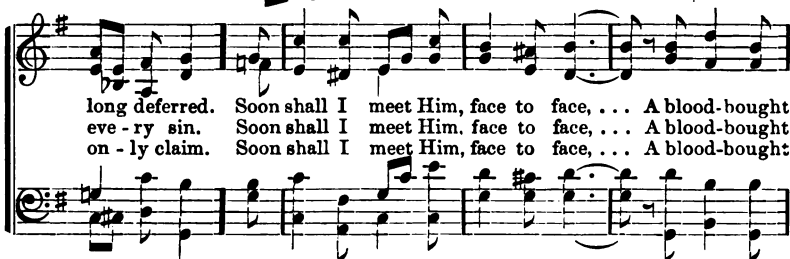
THORO HARRIS.

*Presto.*


1. I am a man by God for-given! O sweet-er word ear  
 2. He knows how vile and weak I am, The strug-gle that goes  
 3. Brief is my pil-grim-age be-low, To God I go from



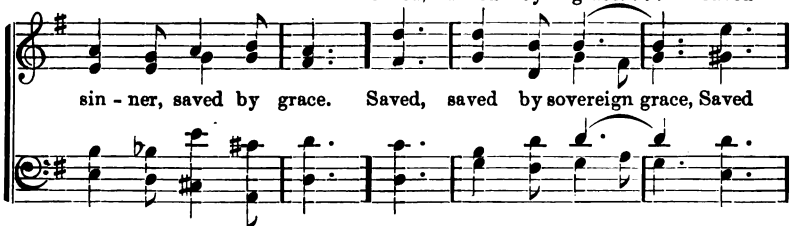
nev-er heard; A man that's far-ing on to heav'n, Nor shall my joy be  
 on with-in; But ah, the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb Has power to cleanse from  
 whence I came, His name the on-ly name I know, His precious blood, my



long deferred. Soon shall I meet Him, face to face, ... A blood-bought  
 eve-ry sin. Soon shall I meet Him, face to face, ... A blood-bought  
 on-ly claim. Soon shall I meet Him, face to face, ... A blood-bought

## REFRAIN.

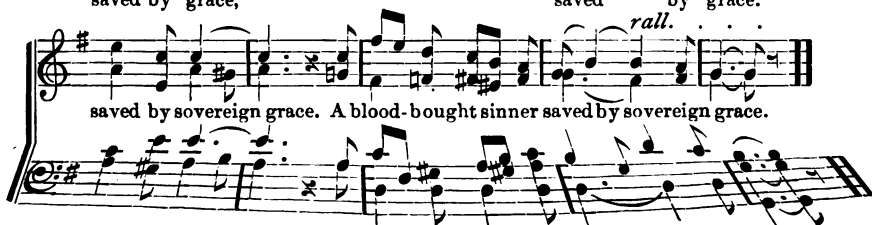
Saved, saved by grace. ... Saved



sin-ner, saved by grace. Saved, saved by sovereign grace, Saved

saved by grace,

saved by grace.



saved by sovereign grace. A blood-bought sinner saved by sovereign grace. *rall.*

## Miserere, Domine.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.  
*Maestoso.*

78. BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Speak, my soul, thy full complaint, Thou art sin-ner, and not saint;  
 2. Plead He there, our great High Priest! Be thy pray'r to Him ad-drest,  
 3. Not by sor-row and dis-tress, Not by works of right-eous-ness,

*cres.*

Smite thy heart and not thy breast, Be the truth to God con-fest;  
 Where be-fore the throne He stands, With His nail-scarr'd feet and hands,  
 Not by pen-an-cies and alms, Ho-ly hymns and ho-ly psalms,

Ask for mer-cy, ask for grace, He will all thy guilt ef-face;  
 Lift thy heart to Heav'n a-bove. God will an-swer thee in love:  
 God is wait-ing to for-give, Look to Him, my soul, and live.

This the sin-ner's on-ly plea, Mis-e-re-re, Dom-i-ne;

*cres.* *dim.* *ritard.*

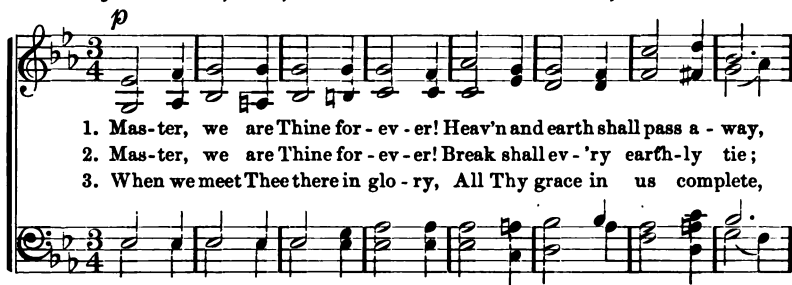
This the sin-ner's on-ly plea, Mis-e-re-re, Dom-i-ne.

# 232 Master, We are Thine Forever.


REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

FROM BIZET. ARR. BY THORO HARRIS.

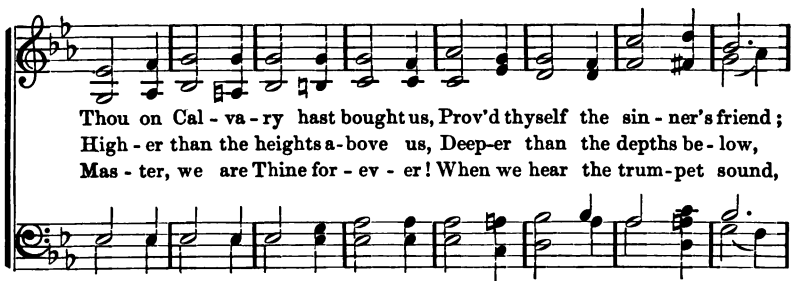
*p*



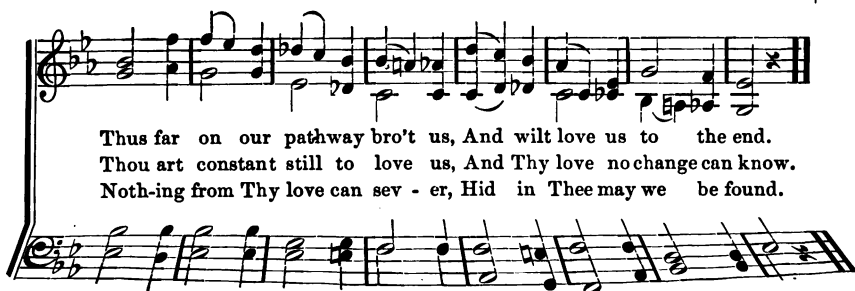
1. Mas-ter, we are Thine for - ev - er! Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,  
 2. Mas-ter, we are Thine for - ev - er! Break shall ev - 'ry earth-ly tie;  
 3. When we meet Thee there in glo - ry, All Thy grace in us complete,



But this oath, for-got-ten nev - er, Shall confront the last great day.  
 Ev - 'ry earth-ly friendship sev - er, This confront E - ter - ni - ty.  
 We will sing redemption's sto - ry, Cast our crowns be - fore Thy feet.



Thou on Cal - va - ry hast bought us, Prov'd thyself the sin - ner's friend;  
 High - er than the heights a - bove us, Deep - er than the depths be - low,  
 Mas - ter, we are Thine for - ev - er! When we hear the trum - pet sound,



Thus far on our pathway bro't us, And wilt love us to the end.  
 Thou art constant still to love us, And Thy love no change can know.  
 Noth-ing from Thy love can sev - er, Hid in Thee may we be found.

## Use Me, Master.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Use me, Mas - ter, use me, Go not my years to waste;  
 2. Work, O Lord, as - sign me, Some hun - gry soul to feed;  
 3. Use me, Mas - ter, use me, It is my sin - gle plea;

For some ser - vice choose me, There let me be placed.  
 To the task in - cline me, Give the help I need.  
 Weak, do not re - fuse me, Strong am I in Thee.

Be it small, or be it great, For the summons, Lord, I wait.  
 Day by day, my dai - ly bread, Day by day, be oth - ers fed.  
 Per-fect-ed in me Thy strength, Give me ser-vice, Lord, at length.

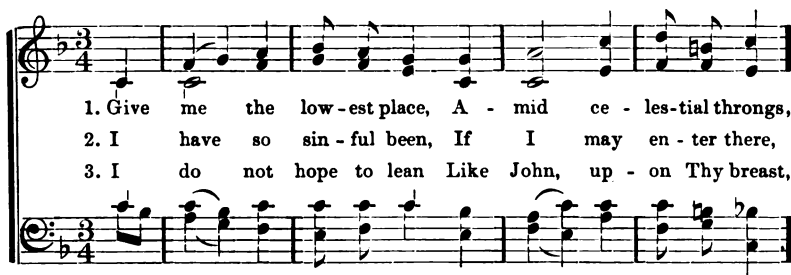
## REFRAIN.

Use me, Mas - ter, use me, For some ser - vice

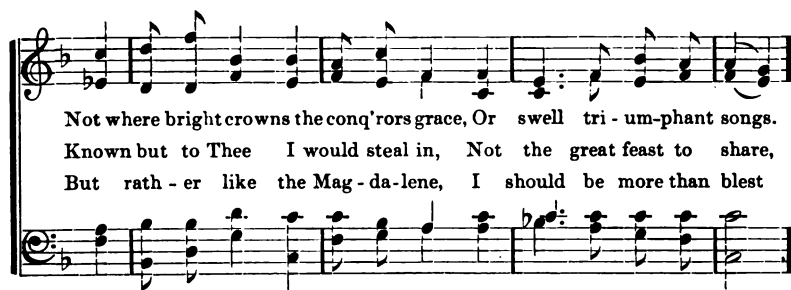
choose me, Thy sweet sum-mons, Lord, I wait.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

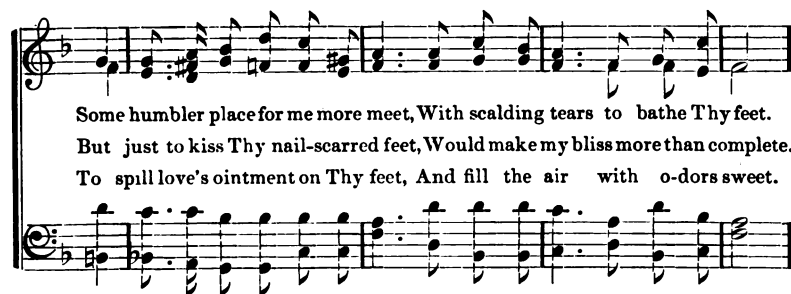
THORO HARRIS.



1. Give me the low - est place, A - mid ce - les - tial throngs,  
 2. I have so sin - ful been, If I may en - ter there,  
 3. I do not hope to lean Like John, up - on Thy breast,



Not where bright crowns the conq'rors grace, Or swell tri - um - phant songs.  
 Known but to Thee I would steal in, Not the great feast to share,  
 But rath - er like the Mag - da - lene, I should be more than blest



Some humbler place for me more meet, With scalding tears to bathe Thy feet.  
 But just to kiss Thy nail-scarred feet, Would make my bliss more than complete.  
 To spill love's ointment on Thy feet, And fill the air with o - dors sweet.

REFRAIN.



Give me the low - est place, or if need be, A lower place, dear Lord, make me.



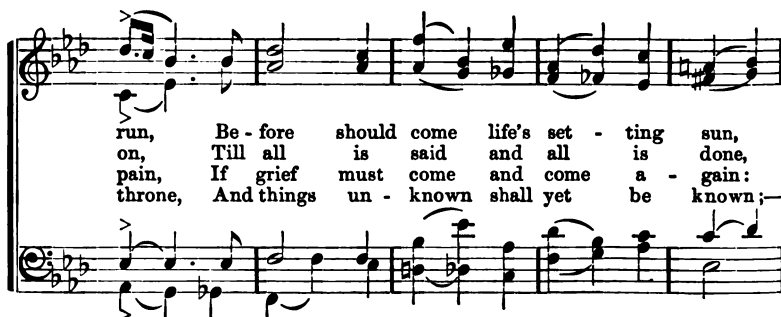
# 235 Thou Knowest Best. L. M.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

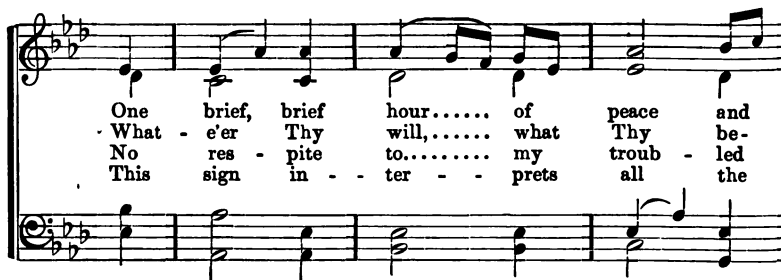
BEETHOVEN. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



1. I asked, ere yet..... my race was  
 2. If I must keep..... my ar - mor  
 3. If is ap - point - - ed, bed of  
 4. A rain - bow spans Thee on Thy



run, Be - fore should come life's set - ting sun,  
 on, Till all is said and all is done,  
 pain, If grief must come and come a - gain:  
 throne, And things un - known shall yet be known;



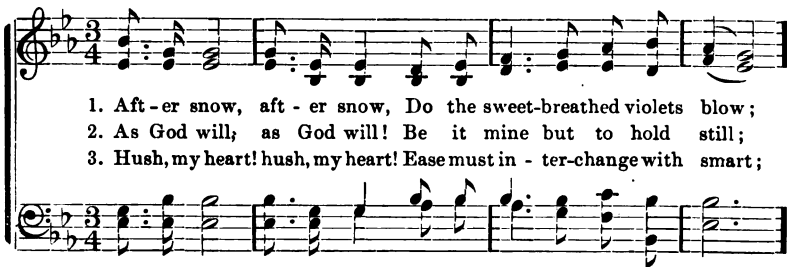
One brief, brief hour..... of peace and  
 What - e'er Thy will,..... what Thy be -  
 No res - pite to..... my troub - led  
 This sign in - - ter - - pret all the



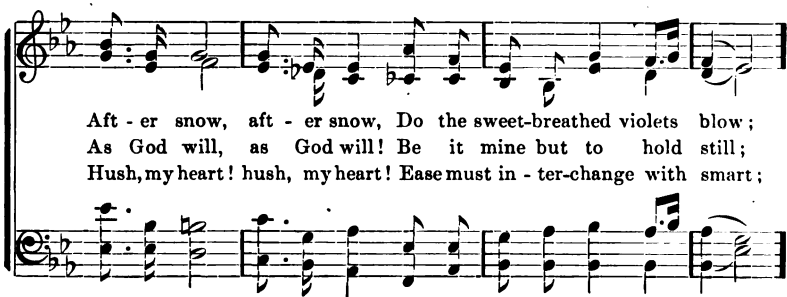
rest: If not, O Lord, Thou know - est best.  
 hest; Thou know - est best, Thou know - est best.  
 breast; Thou know - est best, Thou know - est best.  
 rest: Thou know - est best, Thou know - est best.

Words from the German by  
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

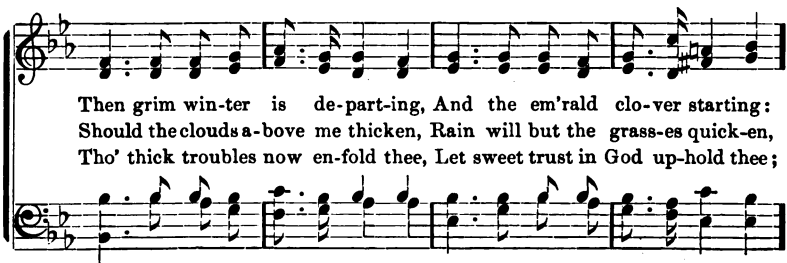
Music by  
THORO HARRIS, 1898.



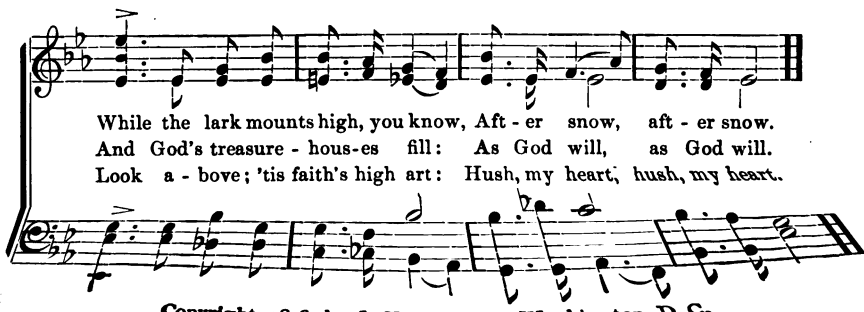
1. Aft - er snow, aft - er snow, Do the sweet-breathed violets blow;  
2. As God will, as God will! Be it mine but to hold still;  
3. Hush, my heart! hush, my heart! Ease must in - ter-change with smart;



Aft - er snow, aft - er snow, Do the sweet-breathed violets blow;  
As God will, as God will! Be it mine but to hold still;  
Hush, my heart! hush, my heart! Ease must in - ter-change with smart;



Then grim win - ter is de - part - ing, And the em'rald clo - ver starting:  
Should the clouds a - bove me thicken, Rain will but the grass - es quick - en,  
Tho' thick troubles now en - fold thee, Let sweet trust in God up - hold thee;



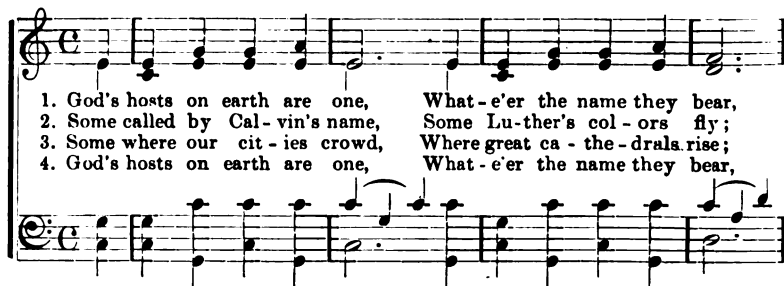
While the lark mounts high, you know, Aft - er snow, aft - er snow.  
And God's treasure - hous - es fill: As God will, as God will.  
Look a - bove; 'tis faith's high art: Hush, my heart, hush, my heart.

# 237 God's Hosts on Earth. S. M. D.

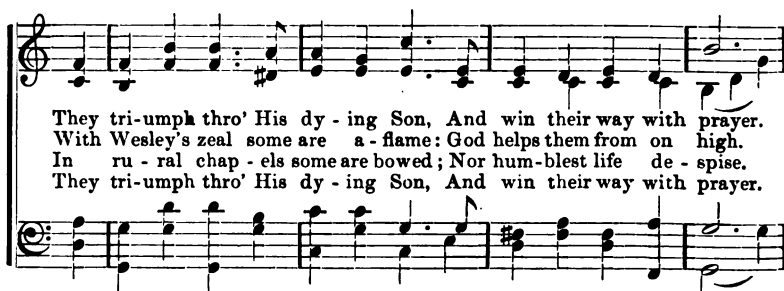
A PROCESSIONAL.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

THORO HARRIS.



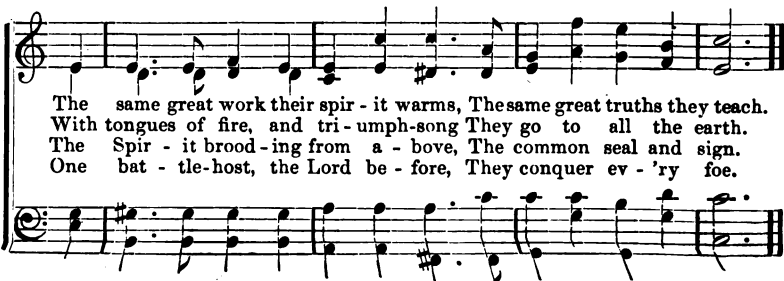
1. God's hosts on earth are one,      What-e'er the name they bear,  
 2. Some called by Cal-vin's name,      Some Lu-ther's col-ors fly;  
 3. Some where our cit-ies crowd,      Where great ca-the-drals rise;  
 4. God's hosts on earth are one,      What-e'er the name they bear,



They tri-umph thro' His dy-ing Son, And win their way with prayer.  
 With Wesley's zeal some are a-flame: God helps them from on high.  
 In ru-ral chap-els some are bowed; Nor hum-blest life de-spise.  
 They tri-umph thro' His dy-ing Son, And win their way with prayer.



Un-like in out-ward forms,      Un-like in tho't and speech,  
 To Him they all be-long,      By new ce-les-tial birth;  
 The em-blem of Christ's love,      The bro-ken bread, the wine,  
 Let Ju-dah vex no more,      Nor Eph-raim dis-cord sow,

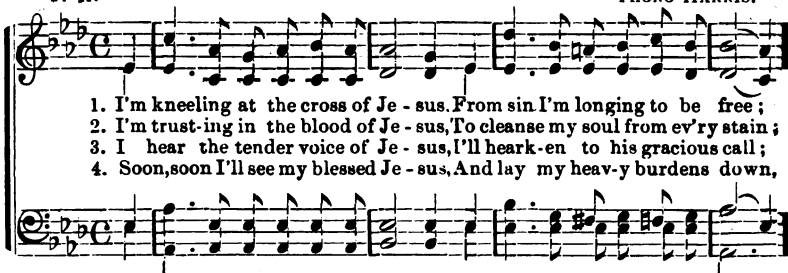


The same great work their spir-it warms, The same great truths they teach.  
 With tongues of fire, and tri-umph-song They go to all the earth.  
 The Spir-it brood-ing from a-bove, The common seal and sign.  
 One bat-tle-host, the Lord be-fore, They conquer ev-'ry foe.

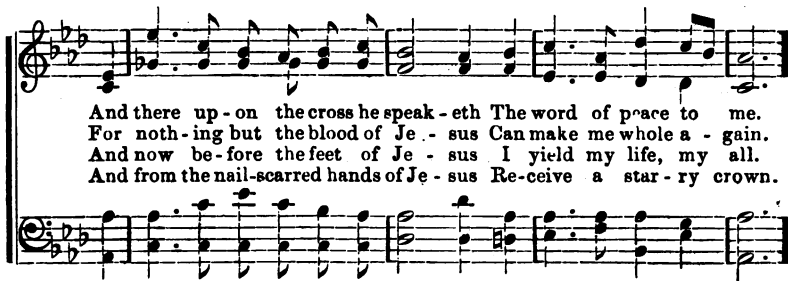
## Kneeling at the Cross.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

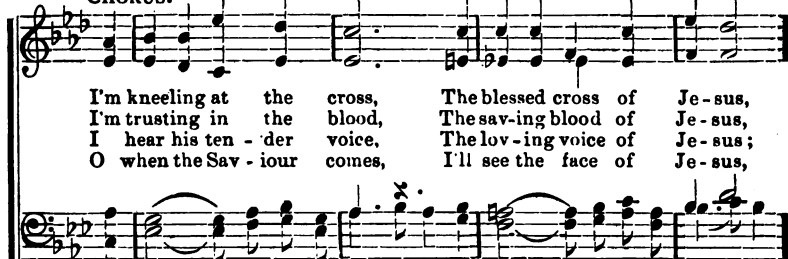


1. I'm kneeling at the cross of Je - sus, From sin I'm longing to be free;
2. I'm trust-ing in the blood of Je - sus, To cleanse my soul from ev'ry stain;
3. I hear the tender voice of Je - sus, I'll heark-en to his gracious call;
4. Soon, soon I'll see my blessed Je - sus, And lay my heavy-burdens down,



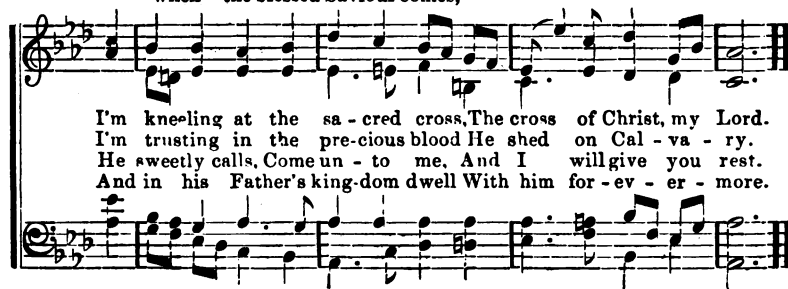
And there up-on the cross he speak-eth The word of peace to me.  
 For noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus Can make me whole a - gain.  
 And now be-fore the feet of Je - sus I yield my life, my all.  
 And from the nail-scarred hands of Je - sus Re-ceive a star-ry crown.

## CHORUS.




I'm kneeling at the cross,	The blessed cross of Je-sus,
I'm trusting in the blood,	The sav-ing blood of Je-sus,
I hear his ten-der voice,	The lov-ing voice of Je-sus;
O when the Sav-iour comes,	I'll see the face of Je-sus,

*For Bass only.* kneel - ing at the sacred cross,  
 trust - ing in the precious blood,  
 hear the tender Shepherd's voice,  
 when the blessed Saviour comes,




I'm kneeling at the sa - cred cross, The cross of Christ, my Lord.  
 I'm trusting in the pre-cious blood He shed on Cal - va - ry.  
 He sweetly calls, Come un - to me, And I will give you rest.  
 And in his Father's king-dom dwell With him for - ev - er - more.

*mp*



1. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Si - lent thou in sil - ver dream.  
 2. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Now ful - filled the prophet's word.  
 3. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Pil - lowed low his in - fant head.  
 4. Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Glo - ry clus - ters round thy name.



Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Thronging an - gels to thee stream  
 Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Heav'n it - self for joy is stirred.  
 Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! That once wore Heav'n's crown in - stead.  
 Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! Vir - gin-born, Mes - si - ah came.

*mf*




On light's tide, . . . on light's tide. Throw thy por - tals o - pen wide;  
 Peace on earth, . . . peace on earth. Sing! O sing the Saviour's birth,  
 Beth - le - hem! . . . Beth - le - hem! Wake and bring song's di - a - dem.  
 Won - der - ful! . . . Won - der - ful! Love the scep - tre of his rule.



On light's tide, . . . por - tals o - pen wide,


*cres.*



Christ is born, yes, Christ is born! Swing, O earth, no more for - lorn.  
 O'er and o'er re - peat the strain, Peace on earth, good will to men.  
 Born to save us from our sin, Let the Lit - tle Stran - ger in.  
 Da - vid's Son, but great - er he, Crown'd with thorns on Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS the won - der thou dost see,



Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem! the mar - v'ous wonder thou dost see,

# Bethlehem! Bethlehem! Concluded.

God, Im-man - uel born in thee, Beth - le - hem! Beth - le - hem!

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## More and More.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. More and more of grace give me, Lar - ger life and lib - er - ty;  
2. More of pa - tience, less of pride, 'Neath the Cross let me a - bide;  
3. Great Phy - si - cian of the soul, Make me per - fect, make me whole;

In my bo - som may I feel More of love and more of zeal.  
Ref - uge in its shad - ow find, More and more thy per - fect mind.  
Sins be - set - ting left be - hind, To thy sov - ereign will re - signed.

From thine own a - bun - dant store, Give me grace, Lord, more and more.  
Dai - ly grow - ing more like thee, More and more my pat - tern be.  
My tem - pest - uous pas - sions still, Make me ho - ly; 'tis thy will.

### REFRAIN.

More and more, more and more; Give me grace, Lord, more and more.

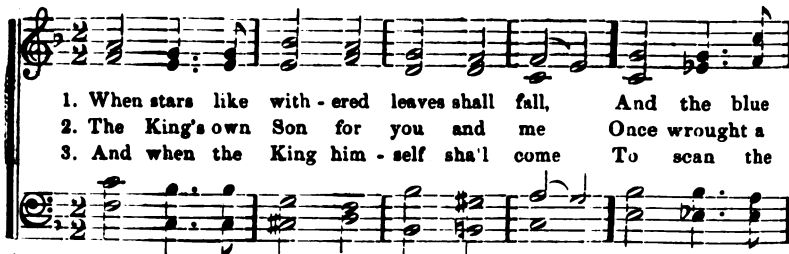
More and more, more and more of grace,

Copyright, 1893, J. E. RANKIN, Washington, D. C.

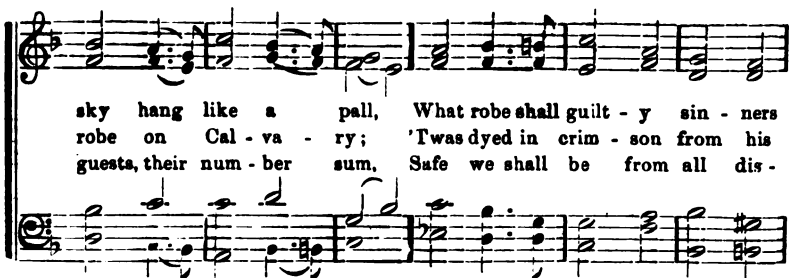
# 241 The Best Robe. L. M. 6 1.

Words and Melody by  
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

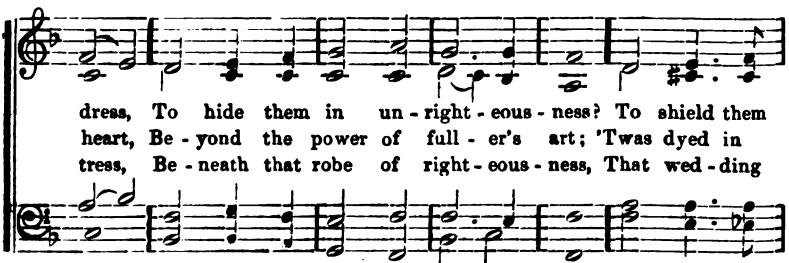
Harmony by  
THORO HARRIS.



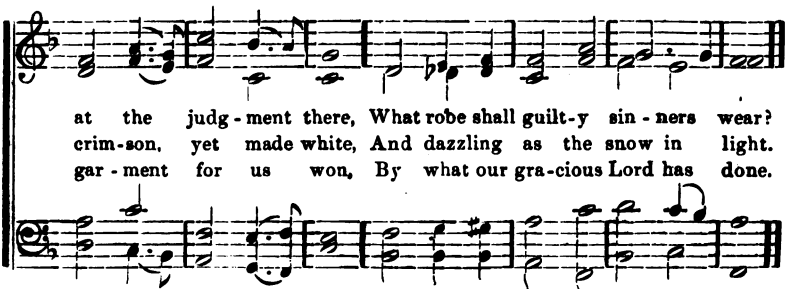
1. When stars like with - ered leaves shall fall, And the blue  
2. The King's own Son for you and me Once wrought a  
3. And when the King him - self sha'l come To scan the



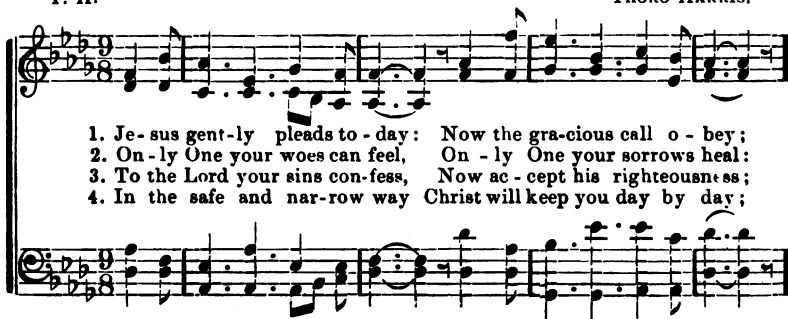
sky hang like a pall, What robe shall guilt - y sin - ners  
robe on Cal - va - ry; 'Twas dyed in crim - son from his  
guests, their num - ber sum, Safe we shall be from all dis -



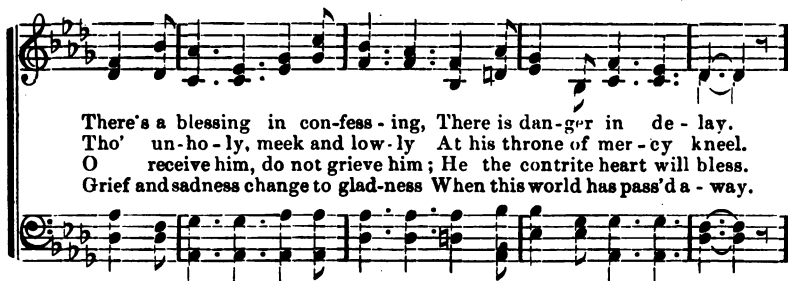
dress, To hide them in un - right - eous - ness? To shield them  
heart, Be - yond the power of full - er's art; 'Twas dyed in  
tress, Be - neath that robe of right - eous - ness, That wed - ding



at the judg - ment there, What robe shall guilt - y sin - ners wear?  
crim - son, yet made white, And dazzling as the snow in light.  
gar - ment for us won, By what our gra - cious Lord has done.

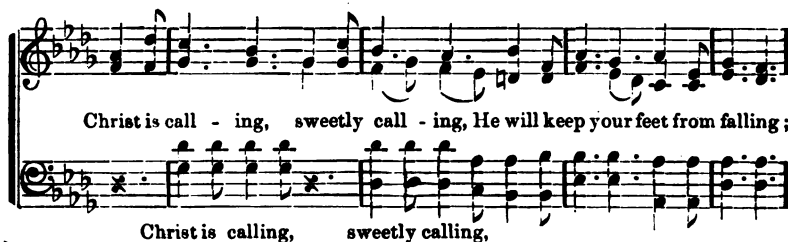


1. Je - sus gent - ly pleads to - day: Now the gra - cious call o - bey;  
 2. On - ly One your woes can feel, On - ly One your sorrows heal:  
 3. To the Lord your sins con - fess, Now ac - cept his righteous - ness;  
 4. In the safe and nar - row way Christ will keep you day by day;



There's a blessing in con - fess - ing, There is dan - ger in de - lay.  
 Tho' un - ho - ly, meek and low - ly At his throne of mer - cy kneel.  
 O receive him, do not grieve him; He the contrite heart will bless.  
 Grief and sadness change to glad - ness When this world has pass'd a - way.

## REFRAIN.



Christ is call - ing, sweetly call - ing, He will keep your feet from falling;  
 Christ is calling, sweetly calling,



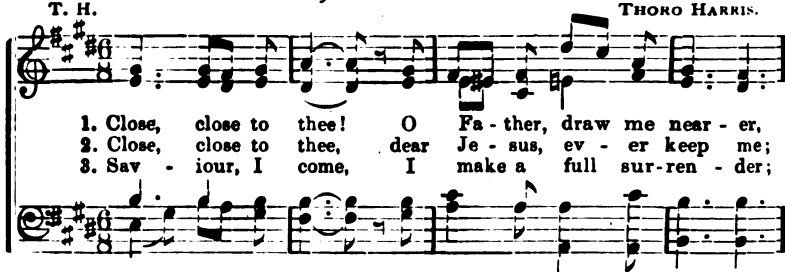
Christ is call - ing, ev - er call - ing, "Weary wand'ring soul, O come to me."  
 Christ is calling, Ever calling, "Weary soul,




## Close, Close to Thee.

T. H.

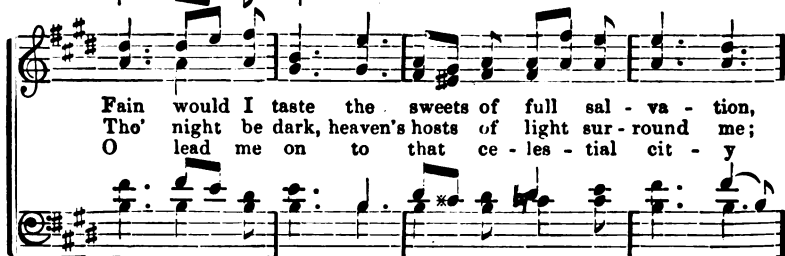
THORO HARRIS.



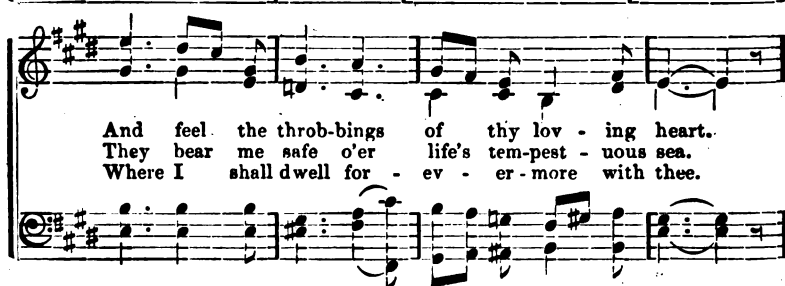
1. Close, close to thee! O Fa-ther, draw me near-er,  
 2. Close, close to thee, dear Je-sus, ev-er keep me;  
 3. Sav-iour, I come, I make a full sur-ren-der;



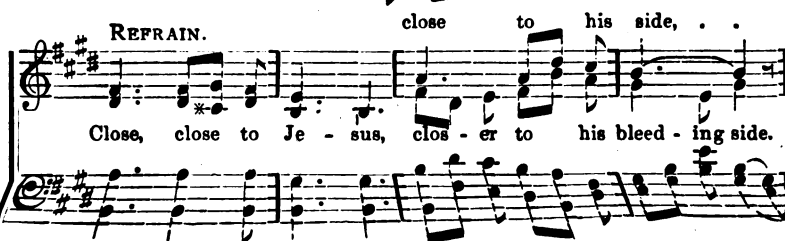
Nor let me ev-er hence from thee de-part;  
 Ne'er can I stray if thou my guide wilt be;  
 Take all I am, or ev-er hope to be.



Fain would I taste the sweets of full sal-va-tion,  
 Tho' night be dark, heaven's hosts of light sur-round me;  
 O lead me on to that ce-les-tial cit-y



And feel the throb-bings of thy lov-ing heart.  
 They bear me safe o'er life's tem-pest-uous sea.  
 Where I shall dwell for-ev-er-more with thee.



REFRAIN. close to his side, . . .  
 Close, close to Je-sus, clos-er to his bleed-ing side.

# Close, Close to Thee. Concluded.

Close to my Sav - iour I'd ev - er - more a - bide,

*rit.*

Close to my Sav - iour, dear Lord, would I a - bide.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

244

## God's Building. 8. 7.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Yes, the church of God is ris - ing; It is grow - ing, hour by hour,  
 2. Keen the in - struments he us - es To trans - form us to his mind;  
 3. So we will not doubt nor won - der If his ways we can - not know;

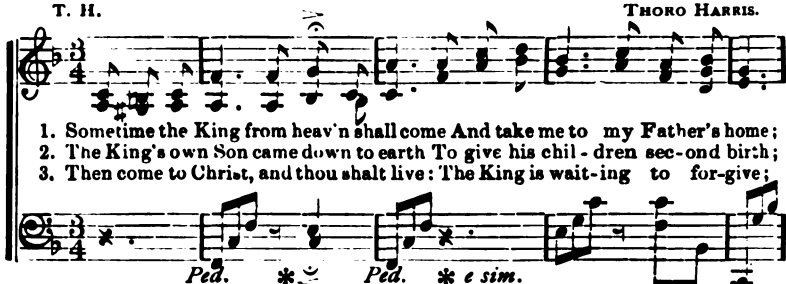
As the liv - ing stones are fashioned By the Sculptor's wondrous power.  
 But the Master's hand is skil - ful, And his heart is pass - ing kind.  
 We shall un - derstand them bet - ter, As conformed to him we grow.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking.

## The King's Gift.

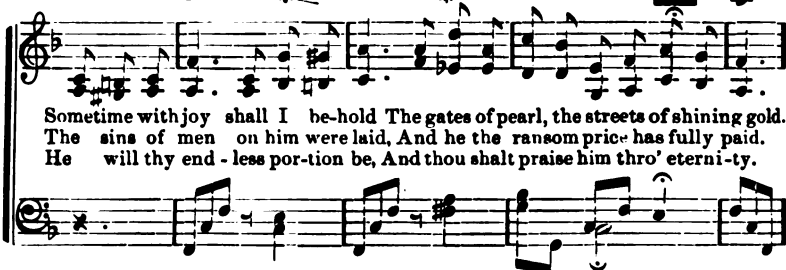
T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



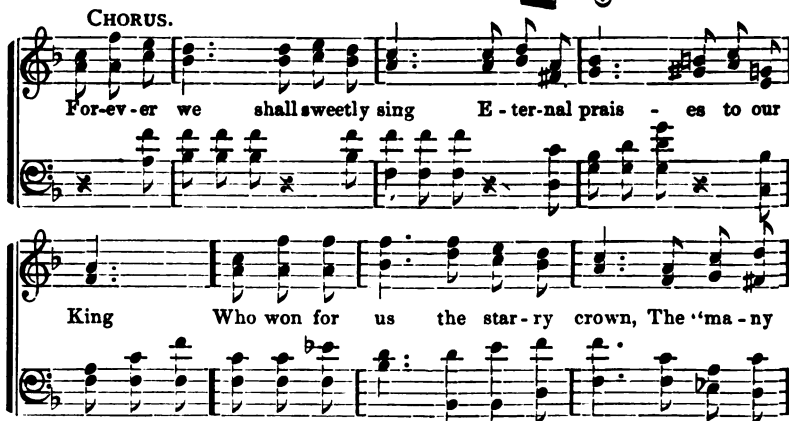
1. Sometime the King from heav'n shall come And take me to my Father's home;  
 2. The King's own Son came down to earth To give his chil-dren sec-ond birth;  
 3. Then come to Christ, and thou shalt live: The King is wait-ing to for-give;

*Ped. \* e sim. Ped. \* e sim.*



Sometime with joy shall I be-hold The gates of pearl, the streets of shining gold.  
 The sins of men on him were laid, And he the ransom price has fully paid.  
 He will thy end-less por-tion be, And thou shalt praise him thro' eterni-ty.

CHORUS.



For-ev-er we shall sweetly sing E-ter-nal prais-es to our  
 King Who won for us the star-ry crown, The 'ma-ny

[AFTER LAST STANZA.]



and re-nown,  
 man-sions" and the great re-nown, O bless-ed home, e-ter-nal home.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL.D.

FROM BELA. ARR. BY THORO HARRIS.

*p*

1. Dark things thou shalt know here - af - ter, Things that most per -  
 2. All shall have in - ter - pre - ta - tion. Each e - nig - ma  
 3. In the light of that fair morn - ing, In the burst of

plex thee here; .. Grief and sor - row chang'd to laugh - ter,  
 He'll ex - plain, .. Pour the cup of full sal - va - tion,  
 that long day, ... Come no more earth's fear and warn - ing,

*f*

God shall wipe a - way each tear; ... *E - nig - ma - ta*  
 Give the sun - shine af - ter rain; ... *E - nig - ma - ta*  
 All the shad - ows fled a - way; ... *E - nig - ma - ta*

*ex - pli - ca - ta,* God shall wipe a - way each tear...  
*ex - pli - ca - ta,* Give the sun - shine af - ter rain...  
*ex - pli - ca - ta,* All the shad - ows fled a - way...

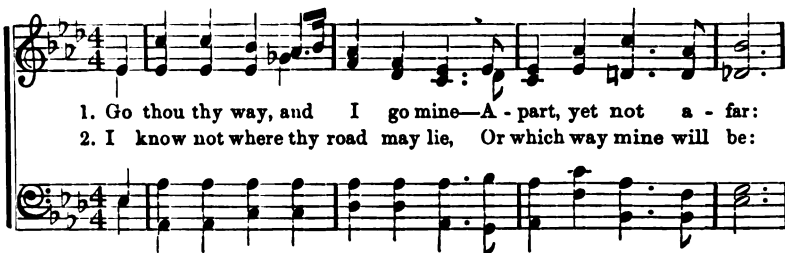
## The Lord Keep Watch.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—

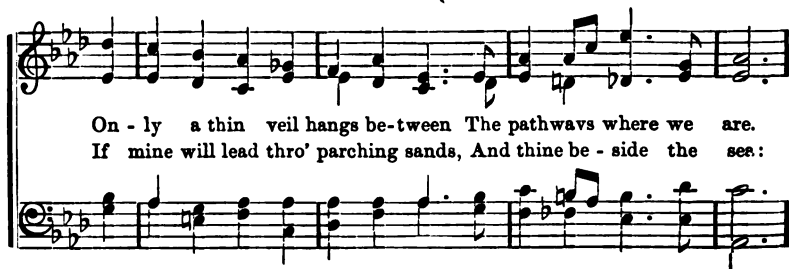
GEN. 31 : 49.

JULIA A. BAKER.

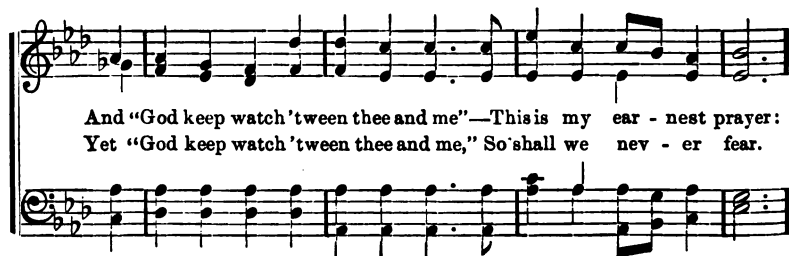
THORO HARRIS.



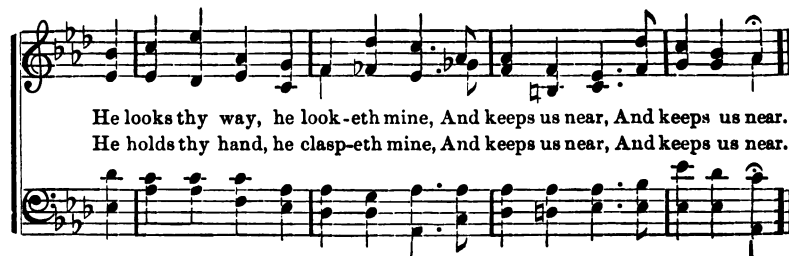
1. Go thou thy way, and I go mine—A - part, yet not a - far:  
2. I know not where thy road may lie, Or which way mine will be:



On - ly a thin veil hangs be-tween The pathways where we are.  
If mine will lead thro' parching sands, And thine be - side the sea:



And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me"—This is my ear - nest prayer:  
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me," So shall we nev - er fear.



He looks thy way, he look-eth mine, And keeps us near, And keeps us near.  
He holds thy hand, he clasp-eth mine, And keeps us near, And keeps us near.

*Allegro.*

1. The Lord is in his tem - ple, Let all the earth re-joice And come before his  
2. Hail, hail thou blessed Je - sus, Who sets thy Israel free, Al-migh - ty to re -  
3. Then let us all be joyful, And far and wide proclaim With grateful ad - u -

pres-ence With thankful heart and voice. To him, the great Re-deem-er, Let  
deem us From sin's cap-tiv-i-ty. In thee is full sal - va - tion For  
la - tion The might-y Vic-tor's name. Be - fore the Lord of glo - ry, Let

every creature sing. And own him as their Maker, Their Saviour and their King.  
all the tribes of men; O'er all the vast cre - a - tion In glo - ry thou shalt reign.  
saint and seraph fall; Exhalt the King e - ternal, The sovereign Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na, ho -

[1st.] [2d.]

san - na To Christ our risen King. san - na To Christ our risen King.

## The Way is Dark.

R. M. L.

THORO HARRIS.

1. The way is dark: I cry a - mid the gloom For guid-ing light;  
 2. In wonder-ing awe I bend the knee be - fore The view-less Might;  
 3. But 'mid con-fus - ing phantom-lights I strive To go a-right;

A wanderer, none knows whence or what his doom, I brave the night.  
 And all my heart in mute ap-peal I pour, While straining sight  
 A still small voice leads on, and love doth give An in - ward might:

Fair scenes a - far, as in a dream, I see,  
 Peers o'er the waste, yet him I can - not find  
 And spite of sense, there lives a si - lent trust

Then seem to wake, and faith de - sert - eth me.  
 Whom seeks my soul: I grope as grope the blind.  
 That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.

# 250 Blow, Bugler, Blow Up One Note More.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Dedicated to Gen. Clinton B. Fiske.

W. H. PONTIUS.

1. Blow, bu - gler, blow up one note more, Blow me the New Cre - a - tion: When

He shall come, who came before, And bring wrong's repa - ra - tion. A new-born race with

Him appear, War's hosts no more as - sem - ble: The earth no longer quake with fear, With

CHORUS.

bat - tle thunders tremble. Blow, bugler, blow up one note more, Blow me the New Cre -

a - tion: When He shall come, who came before, And bring wrong's rep - a - ra - tion.

2 When man shall love his fellow man,  
Give honor due to woman,  
And children take no more the ban  
Of heritage inhuman:  
The white-cross banner be unfurled,  
All round the earth benighted,  
And all the troubles of the world

3 Blow, bugler, blow Truth's triumph note,  
Wake ev'ry sound that slumbers:  
As though they came from angel throat  
I catch celestial numbers:  
Each wound of earth has found its balm,  
Its rest, each agitation:  
Above all discords sounds the psalm



## 251 The Time for Hymn and Prayer.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

THORO HARRIS.



1. When the day in West is dy-ing, One by one the stars ap-pear;
2. When the chil-dren seek their mother For the good-night kiss-es sweet;



When the birds to nest are fly-ing, Distant sounds break on the ear;  
On her breast their sorrows smother, Lisp their ves-pers at her feet;



# The Time for Hymn and Prayer. Concluded.

When cool shadows round are fall-ing, Laid a - side earth's toil and care,  
When the cur - few bells are ringing, Trembling mel- low on the air,

All things heav'nward beck'ning, calling, 'Tis the time for hymn and prayer;  
Then to God each bur - den bringing, 'Tis the time for hymn and prayer;

Then to God our souls re - pair; 'Tis the time for hymn and prayer.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are interspersed with the musical notation. The score concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

*mp*

1. The night is dark, and I am far from land; I yield the helm, O  
 2. The surf rolls white and spectral to the shore, A - long the crag - gy  
 3. Speak to the waves, and take the helm in hand, The tempest shock I

*mp*

*f* *dim. . .*

Lord, to thy command; Against my bark the an - gry bil - lows  
 height the break - ers roar; Come thou on board, my trembling bark to  
 then can safe withstand; Come thou on board, Lord by thy sov'reign

*f* *dim. . .*

# Great Pilot of the Sea. Concluded.

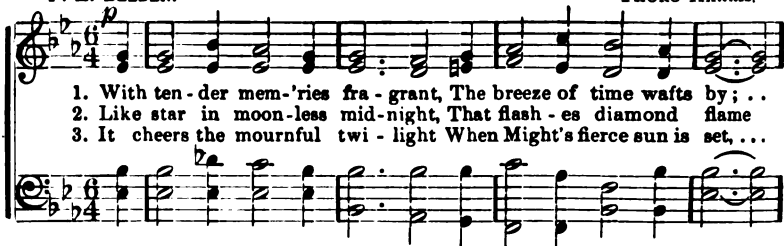
break, Come thou on board and full di - rec - tion take, Great  
guide, Come thou on board and for my soul pro - vide, Great  
will, And to my trou - bled soul say, "*Peace*, be still!" Great

Pi - lot of the sea, Great Pi - lot of the sea.

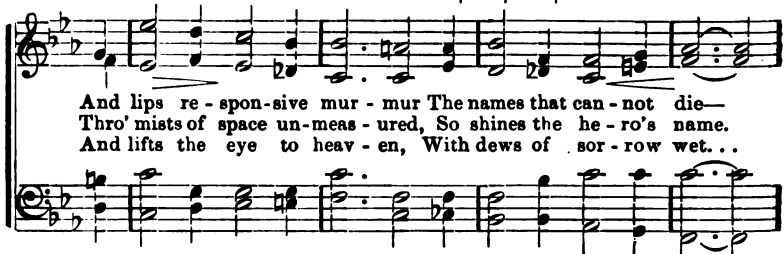
## With Tender Memories.

F. E. BELDEN.

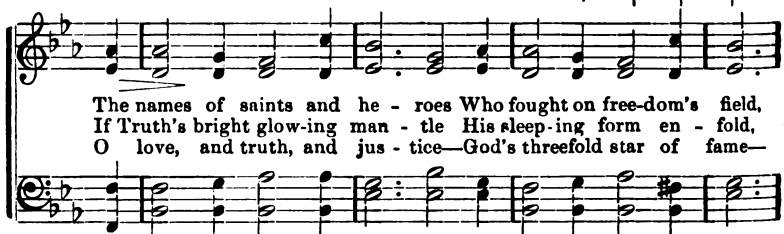
THORO HARRIS.



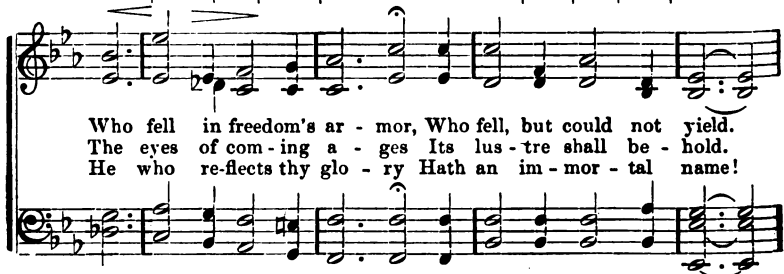
1. With ten - der mem - ries fra - grant, The breeze of time wafts by; . .  
 2. Like star in moon - less mid - night, That flash - es diamond flame  
 3. It cheers the mournful twi - light When Might's fierce sun is set, . .



And lips re - spon - sive mur - mur The names that can - not die—  
 Thro' mists of space un - meas - ured, So shines the he - ro's name.  
 And lifts the eye to heav - en, With dew - s of sor - row wet. . .

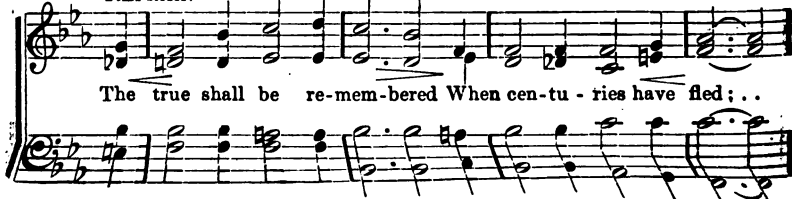


The names of saints and he - roes Who fought on free - dom's field,  
 If Truth's bright glow - ing man - tle His sleep - ing form en - fold,  
 O love, and truth, and jus - tice—God's threefold star of fame—



Who fell in freedom's ar - mor, Who fell, but could not yield.  
 The eyes of com - ing a - ges Its lus - tre shall be - hold.  
 He who re - flects thy glo - ry Hath an im - mor - tal name!

## REFRAIN.



The true shall be re - mem - bered When cen - tu - ries have fled; . .

## With Tender Memories. Concluded.

The false shall be for-got - ten When their good-by is said.

254

## Vincent.

N. W. VINCENT.

THORO HARRIS.


1. In dark Geth-sem - a - ne Christ pray'd and wept a - lone;  
2. While hanging on the cross Christ heard the con - trite thief;  
3. Then shall we hail Christ King, All free from sin and care,

He felt our ag - o - ny— O worthy of the throne! The blood-drops  
He knows our want and loss, And carries ev-ery grief. Pure, bright, like  
And loud his praises sing, His joy for-ev - er share. To him let


from thy brow that fell Be - spoke thy love, Im - man - u - el.  
him, that thief will rise To share his joy in Par - a - dise.  
all our pow'rs be giv'n: The fruit is peace, the end is heav'n.

T. H.

THOMAS HARRIS.



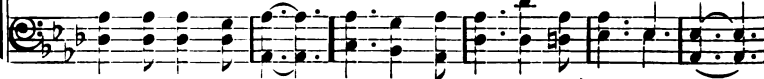

1. Our Lord is com-ing back to earth a - gain, An - gels at -  
 2. His voice of pow'r shall rend the binding tomb, The saints, a -  
 3. O, what a bless-ed time that day shall be, When friends, long  
 4. Sweet hope of heav-en, per - manent, se - cure, Free from temp-



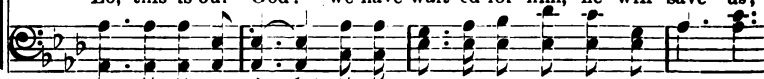
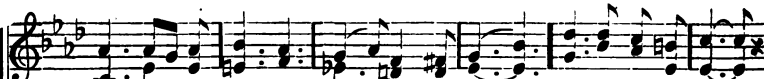
tending, his reward to bring To all the faith - ful, for -  
 waking, rise to greet their Lord; From land and o - cean in  
 parted, meet their loved of old, With shouts of glad - ness their  
 ta-tion, end - ed all our strife; Its rich - est tro - phy, so



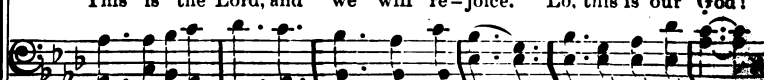
ev - ermore to reign, Je - sus our Saviour, the rightful King.  
 glo-ry's morning bloom, Each heart responds at the echoing word, -  
 dear Re-deemer see, In bliss-ful rap-ture his face be - hold,  
 fadeless, bright and pure, A - waits the vic - tors, - a crown of life.


REFRAIN. *Piu allegro.*


"Lo, this is our God! we have wait-ed for him, he will save us;

This is the Lord, and we will re-joice. Lo, this is our God!



## This is our God. Concluded.

Lo, this is our God! This is the Lord, and we will re-joice."

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

256

## Comus.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Dust, receive thy kindred! Earth, takenow thine own! To thee this trust is  
2. Time's dark tide of sorrow Breaks a-bove thy head; And feet of rest-less  
3. But these sounds of terror Pierce not thy low tomb, Nor break the hap-py

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of one sharp (F#) and common time (C). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

rendered; In thee this seed is sown. Guard the pre-cious treasure,  
millions Shall o'er thy chambers tread; Earthquakes, whirlwinds, tempests,  
slumbers Of death's dark, si-lent home. Couch of tran-quil slum-ber

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of one sharp (F#) and common time (C). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Ev-er-faithful tomb! Keep it all un-ri-fled, Un-til the Master come.  
Tear the quivering ground; Voices, trumpets, thunders, Fill all the air around!  
For the wea-ry brow; Rest of faint and toiling, O, take this loved one now.

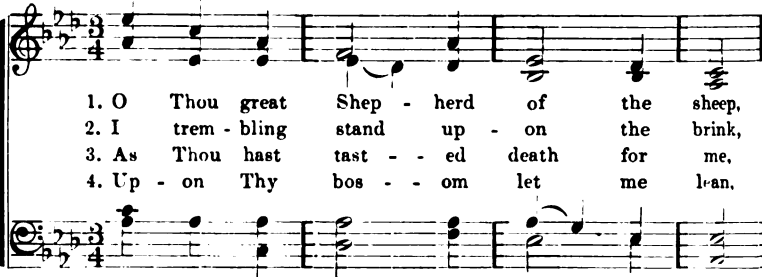
The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in a key of one sharp (F#) and common time (C). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. The music is in common time (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



# 257 0 Thou Great Shepherd of the Sheep.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., I.L.D.

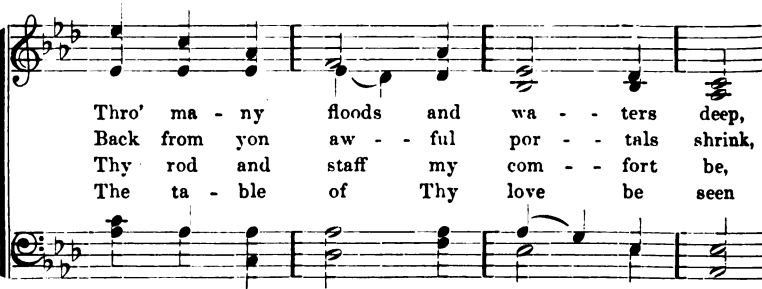
H. L. AMISS.



1. O Thou great Shep - herd of the sheep,  
 2. I trem - bling stand up - on the brink,  
 3. As Thou hast tast - ed death for me,  
 4. Up - on Thy bos - om let me lean,



Who on..... the cross hast died,  
 And fear..... the an - - gry wave:  
 Show me..... the path... un - known,  
 And sink.... in sweet re - - pose;



Thro' ma - ny floods and wa - - ters deep,  
 Back from yon aw - - ful por - - tals shrink,  
 Thy rod and staff my com - - fort be,  
 The ta - ble of Thy love be seen

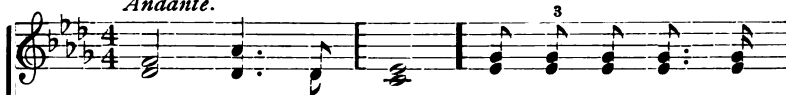


Hast reached the oth - - er side.  
 The por - - tals of..... the grave.  
 Nor let.... me walk... a - - lone.  
 Spread out.... be - - fore.... my foes.

## The Keeper's Lodge.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

R. DEWITT MALLARY, D. D.

*Andante.*

1. Sleep sweet with - in, This is Faith's inn Where -  
 2. In Je - sus sleep, He safe will keep His  
 3. Good - night, good - night! Be - yond earth's blight, Be -



- in her dust re - pos - es, Un - til Life's morn  
 ran - somed and for - giv - en. This is the room,  
 yond life's waves of sor - row, We look a - way



- In East is born And decks the sky with ros - es.  
 With sweet per - fume: The keep - er's lodge to Heav - en.  
 To that long day, When we shall say Good - mor - row!

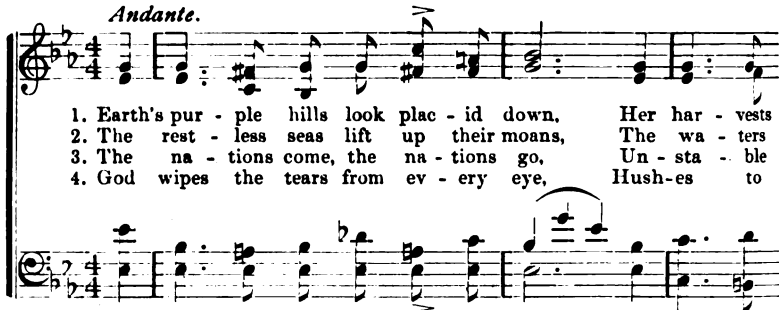


# 259 God Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

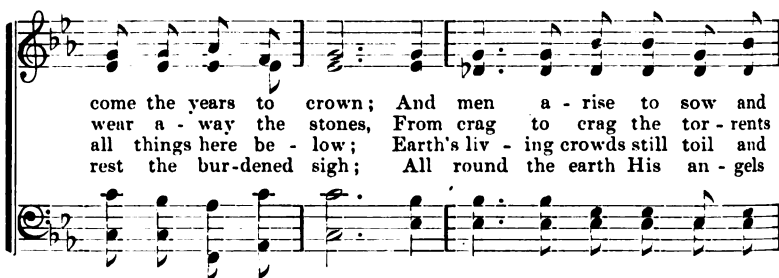
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

THORO HARRIS, 1898.

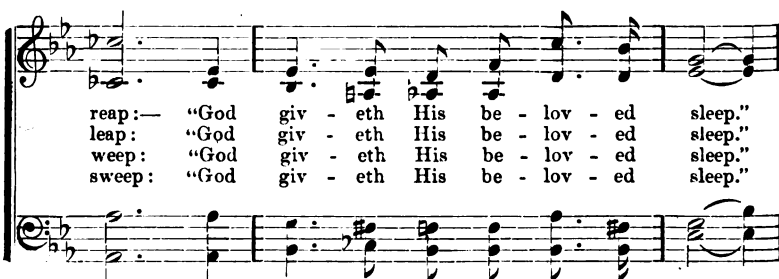
*Andante.*



1. Earth's pur - ple hills look plac - id down, Her har - vests  
 2. The rest - less seas lift up their moans, The wa - ters  
 3. The na - tions come, the na - tions go, Un - sta - ble  
 4. God wipes the tears from ev - ery eye, Hush - es to



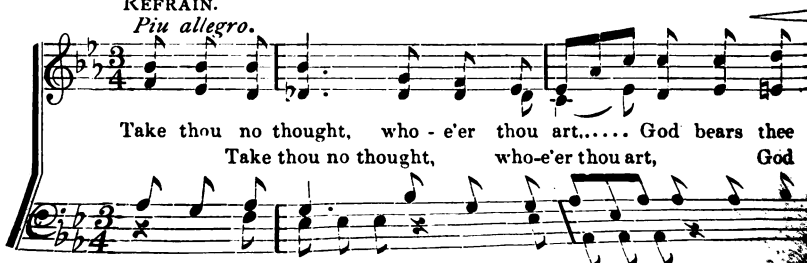
come the years to crown; And men a - rise to sow and  
 wear a - way the stones, From crag to crag the tor - rents  
 all things here be - low; Earth's liv - ing crowds still toil and  
 rest the bur - dened sigh; All round the earth His an - gels



reap: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."  
 leap: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."  
 weep: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."  
 sweep: "God giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep."

REFRAIN.

*Piu allegro.*



Take thou no thought, who - e'er thou art..... God bears thee  
 Take thou no thought, who - e'er thou art, God

# God Giveth His Beloved Sleep. Concluded.

on His Father-heart;.. By blood redeemed, He safe will  
bears thee on His Father-heart; By blood redeemed, He

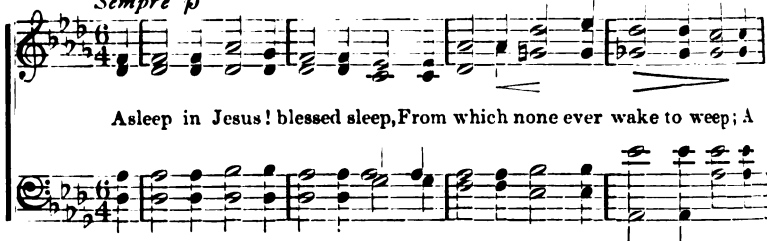
*dim.*  
keep: "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep;"  
safe will keep, "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep;"

By blood re-deemed, He safe will  
By blood re-deemed, He safe will

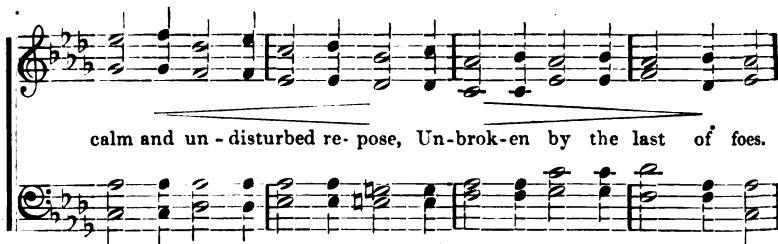
*p* *sf* *p rit.*  
keep: "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep."  
*keep:* "God giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep."

MARGARET MACKAY.

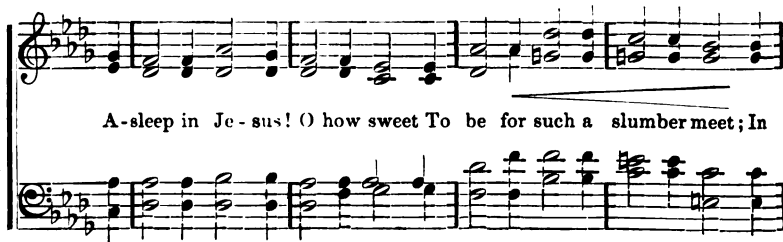
HENRY BERTINI, Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

*Sempre p*

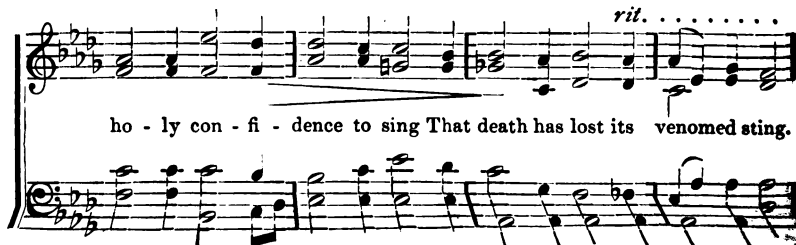
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A



calm and un-disturbed re- pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.



A-sleep in Je- sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet; In



ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost its venomed sting.

# Bertini. Concluded.

*tempo.*

A - sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest; No

The first system of musical notation for the piece. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'A - sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest; No' are written below the staff.

*cres. . . . .*  
fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.' are written below the staff. A crescendo marking 'cres. . . . .' is placed above the staff.

*p*  
A-sleep in Jesus! soon to rise When Michael's trump shall rend the skies; Then

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'A-sleep in Jesus! soon to rise When Michael's trump shall rend the skies; Then' are written below the staff. A piano marking 'p' is placed above the staff.

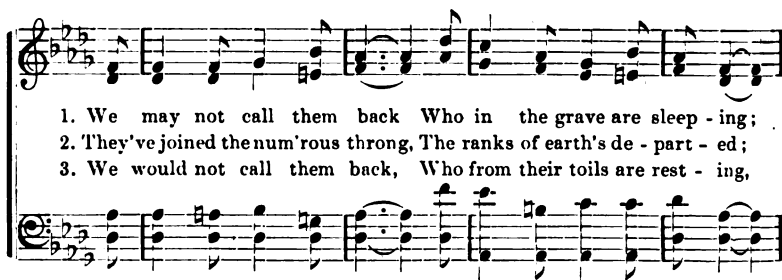
burst the fet- ters of the tomb, And wake in full, immortal bloom. A-MEN.  
*dim. . . . .*

The fourth and final system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The lyrics 'burst the fet- ters of the tomb, And wake in full, immortal bloom. A-MEN.' are written below the staff. A decrescendo marking 'dim. . . . .' is placed above the staff.

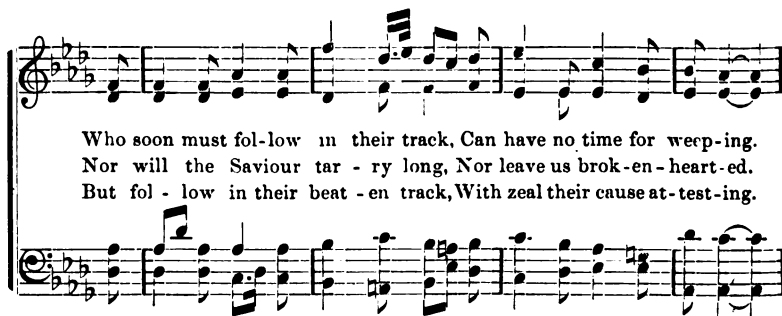
# 261 We May Not Call Them Back.

T. H.

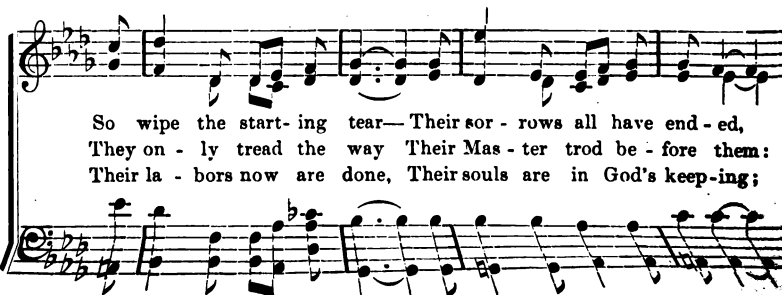
THORO HARRIS.



1. We may not call them back Who in the grave are sleep - ing;
2. They've joined the num'rous throng, The ranks of earth's de - part - ed;
3. We would not call them back, Who from their toils are rest - ing,



Who soon must fol - low in their track, Can have no time for weep - ing.  
Nor will the Saviour tar - ry long, Nor leave us brok - en - heart - ed.  
But fol - low in their beat - en track, With zeal their cause at - test - ing.



So wipe the start - ing tear— Their sor - rows all have end - ed,  
They on - ly tread the way Their Mas - ter trod be - fore them:  
Their la - bors now are done, Their souls are in God's keep - ing;

## We May Not Call Them Back. Concluded.

They're rest-ing from their la-bors here, Their souls to heav'n ascend-ed.  
To realms of pure E - den - ic day The Lord will soon re - store them.  
Too soon must set life's western sun, We have no time for weep-ing.

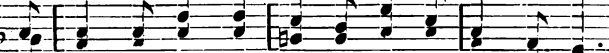
REFRAIN.                    them back,

RE-RAIN. then back,

*pp*

We may not call our dear ones back, Who in the grave are sleep - ing;  
We may not call their part-ed breath, Who peaceful rest are tak - ing,  
We would not call our dear ones back, Who in the grave are sleep - ing;

them back,



We soon must fol - low in their track, And we've no time for  
Be - yond the si - lent night of death There lies the morn of  
We would but fol - low in their track, And leave them to God's

for weep - - ing.  
of wak - - ing.  
God's keep - - ing.  
*rit.* . . . . .



weep - - ing, And we've no time *pp* for weeping.  
 wak - - ing, There lies the morn of waking.  
 keep - - ing, And leave them to God's keeping.

for weep - - ing.



*From the German.**Found and translated one Sunday night at a hotel in Mayence.*

J. E. RANKIN, LL. D.

THORO HARRIS.

*mp*

1. The tears which here are flow - ing In  
2. But, when to earth de-scend - ing, A

*pp*

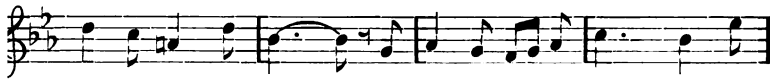
this dark world be - low,.... At night, an an - gel bears them A -  
gath-ered tear-drop goes,... It blooms a thing of beau - ty, A

*pp*

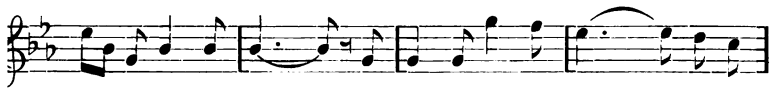
bove earth's hills of snow... It is so far to Heav - en, And  
snow-white lil - y blows... Perhaps a lil - y blos - soms, On

*mf* *p*

# Tears and Flowers. Concluded.



tears so heav - y be,..... That many a tear is drop - ping Back  
earth there blooms a flower.. As I from home an ex - ile, Have



to the deep, deep sea..... That many a tear is drop - ping Back  
wept this twilight hour... As I from home an ex - ile, Have



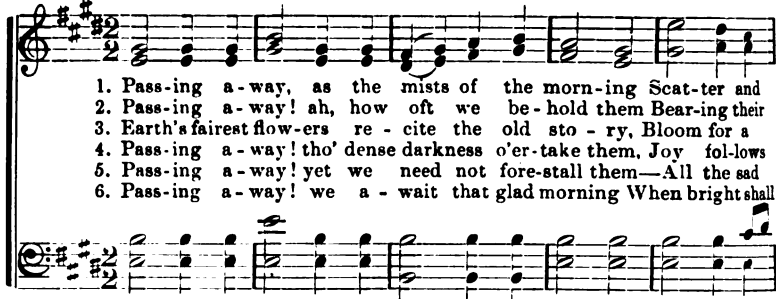
to the deep, back to the deep, deep sea.  
wept, have wept, have wept this twilight hour.



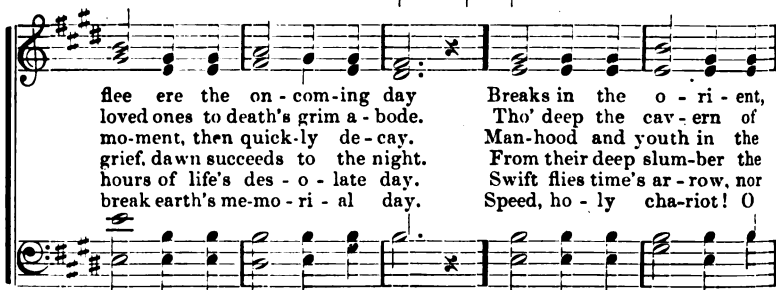
## Passing Away.

T. H.

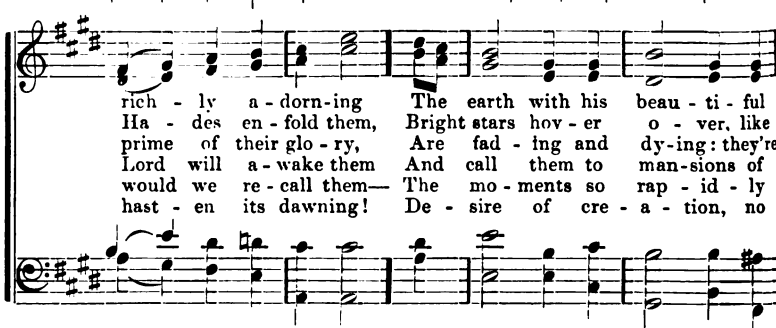
THORO HARRIS.



1. Pass-ing a-way, as the mists of the morn-ing Scat-ter and  
 2. Pass-ing a-way! ah, how oft we be-hold them Bear-ing their  
 3. Earth's fairest flow-ers re-cite the old sto-ry, Bloom for a  
 4. Pass-ing a-way! tho' dense darkness o'er-take them, Joy fol-lows  
 5. Pass-ing a-way! yet we need not fore-stall them—All the sad  
 6. Pass-ing a-way! we a-wait that glad morning When bright shall

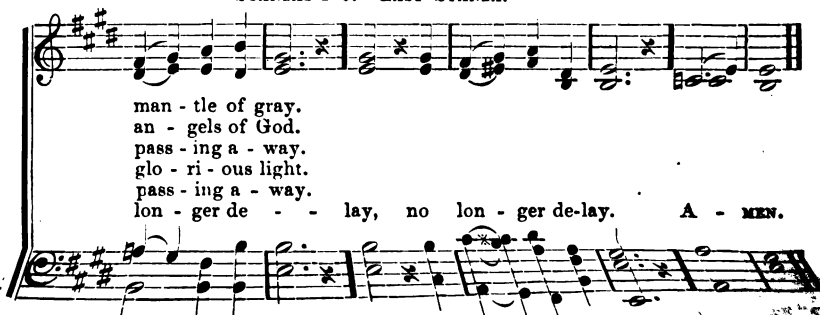


flee ere the on-com-ing day Breaks in the o-ri-ent,  
 loved ones to death's grim a-bode. Tho' deep the cav-ern of  
 mo-ment, then quick-ly de-cay. Man-hood and youth in the  
 grief, dawn succeeds to the night. From their deep slum-ber the  
 hours of life's des-o-late day. Swift flies time's ar-row, nor  
 break earth's me-mo-ri-al day. Speed, ho-ly cha-riot! O



rich-ly a-dorn-ing The earth with his beau-ti-ful  
 Ha-des en-fold them, Bright stars hov-er o-ver, like  
 prime of their glo-ry, Are fad-ing and dy-ing: they're  
 Lord will a-wake them And call them to man-sions of  
 would we re-call them—The mo-ments so rap-id-ly  
 hast-en its dawning! De-sire of cre-a-tion, no

## STANZAS 1-5. LAST STANZA.




man-tle of gray.  
 an-gels of God.  
 pass-ing a-way.  
 glo-ri-ous light.  
 pass-ing a-way.  
 lon-ger de-lay, no lon-ger de-lay. A-MEN.

T. H.


Rev. 6: 16, 17.

THORO HARRIS.




1. Earth's harvest of souls is come, Her summer for-ev - er past;  
 2. Hark, hark to the aw - ful din! The tempest beclouds the sky;  
 3. What hor - ror of grim de - spair! All fa - ces are wan and pale;  
 4. No long - er may peace be sought, No long - er are sins for - giv'n;  
 5. "We mocked at a Fa - ther's call, We slight-ed a Saviour's grace:  
 6. O wan-d'r'er, re - turn to God, The mes - sage of love o - bey;  
 7. Come now, at his foot - stool kneel, Christ Jesus will make thee whole;

for - ev - - er past;



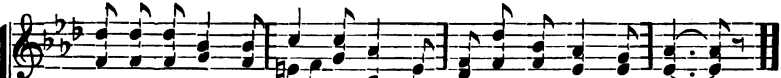
How solemn the thought! the day of doom Breaks o'er a lost world at last.  
 And now thro' the myriad hosts of sin Resoundeth one bit - ter cry:—  
 While from the lost millions gathered there Is heard the heart-rending wail:—  
 The Judge has decreed, "I know you not," And barred is the gate of heav'n.  
 Ye mountains and rocks, in pit - y fall, And hide his most dreadful face!  
 O spurn not his call, but trust his word While yet it is called to - day.  
 Come ere that mo - men - tous day re - veal The fate of a strick - en soul!

## CHORUS.



"The day of his wrath is come: Who shall be a - ble to stand?" O

The day, . . . the day of his wrath is come: O who shall be able to stand,

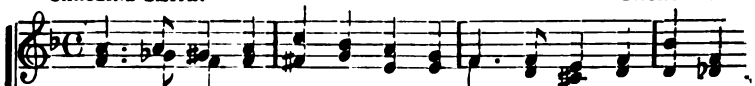


Who 'mid the fierce devouring flame Shall dwell at the Lord's right hand?

## Tarry With Me.

CAROLINE SMITH.

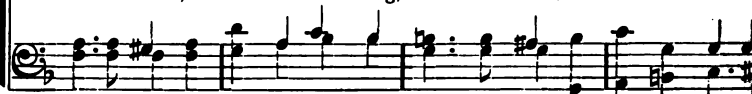
THORO HAI



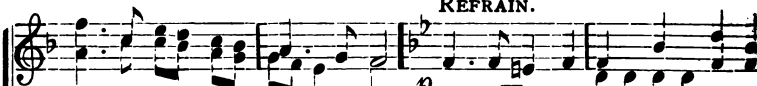
1. Tar - ry with me, O my Saviour, For the day is pass-ing t
2. Deep - er, deep-er grow the shadows, Pal - er now the glow-ing w
3. Lone - ly seems the vale of shadow, Sinks my heart with troubled fa
4. Let me hear thy voice be - hind me, Calm - ing all these wild a-lar
5. Fee - ble, trembling, fainting, dy - ing, Lord, I cast my care on the
6. Lo! the morn-ing light is breaking; See the gleaming from a - fa



See, the shades of evening gath - er, See, the shades of evening gath-er  
 Swift the night of death ad - vanc - er, Swift the night of death ad - vances  
 Give me faith for clear - er vis - ion, Give me faith for clear - er vis - ion  
 Let me, un - der - neath my weakness, Let me, un - derneath my weakne  
 Tar - ry with me thro' the darkness, Tar - ry with me thro' the darknes  
 Sons of earth, from slumber wak - ing, Sons of earth, from slumber wakin



## REFRAIN.



And the night is drawing nigh. Tar - ry with me, O my Saviour  
 Shall it be the night of rest? Tarry, O my Saviour  
 Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer.  
 Feel the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 While I sleep, still watch by me.  
 Hail the bright and morn-ing star.



cres.



Lay my head up - on thy breast Till the morning: then a - wak



## Tarry With Me. Concluded.



To thy home of glo - ry take me—Morning of e - ter - nal rest.



266

## Equality.

T. R. WILLIAMSON.

THORO HARRIS.

*Vivace.*



1. A - mer - i - ca, how great thy fame! Long may the magic of thy name
2. Thy homes are where affection reigns, Where heart to heart in gold-en chains
3. God, Home, and Country! This shall be Thy battle shout till vic - to - ry



Thrill loy - al hearts and true; May e - qual rule and righteous law Still  
Is bound in fet - ters light; Where warm hands hold, where light feet haste, Where  
Shall crown thy warfare's close, Till thy blest land, O coun - try dear, We



be the mag - net that shall draw The Old World to the New.  
strength with gen - tle - ness is graced, Where pleas - ure dwells with right.  
change for yon - der glorious sphere, Where peace e - ter - nal flows.



JNO. PIERPONT.

1. The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they? The waves that brought  
 2. The Pilgrim ex - ile—saint-ed name! The hill, whose i - cy  
 3. The Pilgrim spir - it has not fled: It walks in noon's broad

Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray, As they break  
 Re-joiced when he came in the morning's flame, In the morn  
 And watch-es the bed of the glo - rious dead, With the ho

long the shore; Still roll in the bay, as they roll'd that day  
 flame, burns now; The moon's cold light, as it lay that night  
 stars by night; It watch-es the bed of the brave who bled,

May-flower moor'd below, When the sea a-round was black  
 hill - sides and the sea, Lingers where he laid his housele  
 guard this ice-bound shore, Till the wav-ing bay where the May

## Where Are They? Concluded.



white the shore with snow, And white the shore with snow.  
 Pilgrim—where is he? The Pilgrim—where is he?  
 foam and freeze no more, Shall foam and freeze no more.  
 And white the shore with snow.



## 18 Humility. C. M.

BY MISS ALICE BANKS.

THORO HARRIS.



1. I come, a wea-ry prod-i-gal, No more from thee to  
 2. O, wash me, cleanse me, make me clean, Change this vile heart of  
 3. Yes, rid me of these fil-thy rags, This soul-de-fil-ing



stray;... I would that thou, O Lord, just now Wouldst  
 mine;... For I would ev-er be, dear Lord, A  
 dress;... And put on me the snow-white robe Of



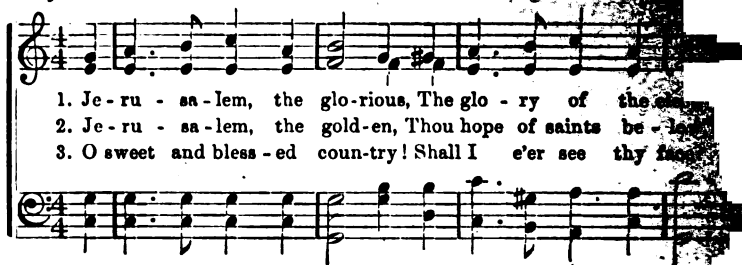
take my sins a-way, Wouldst take my sins a-way.  
 hum-ble child of thine, A hum-ble child of thine.  
 Christ's own right-eous-ness, Of Christ's own right-eous-ness.



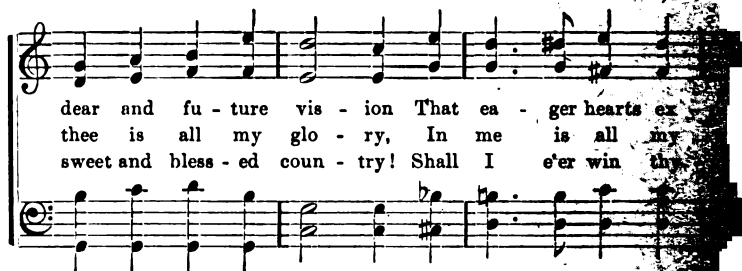


## 269 Jerusalem the Glorious.

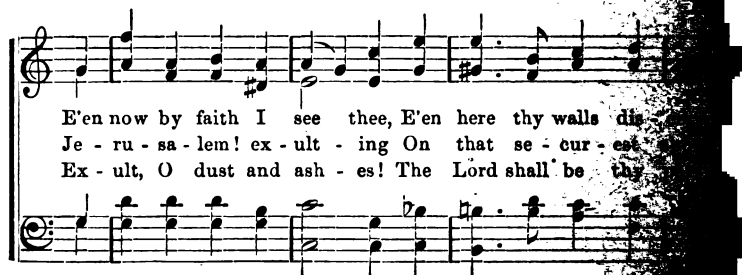
JNO. M. NEALE.



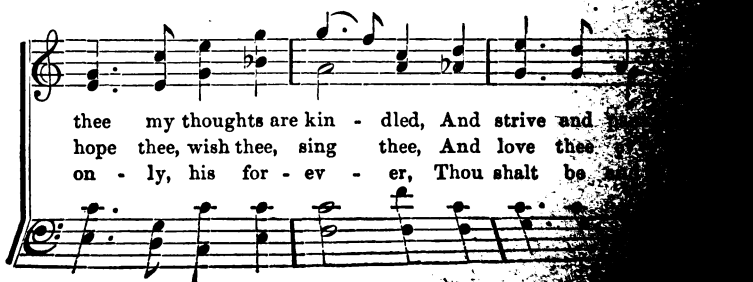
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious, The glo - ry of the  
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, Thou hope of saints be - less  
 3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! Shall I e'er see thy face



dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex -  
 thee is all my glo - ry, In me is all my  
 sweet and bless - ed coun - try! Shall I e'er win thy



E'en now by faith I see thee, E'en here thy walls dis -  
 Je - ru - sa - lem! ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est  
 Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy



thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive and  
 hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee  
 on - ly, his for - ev - er, Thou shalt be

# Thy Gentle Voice. 6.6.6.4.

G. HASTINGS.

THORO HARRIS.



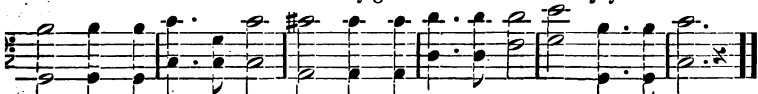
1. Sav-iour, thy gen - tle voice Glad - ly thy children hear; Au - thor of  
Though to our faith un - seen, While dismal darkness reigns, On thee a -



all our joys, Ev - er be near. Our souls would cling to thee  
lone we lean While life re - mains. By thy free grace re - stored



Now and e - ter - nal - ly: Let us thy ful - ness see, Our life to cheer.  
Our souls shall bless the Lord: Be thy great name adored In joy - ful strains!



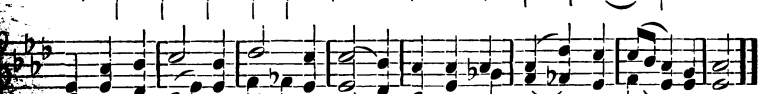
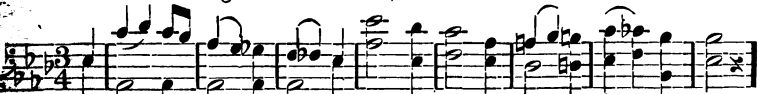
## 271 Golden Gate. L. M.

Words by  
J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

MENDELSSOHN. Arr. by  
THORO HARRIS.



1. From Plymouth Rock to Golden Gate, The Lord has made us grand and great;  
2. A fee - ble flock our fathers came; A homeless folk, without a name;  
3. Con - sid - er things that were of old, Wonders our sires have of - ten told;



O Nation, 'neath God's shelt'ring wings, Remember thou the for - mer things.  
Left old - world ti - tles and re - wards, And signed themselves to be the Lord's.  
Dear Land, beneath His shadow dwell, And stand confessed God's Is - ra - el!



# 272 Thou God of Nations.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., LL. D.

MENDELSSOHN. Arr.

*Andante.*

*mf*

1. Thou God of nations, great Thy name! A fee - ble flock our fa - ther  
 2. Realm af - ter realm is granted them, Star af - ter star their skies to  
 3. Thou God of nations, lead us on, Un - til our goal on earth be

*cres.* *dim.*

Ex - iles for freedom, o'er the sea, Their strength and trust, O Lord, in T  
 Un - til thro' freedom's o - pen door, They flock to us from ev - ry sh  
 Smite thou the rock, di - vide the seas, Un - fold to us Thine own de - ar

*p* *f* *dim.*

The timbered hills to them gave way, And year by year their cong'ring  
 Un - til the islands of the sea Have caught the songs of lib - er -  
 And keep Thou, Lord, thro' floods and fires, The cove - nant made with our

*p* *f*

Three cen - tu - ries are scarce - ly spent, Ere they pos - sess  
 With awe we read Thy sov - 'reign will, As with our sires  
 When in cold seas the Mayflower lay, Safe anchored there

*p*

con - ti - nent, Ere they pos - sess the  
 with us still, As with our sires, be  
 Plym - outh Bay, Safe anchored there in

## The New Heart. C. M.

THORO HARRIS.

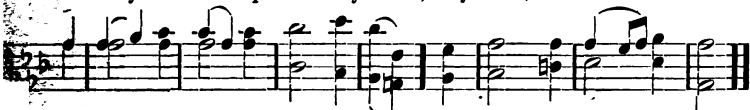
THORO HARRIS.



1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re-signed, submis-sive, meek, My dear Redeemer's throne;
3. A hum-ble, low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true and clean;
4. A heart in ev-ery thought renewed, And filled with love di-vine:
5. Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part, Come quick-ly from a-bove,



A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me!  
Whereon-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.  
Per-fect and right and pure and good, A cop-y, Lord, of thine!  
Write thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love!



74

## Adria. C. M.

NINE STEELE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-ery murmur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine, My life and death attend;



Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—  
The blessings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.  
Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end. A-MEN.



## I Will Give You Rest.

THURD HARRIS.

pp Come un - to me when  
There, like an E - den

shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed;  
blossoming in glad - ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude - ly prest.

[1st TIME.]  
pp Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'nly Father, Come un - to me, and  
Come un - to him, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

I will give you rest. Large are the man - sions in our Father's dwelling,

Glad are those homes that sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in

## I Will Give You Rest. Concluded.



ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones that raise the heav'nly hymn.



[2d TIME.

*Alto.*



*cres.*

"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest."

*Soprano.*



276

## Little Lambs.

H.

THORO HARRIS.



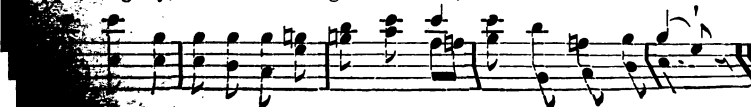
1. Je - sus calls the lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs, lit - tle lambs, Je - sus calls the
2. "Let the children come to me, come to me, come to me, Let the children



lit - tle lambs To his lov - ing breast. Hear the gentle Shepherd say, tenderly,  
come to me: Such my kingdom blest." O how sweet the Saviour calls, earnestly,



lov - ing - ly, "Enter now the fold to - day, I will give you rest."  
leading - ly, Listen to his gen - tle voice, "Come to me and rest."



277

## Crimea. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-ery even-  
 2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-  
 3. I yield my-self to thy command; To thee I con-se-crate my

And morn-ing mercies from above Gent-ly dis-till like ear-ly dew,  
 Thy sov-er-ign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow-  
 Per-petual blessings from thy hand Demand perpetual songs of praise.

278

## Sweet the Tears I Shed. C. M.

RAY PALMER.

T. 4/4

1. O Je-sus, sweet the tears I shed While at thy cross  
 2. My heart dis-solves to see thee bleed, This heart so long  
 3. I know this cleansing blood of thine Was shed, dear Lord  
 4. In pa-tient hope the cross I'll bear, Thine arm shall

Gaze on thy wounded, faint-ing head, And all thy sor-row  
 I hear thee for the guilt-y plead, And grief o'er-flow  
 For me, for all—O grace di-vine!—Who look by faith  
 And thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare On thy great

## Only, Master, Go Before.

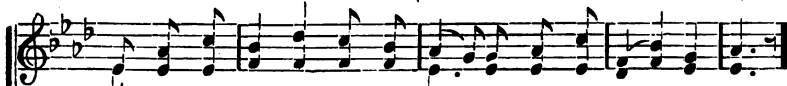
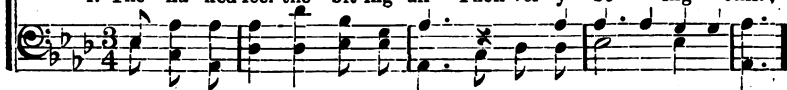
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.



Dear Lord, thy brethren are ;

1. Thou art no long-er in the world, Dear Lord, thy breth- ren are ;
2. Be-thes-da's pool is o - pen still, Her blind has Jer - i - cho,
3. The hungry throng the crowded street, Or in the al - leys shrink ;
4. The na - ked feel the bit-ing air Their ver-y be - ing chill ;



By passion wrecked, by tem-pest hurled, And tempted to de-spair.  
 And we may turn where'er we will Nor from the wretched go.  
 They on - ly ask rest for their feet, For com-mon food and drink.  
 And turn we here or turn we there, We meet the out - cast still.



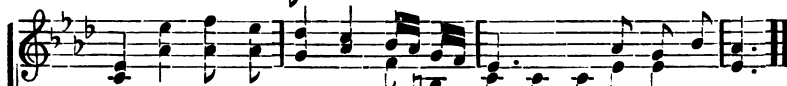
## REFRAIN.



Where men need me, guide me, lead me, On - ly, Mas - - ter,  
 On - ly, Mas - ter,



go be - fore, To the sor - row - ing and sigh - ing, To the



sick and to the dy-ing, Pal - ace - hall or pris-on door.  
 or pris - on door.

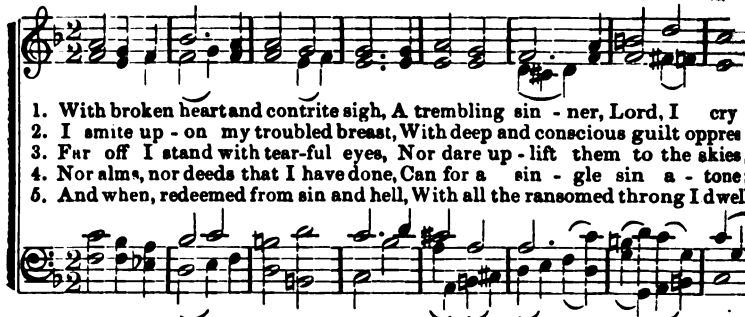




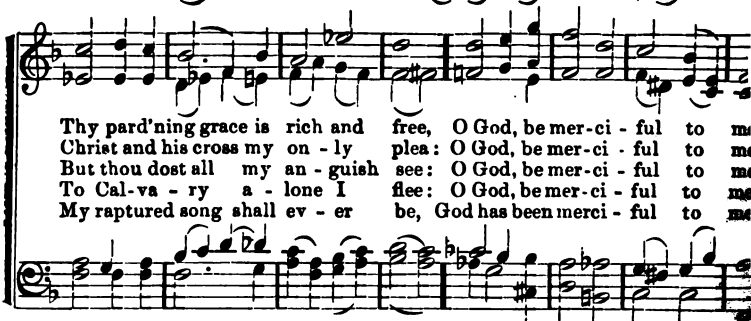
# 280 With Broken Heart. L. M.

CORNELIUS ELVEN.

THORO HALL



1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry
2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppres
3. Far off I stand with tear - ful eyes, Nor dare up - lift them to the skies
4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin - gle sin a - tone
5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell

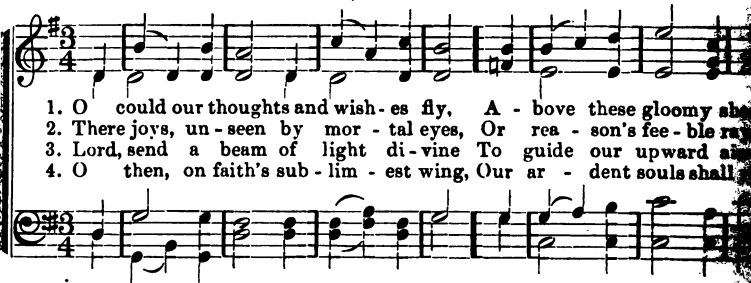


Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free, O God, be mer-ci - ful to me  
 Christ and his cross my on - ly plea: O God, be mer-ci - ful to me  
 But thou dost all my an - guish see: O God, be mer-ci - ful to me  
 To Cal - va - ry a - lone I flee: O God, be mer-ci - ful to me  
 My raptured song shall ev - er be, God has been mer-ci - ful to me

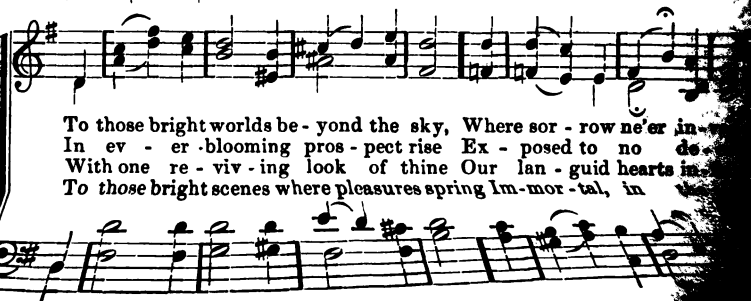
# 281 Those Bright Worlds. C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

THORO HARRIS.



1. O could our thoughts and wish - es fly, A - bove these gloomy shades
2. There joys, un - seen by mor - tal eyes, Or rea - son's fee - ble rays
3. Lord, send a beam of light di - vine To guide our upward aims
4. O then, on faith's sub - lim - est wing, Our ar - dent souls shall



To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Where sor - row ne'er in -  
 In ev - er - blooming pros - pect rise Ex - posed to no de -  
 With one re - viv - ing look of thine Our lan - guid hearts in -  
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring Im - mor - tal, in

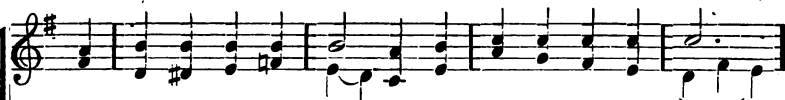
# 52 Jerusalem the Golden. 7.6. D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, Tr. JOHN M. NEALE.  
*Allegro.*

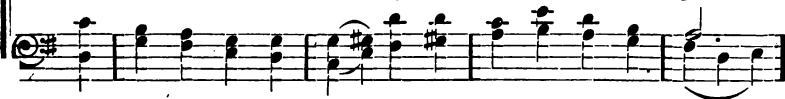
THORO HARRIS.



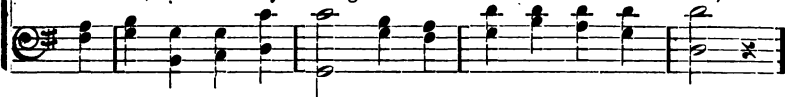
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - least,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:  
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng:  
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;  
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

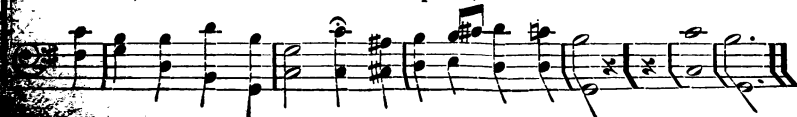


I know not, O I know not What ho - ly joys are there,  
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,  
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,



What ra - di - ancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare!  
The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.  
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.  
Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

A - MEN.



S. J. GRAHAM.

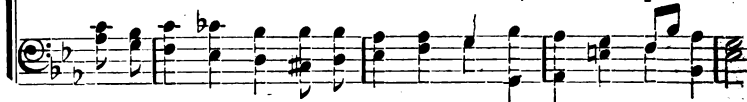
THORO HAN



1. Yes, the gold - en morning is fast approaching, Je - sus soon will cor
2. Soon the gos - pel summons will all be car - ried To the na - tions rou
3. Then at - tend - ed by all the shining an - gels, Down the flaming sk,
4. There the loved ones dear who have long been parted, All will meet that c



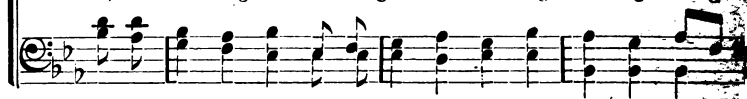
He will take his faith-ful and hap-py children To their promis d he  
 Christ the Bridegroom then will no longer tarry, But the trump shall so  
 God the Judge will come, and will take his people Where they can-not di  
 And the tears of those who are broken - hearted, Will be wiped a - wa



## REFRAIN.



O, we see the gleams of the gold - en morning Piercing through



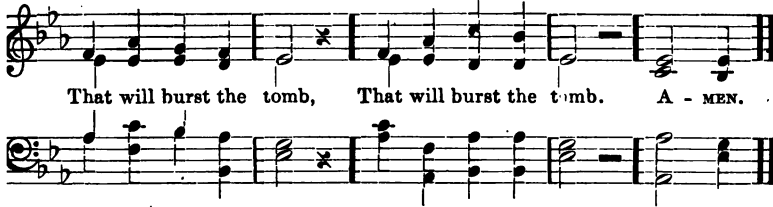
night of gloom! Yes, we see the gleams of the gold - en morn  
 night of sin and gloom!



## Golden Morning. Concluded.

[STANZAS 1-3.]

[FINAL STANZA.]



That will burst the tomb, That will burst the tomb. A - MEN.

## 284 Welcome, Little Robin. 6.5.D.

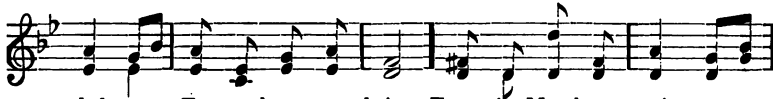
STEPHEN FORD.

THORO HARRIS.


*Blithely.*



1. Welcome, lit - tle rob - in, Mes - sen - ger of spring! Notes of cheer and
2. Wake - ful lit - tle rob - in! First to greet the light While the world is
3. Cheer - ful lit - tle rob - in, From all sor - row free! Not a strain of
4. Trust - ful lit - tle rob - in, Free from anxious care, Since the feathered

glad - ness To my heart you bring. Frosts in March a - wait you,  
sleep - ing In the arms of night; Oft your chirping wakes me,  
sad - ness Mars your mel - o - dy. Sweet the psalm you teach me,  
song - sters In God's bounty share. List'ning to your warb - ling,



*poco rit. . . . .*



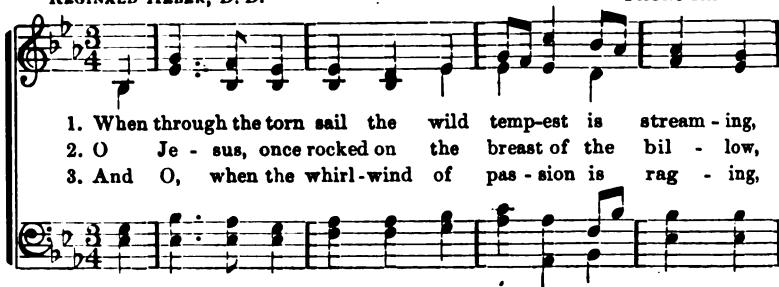
But you seem to say, "All my songs are fragrant With the breath of May."  
And you seem to say, "Rouse thee from thy slumber; Greet the newborn day!"  
For you seem to say, "Tune thy heart to gladness; Seat - ter grief a - way."  
This you seem to say, "God, who cares for rob - ins, Guards thee day by day."



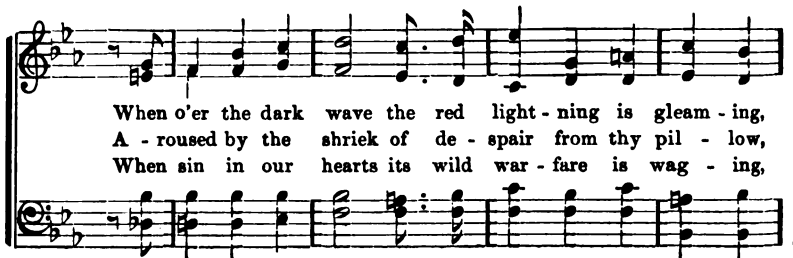
# 285 Save, or We Perish. 12.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

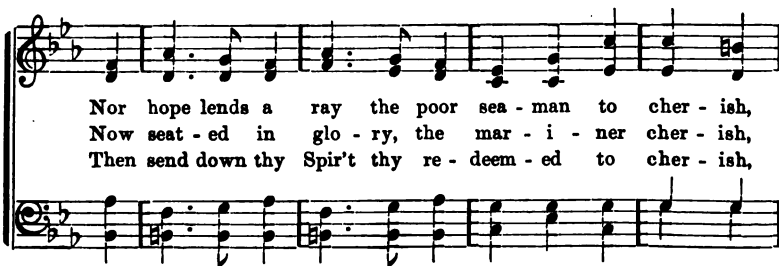
THORO HARRIS.



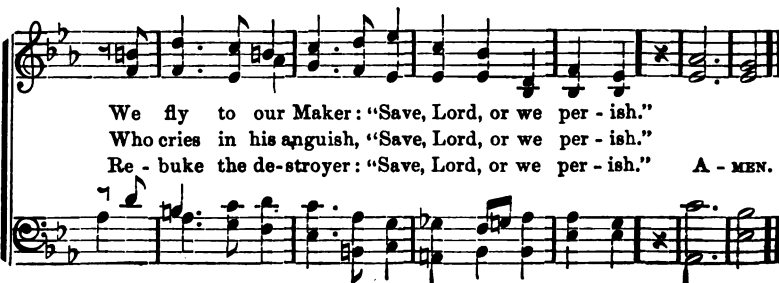
1. When through the torn sail the wild temp-est is stream-ing,  
 2. O Je - sus, once rocked on the breast of the bil - low,  
 3. And O, when the whirl-wind of pas-sion is rag - ing,



When o'er the dark wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing,  
 A - roused by the shriek of de - spair from thy pil - low,  
 When sin in our hearts its wild war-fare is wag - ing,



Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to cher-ish,  
 Now seat-ed in glo-ry, the mar-i-ner cher-ish,  
 Then send down thy Spir't thy re-deem-ed to cher-ish,



We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we per-ish."  
 Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we per-ish."  
 Re-buke the de-stroyer: "Save, Lord, or we per-ish." A - MEN.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O thou su - preme - ly good, With na - ture all di - vine, Whose  
2. Lit be our darkened hearts With thy in - spir - ing ray, And

love and ten - der fa - ther-hood Through all thy dealings shine,—  
may the lamp thy truth im - parts, Lead on to glo - rious day.


The cha - os of our sin, Re - moves thee far from sight: O  
With mer - cy's copious streams Thy suppliant chil - dren bless; Send

[1ST STANZA.] [FINAL STANZA.]

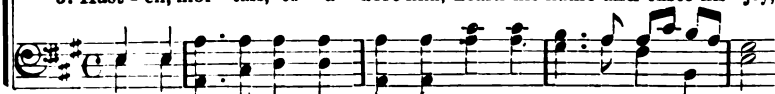

send thy lumination in, Command, Let there be light!  
forth thy radiant healing beams, Bright Sun of righteousness.

Rev. JOHN CAWOOD.



THORO HARRIS.





1. Hark! what mean those ho-ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
 2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven," Reaching far as man is found;  
 3. Hast - en, mor - tals, to a - dore him, Learn his name and taste his joy,

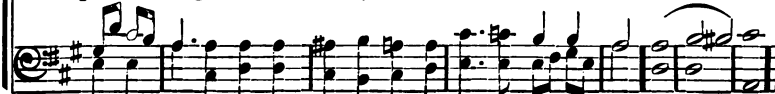
Lo, th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.  
 Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en, Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
 Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, "Glo-ry be to God on high."

Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy,  
 Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed! Heav'n and earth his praises ' sing.  
 Let us learn the wondrous sto - ry Of our great Re-deem-er's birth,

"Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!"  
 O re-ceive whom God appointed For your prophet, priest and king.  
 Spread the brightness of his glory Till it cov-er all the earth. A - - MEN.



JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Hark! the song of Ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thun - ders roar,  
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,  
 3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With il - lim - it - a - ble sway;

Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!  
 Wakes a - bove, be - neath, around, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies!  
 He shall reign, when like a scroll, Yon - der heav'n's are passed a - way;

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign!  
 See Je - ho - vah's ban - ner furled, Sheathed his sword, he speaks—'tis done!  
 Then the end: be - neath his rod, Man's last en - e - my shall fall;

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.  
 And the kingdoms of this world Are the king - doms of his Son!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.



# 289 Lord of All Being. L. M.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Lord of all be-ing, throned a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;  
 2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
 3. Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn; Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
 4. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
 5. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for thee,

Centre and soul of ev-ery sphere, Yet to each loving heart how near!  
 Star of our hope, thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.  
 Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign; All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!  
 Before thy ev - er - blazing throne We ask no lus-tre of our own.  
 Till all thy liv-ing al-tars claim One holy light, one heav'nly flame! A - MEN.

# 290 There Is a Calm. 8.8.8.4.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pilgrims found:  
 2. The storm that racks the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep re-pose  
 3. I long to lay this pain-ful head And aching heart beneath the soil;

They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep Low in the ground.  
 Than summer evening's lat - est sigh, That shuts the rose.  
 To slumber, in that dream-less bed, From all my toil.

T. H.

T. HARRIS.

1. Beau-ti-ful Eden, home of the blest, Beau-ti-ful garden of life;  
 2. Here is the home by prophets foretold, Home for the sad and opprest :

*pp*

This musical system consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line with chords marked with 'x'.

Here in thy peaceful bow-ers we rest, Ref-uge from sin and strife.  
 Beau-ti-ful streets all radiant with gold, Beau-ti-ful place of rest.

This musical system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The melody includes a half note D5 and a quarter note E5. The piano accompaniment continues with chords marked with 'x'.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful home, Heaven-ly home, Cit-y e - ternal, Glo-ry su-pernal,

This musical system contains the refrain. The vocal melody starts with a half note G4 and includes a half note A4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords marked with 'x'.

*Repeat pp, after last stanza.*

Radiant with light, Peaceful and bright, Rest for the saints of God.

This musical system concludes the piece. The vocal melody includes a half note G4 and a half note A4. The piano accompaniment features chords marked with 'x' and a final cadence.

# 292 Long Live, Long Live America!

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Dedicated to the Nation's Defenders.

W. H. PONTIUS.

*Maestoso.*



1. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I give to thee! Full
2. Thou art so sweet in thy repose, The world thy friend, abashed thy foes; Thou
3. When Freedom's cause late waked the land, 'Twas thine to wield war's flaming brand; Thy
4. Truth's battle fought, truth's vict'ry won, The man-a - cles from man undone, Thou



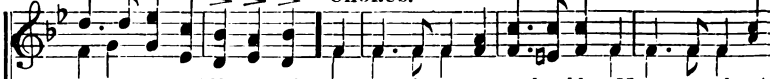
high thy brave, strong wing has won, Thine ea - gle eye is on the sun; Still  
seek - est not the bat - tle - plain, Thy fields wave with the gold - en grain; The  
face suf-fused with God's own light, Thou ros - est to thy full queen's height; And  
seem - est now some ma - tron fair, Thy vow fulfilled, and heard thy pray'r; Thy



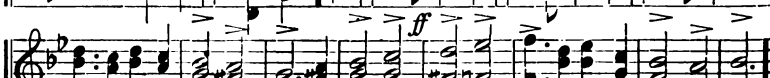
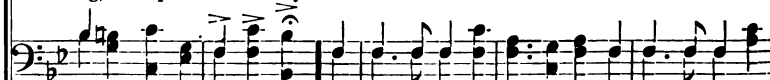
up-ward be thy heav'nward flight, Still up-ward mount, till lost in light, Still  
sheaves which thou dost garner in, Come with the harvest's mer - ry din, Come  
reaped thy flashing sick - le then, Not fields of wheat but fields of men, Not  
children play - ing round thy knee, Thy song, sweet peace and lib - er - ty! Thy



CHORUS.



upward mount till lost in light. A - mer - i - ca, so proud and free, My song, my heart I  
with the harvest's merry din.  
fields of wheat but fields of men.  
song, sweet peace and liberty!



give to thee; Long live, long live A - mer - i - ca! Long live, long live Amer - i - ca.



*emphatic.*

*ff*

293

## Fountain. C. M.

WM. COWPER.

Arranged by THORO HARRIS.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;  
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power  
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing thy power to save

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Are saved to sin no more.  
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Is ransomed from the grave.

294

## Contrition. C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O thou whose ten - der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum - ble sigh,  
 2. See, Lord, be - fore thy throne of grace, A wretched wand'r'er mourn.  
 3. And shall my guilt - y fears pre - vail To drive me from thy feet?  
 4. O shine on this be - night - ed heart, With beams of mer - cy shine!

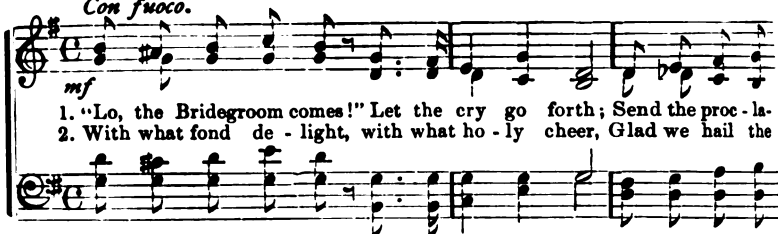
Whose hand indulgent wipe the tears From sorrow's weeping eye,—  
 Dost thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, Return?  
 O, let not this last ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat!  
 And let thy heal - ing voice impart The sense of joy di - vine. A - MEN.

295

## The Bridegroom.

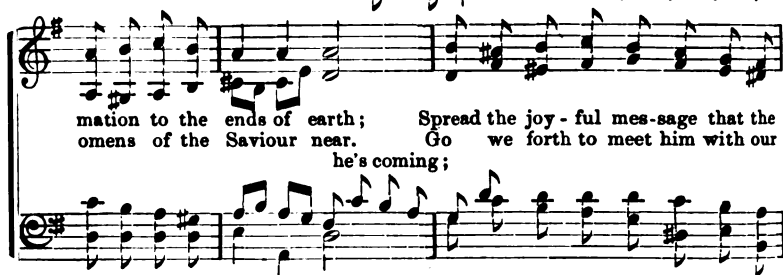
T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

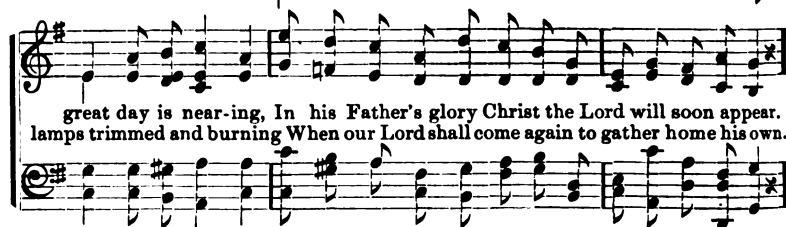
*Con fuoco.*


*mf*

1. "Lo, the Bridegroom comes!" Let the cry go forth; Send the proc-  
 2. la-  
 2. With what fond de-light, with what ho-ly cheer, Glad we hail the

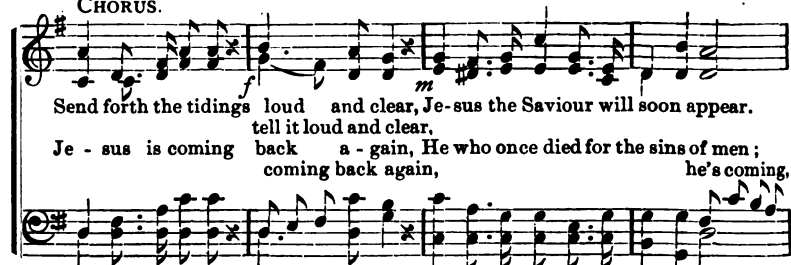


mation to the ends of earth; Spread the joy-ful mes-sage that the  
 omens of the Saviour near. Go we forth to meet him with our  
 he's coming;



great day is near-ing, In his Father's glory Christ the Lord will soon appear.  
 lamps trimmed and burning When our Lord shall come again to gather home his own.

## CHORUS.



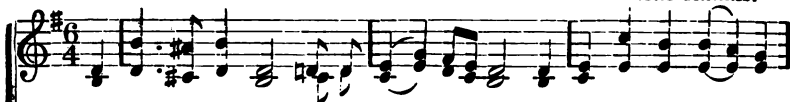
*f* *m*

Send forth the tidings loud and clear, Je-sus the Saviour will soon appear.  
 tell it loud and clear,  
 Je - sus is coming back a - gain, He who once died for the sins of men;  
 coming back again, he's coming.



*rit. tempo.* meet him.

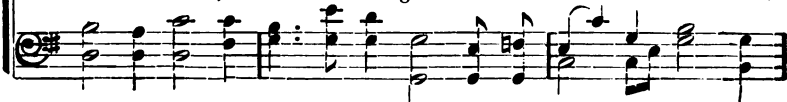
Lo, the Bridegroom comes in the clouds of glory, Go ye forth with joy to meet the Lord.



1. How ear-nest, how sweet, is the Sav-iour's voice! It bids ev-'ry trembling
2. Your burdens are heav-y, your faith so weak; But Je-sus has come all the
3. The night may be dark, and the road so drear; But an-gels are hov-er-ing
4. The Lord is soon com-ing to claim his own, That all who o-bey him may



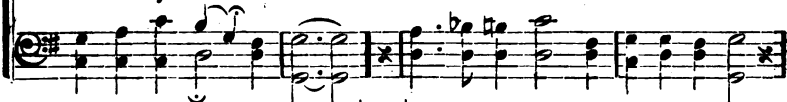
heart re-joice. O come to him now, make his paths your choice: He  
lost to seek. O turn to him now, and his voice will speak The  
'round you here; Then how can you doubt with your Lord so near? O  
share his throne; He'll come with bright clouds to receive them home Who



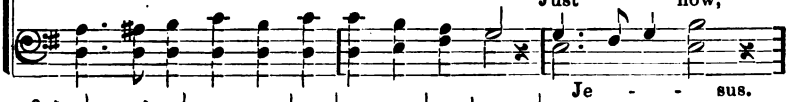
## REFRAIN.



pa-tient-ly waits for thee. Come to him now, yes, come to him now, a  
sins of your life for-giv'n.  
trust in his might-y power!  
faithful-ly serve him here.



Rest in his love, at his cross hum-bly bow. Come to him now, yes,  
Just now,



Je - - sus.



come to him now; O wan-d'r'er, come home to Je - sus just now.  
right now;

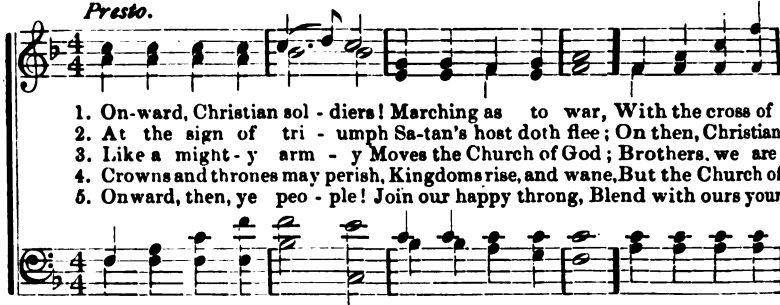


# 297 Onward, Christian Soldiers. 6. 5. D.

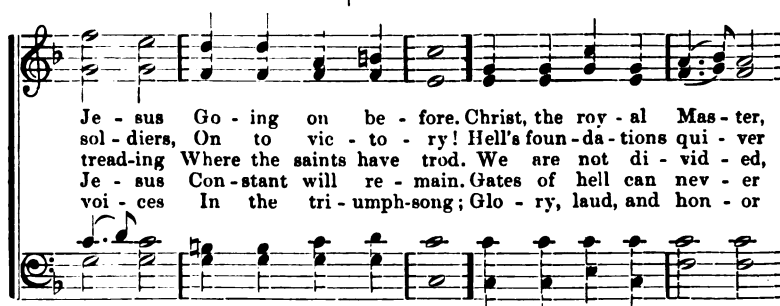
S. BAKING-GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

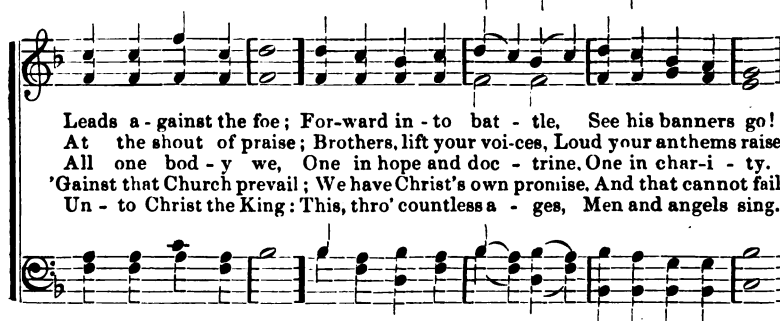
*Presto.*



1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's host doth flee; On then, Christian  
 3. Like a might-y arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
 4. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise, and wane, But the Church of  
 5. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions qui - ver  
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er  
 voi - ces In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or



Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go!  
 At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voi-ces, Loud your anthems raise:  
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the

# Onward, Christian Soldiers. Concluded.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

The musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

298

## Come, Ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

J. INGALLS. Har. by THORO HARRIS.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;  
 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;  
 4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
 5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar-den, Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies;

The musical notation for the first system shows a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, ad - o - ra - tion, Christ, the Lord, will come to reign.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, And his heart with love runs o'er.  
 True be - lief and true re - pentance—Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit-ness he re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of him.  
 If you tar-ry till you're better, You will never come at all.  
 On the bloody tree be - hold him, Hear him cry be - fore he dies.

The musical notation for the second system shows a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation ; Sound the praise of his dear name ; D.C.

The musical notation for the third system shows a treble staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



F. E. BELDEN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Car - ry the joy - ful ti - dings To ev - 'ry land and sea;  
 2. God who hath lent his tal - ents, Bids us his ser - vice choose;  
 3. Souls on the O - rient moun - tains, Souls in the northern snows,

Ban - ish the heart di - vid - ings,—Brothers should brothers be:  
 God who hath lent his rich - es, Bids us in kind - ness use;  
 Souls by the south - ern foun - tains, Souls where the sun - set glows!

Christ died for all the na - tions, "One flesh and blood," saith he;  
 God who hath free - dom giv - en, Calls us to make it known;  
 Souls out of Christ the Sav - iour: O for a church of love,

There are no tribes or sta - tions; One in the Lord are we.  
 He is pre - par - ing heav - en Not for ourselves a - lone.  
 Bear - ing the price - less fa - vor, Point - ing the lost a - bove!

1. The Saviour is call-ing the wan-der-er home: O come to him now, yes,  
 2. The Saviour is call-ing: fly, fly to his breast; O come to him now, yes,  
 3. The Saviour is call-ing: O hear his sweet voice; O come to him now, yes,

come to him now. O why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam, When  
 come to him now: Lay down ev'-ry bur-den, ac-cept his sweet rest, For  
 come to him now: Be-lieve the glad message, and thou shalt rejoice: For

## REFRAIN.

Je-sus is call-ing thee now. O come to him now, yes, come to him  
 is calling thee now.

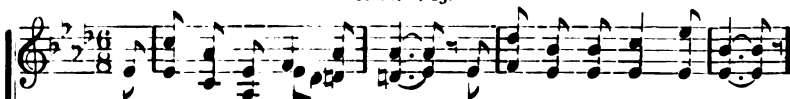
now, Re-turn to the Lord, at his feet humbly bow; He waits to be

gracious, he longs to for-give; Now Jesus is ten-der-ly call-ing.  
 calling thee now.

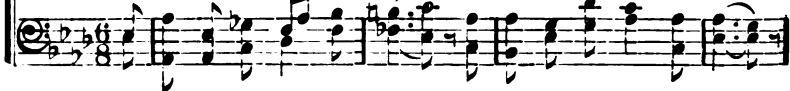

T. H.

Rom. 6: 23.

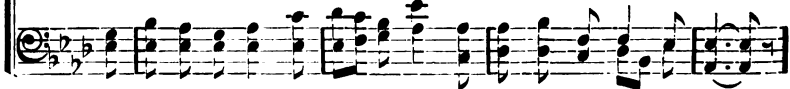
THORO HARRIS.




1. O Sa-tan, I hear thy voice Al-lur-ing my soul a-stray;  
 2. But when-ev-ry as-cred joy I free-ly re-nounce for thee,  
 3. If will-ing-ly I fore-go The pleas-ures of God's e-lect,  
 4. If ev-'ry bright hour of youth And man-hood I vain-ly spend  
 5. De-vot-ing my years to thee, And striving with la-bor hard  
 6. If Satan's most ab-ject slave For naught I con-sent to be,  
 7. God counsels me from the skies With caution to count the cost  
 8. Soon mercy's brief hour shall end, Stern jus-tice will seal my fate;  
 9. Grant wisdom that I may view The scenes of that day a-right,


But now, ere I reach a fi-nal choice, Tell, what does thy ser-vice pay?  
 And solely to sin my powers employ, Then what wilt thou offer me?  
 And on-ly thy ser-vile bondage know, What wages may I ex-pect?  
 In warring against God's quick'ning truth, Pray, what is the bitter end?  
 To work thy de-bas-ing drudger-y, Say, what is my just re-ward?  
 What fruit of my toil shall I receive, And what is my des-ti-ny?  
 Be-fore I his matchless grace de-spise, And life is for-ev-er lost.  
 Then teach me, O Lord, aright to spend These moments of sol-emn weight!  
 Be-fore I bid heav'n a long a-dieu And sink in e-ter-nal night!



## REFRAIN.



The wag-es of sin is death, . . 'Tis wretchedness, want and shame;  
 endless death, agony, sorrow and shame,



# The Wages of Sin. Concluded.

[STANZAS 1-8.]

*rit.*

'Tis anguish and care, remorse, despair ; 'Tis naught but a tarnished name.  
tarnished name.

[FINAL STANZA.]

*rit.*

'Tis anguish and care, remorse, despair ; 'Tis naught but a tarnished name.  
tarnished name.

## 302 Come, Thou Weary. 8. 5. 8. 3.

REV. S. C. MORGAN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Come, thou wea-ry, Je - sus calls thee To his wounded side;
2. Seek - ing Je - sus? Je - sus seeks thee Wants thee as thou art;
3. If thou let him, he will save thee, Make thee all his own:
4. Wilt thou still re - fuse his of - fer? Wilt thou say him nay?
5. Dost thou feel thy life is wea - ry? Is thy soul d - s - tressed?

*dim.*

"Come to me," saith he, "and ev - er Safe a - bide."  
He is knock-ing, ev - er knock-ing At thy heart.  
Guide thee, keep thee, save thee, take thee To his throne.  
Wilt thou let him grieved, re - ject - ed, Go a - way?  
Take his of - fer, wait no long - er; Be at rest!

## By and By.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

*p* *cres.* *p* *pp*

1. We shall reach the land of light, By and by, by and by,  
 2. Soon shall open the gates of heav'n, By and by, by and by,  
 3. In that land beyond the tide, By and by, by and by,  
 4. In the mansions of the blest, By and by, by and by,

*m* *p*

And the gold - en cit - y bright, By and by, by and by.  
 And a crown of life be giv'n By and by, by and by.  
 We shall ev - er-more a - bide, By and by, by and by.  
 We shall find our promised rest, By and by, by and by.

We shall all be gath-ered home Where no ill can ev - er come,  
 We shall gain the port of rest, Where no e - vil can mo-lest,  
 On that fair ce - les - tial shore, When the storms of life are o'er,  
 Free from an - guish, pain and care, By the tree of life so fair,

*cres.* *p* *pp*

Nev - er - more from God to roam, By and by, by and by.  
 Range the pas - tures of the blest, By and by, by and by.  
 We shall meet to part no more, By and by, by and by.  
 We shall dwell for - ev - er there, By and by, by and by.

# By and By. Concluded.

## REFRAIN.

By and by, some sweet day, We shall  
By and by, yes, by and by,

meet to part no more, By and by, yes, by and by.

304

# Beaufort. 8. 7.

JAS. ELGINBURG.

THORO HARRIS.

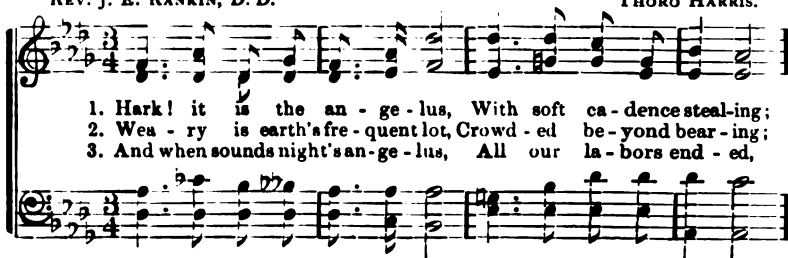
1. I will fol-low thee, my Saviour, Whereso-e'er my lot may be.  
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorn-y, Trackless as the foam-ing sea,  
3. Tho' I meet with trib-u-la-tion, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be,  
4. Tho' thou lead'st me thro' af-flic-tion, Poor, for-sak-en tho' I be,  
5. Tho' to Jor-dan's roll-ing bil-lows, Cold and deep, thou lead-est me,  
6. I will fol-low thee, dear Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;

Where thou go-est I will fol-low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.  
Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I'll glad-ly fol-low thee.  
I re-mem-ber thou wast tempt-ed, And re-joice to fol-low thee.  
Tho' wast des-ti-tute, af-flic-ted, And I on-ly fol-low thee.  
Thou hast crossed the waves be-fore me; And I still will fol-low thee.  
And tho' all men should for-sake thee, By thy grace I'll fol-low thee.

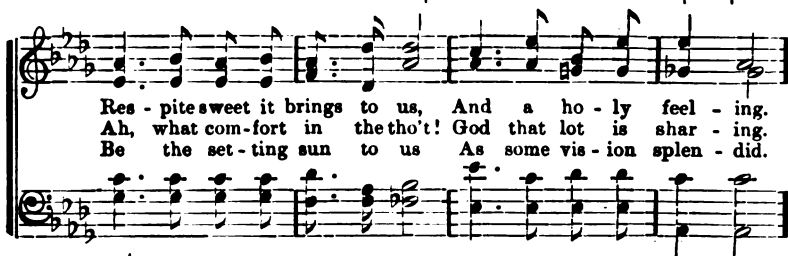
## The Angelus. 7. 6. D.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

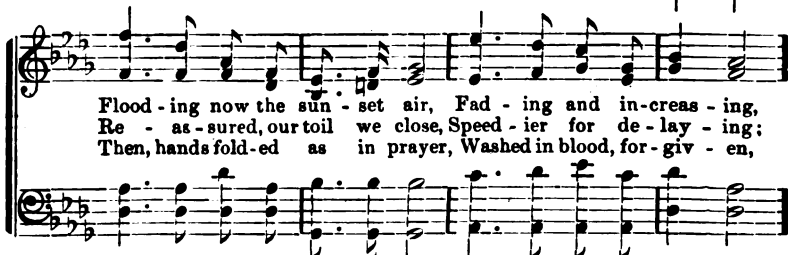
THORO HARRIS.



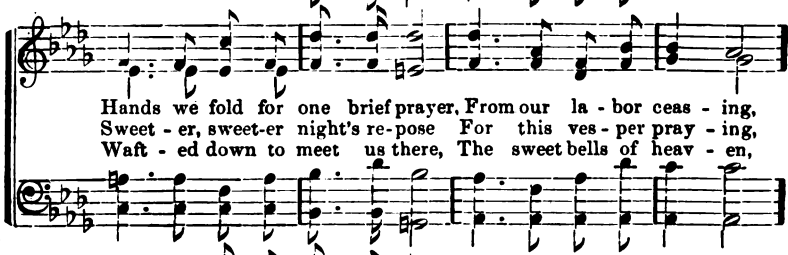
1. Hark! it is the an - ge - lus, With soft ca - dence steal - ing;  
 2. Wea - ry is earth's fre - quent lot, Crowd - ed be - yond bear - ing;  
 3. And when sounds night's an - ge - lus, All our la - bors end - ed,



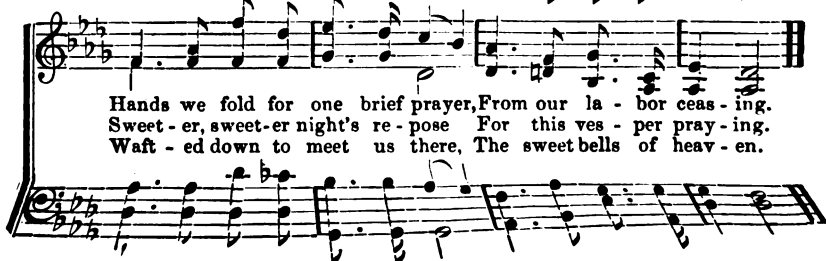
Rea - pitsweet it brings to us, And a ho - ly feel - ing.  
 Ah, what com - fort in the tho't! God that lot is shar - ing.  
 Be the set - ting sun to us As some vis - ion splen - did.



Flood - ing now the sun - set air, Fad - ing and in - creas - ing,  
 Re - as - sured, our toil we close, Speed - ier for de - lay - ing;  
 Then, hands fold - ed as in prayer, Washed in blood, for - giv - en,



Hands we fold for one brief prayer, From our la - bor ceas - ing,  
 Sweet - er, sweet - er night's re - pose For this ves - per pray - ing,  
 Waft - ed down to meet us there, The sweet bells of heav - en,

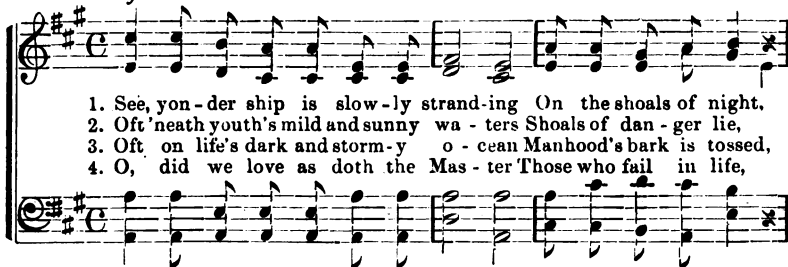


Hands we fold for one brief prayer, From our la - bor ceas - ing.  
 Sweet - er, sweet - er night's re - pose For this ves - per pray - ing.  
 Waft - ed down to meet us there, The sweet bells of heav - en.

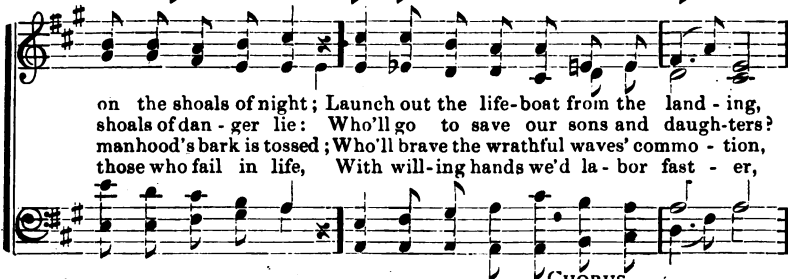
F. E. BELDEN.

*Con fuoco.*

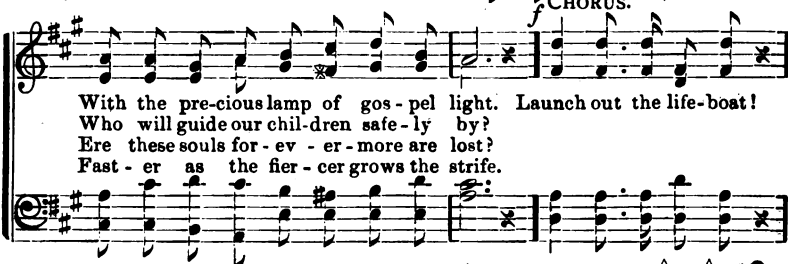
THORO HARRIS.



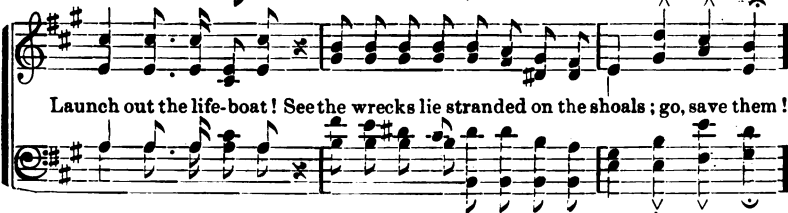
1. See, yon-der ship is slow-ly strand-ing On the shoals of night,  
 2. Oft 'neath youth's mild and sunny wa - ters Shoals of dan - ger lie,  
 3. Oft on life's dark and storm-y o - cean Manhood's bark is tossed,  
 4. O, did we love as doth the Mas - ter Those who fail in life,



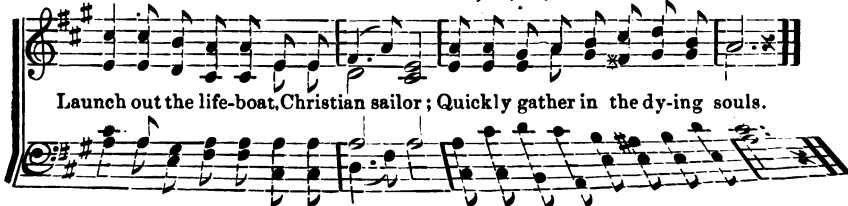
on the shoals of night; Launch out the life-boat from the land - ing,  
 shoals of dan - ger lie: Who'll go to save our sons and daugh-ters?  
 manhood's bark is tossed; Who'll brave the wrathful waves' commo - tion,  
 those who fail in life, With will-ing hands we'd la - bor fast - er,



**CHORUS.**  
 With the pre-cious lamp of gos - pel light. Launch out the life-boat!  
 Who will guide our chil-dren safe-ly by?  
 Ere these souls for - ev - er - more are lost?  
 Fast - er as the fier - cer grows the strife.



Launch out the life-boat! See the wrecks lie stranded on the shoals; go, save them!



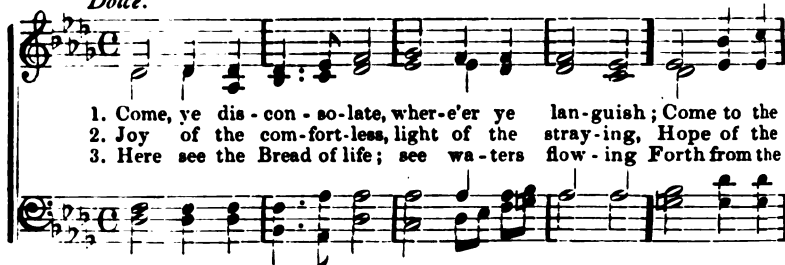
Launch out the life-boat, Christian sailor; Quickly gather in the dy-ing souls.



# 307 Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11. 10.

THOS. MOORE.  
*Dolce.*

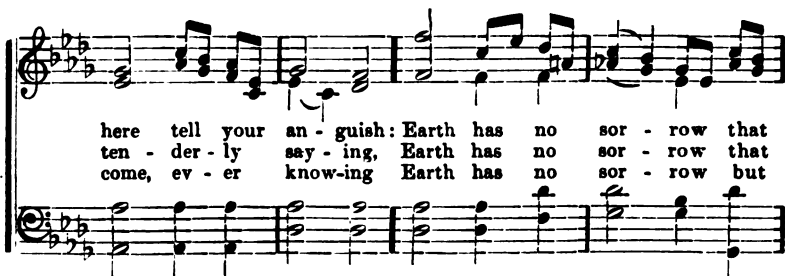
THORO HARRIS.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the  
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
3. Here see the Bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the



mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,  
pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;



here tell your an-guish: Earth has no sor-row that  
ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that  
come, ev-er know-ing Earth has no sor-row but



[STANZAS 1, 2.] [LAST STANZA.] *rit.* . . .  
heav'n can-not heal. heav'n can re-move.  
heav'n can-not cure.

T. H.

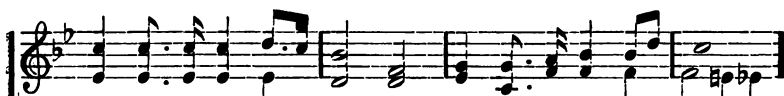
THOMAS HARRIS.



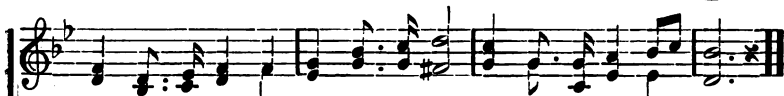
1. Come to the ark of ref - uge, Come to the place of rest;
2. Come to the Heart that loves you, Come to the soul's true home;
3. Christ is the soul's sure ref - uge, When breaks the world's last blast;



Safe in this qui - et har - bor, Naught can your peace mo - lest.  
 Come while the Lord in - vites you, Come while there yet is room.  
 He will pro - tect his chil - dren, Till all is o - ver - past.



Come with your guilt to Je - sus, He will your soul set free;  
 Tell him thy ev - 'ry sor - row, Naught from his ear with - hold;  
 When storms without are rag - ing, Rest still, nor be a - fraid;

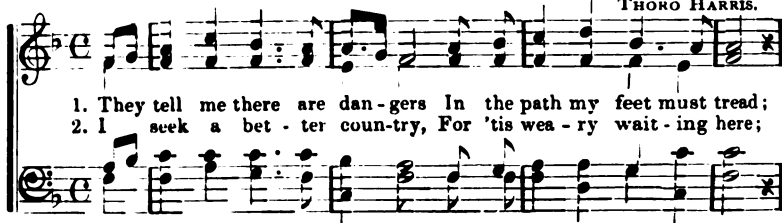


He'll cleanse from sin without and with - in; Christ will your portion be.  
 Bring him thy grief, he'll send quick re - lief, Whose love can ne'er be told.  
 Look to the Lord, and hope in his word; Trust, and be un - dis - mayed.

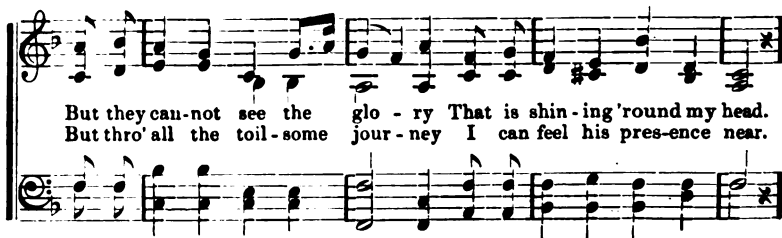


## The Wide, Wide World.

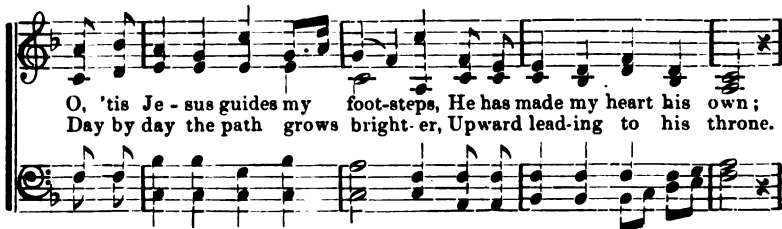
THORO HARRIS.



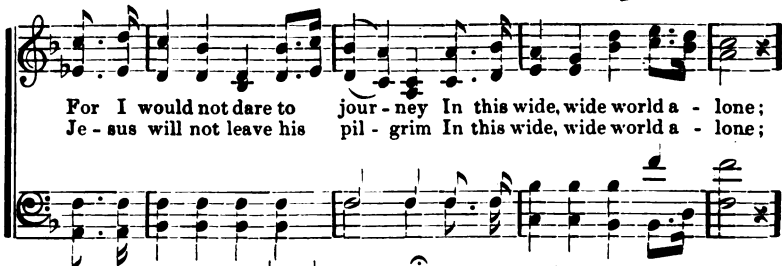
1. They tell me there are dan-gers In the path my feet must tread;  
2. I seek a bet-ter coun-try, For 'tis wea-ry wait-ing here;



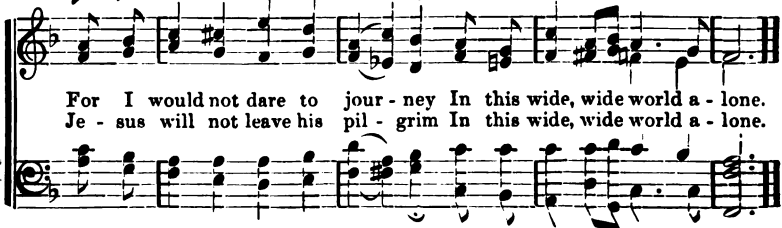
But they can-not see the glo-ry That is shin-ing 'round my head.  
But thro' all the toil-some jour-ney I can feel his pres-ence near.



O, 'tis Je-sus guides my foot-steps, He has made my heart his own;  
Day by day the path grows bright-er, Upward lead-ing to his throne.



For I would not dare to jour-ney In this wide, wide world a-lone;  
Je-sus will not leave his pil-grim In this wide, wide world a-lone;



For I would not dare to jour-ney In this wide, wide world a-lone.  
Je-sus will not leave his pil-grim In this wide, wide world a-lone.

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D.

THORO HARRIS.

1. O Paradise, O Paradise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek that  
 2. O Par-a-dise, O Paradise, This world is growing old; Who would not beat  
 3. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, We long to sin no more; We long to be as  
 4. O Par-a-dise, O Paradise, We shall not wait for long; E'en now the loving  
 5. Lord Jesus, King of Par-a-dise, O keep us in thy love, And guide us to that

happy land, Who would not seek that happy land Where they that lov'd are blest?  
 rest and free, Who would not beat rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?  
 pure on earth, We long to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore,  
 ear may catch, E'en now the loving ear may catch Faint fragments of thy song;  
 hap - py land, And guide us to that hap py land Of per - fect rest a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - - - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and through In God's most ho - ly sight.

## 311

## The Quiet Hour. 11. 10.

When I awake, I am still with thee.—PSA. 139: 18.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh  
 2. As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean The im-age of the  
 3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber, Its closing eye looks  
 4. So shall it be at last in that bright morning, When the world waketh

and the shadows flee; Fair-er than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
 morning star doth rest, So in this still-ness thou be-holdest on-ly  
 up to thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose be-neath thy wings o'ershading,  
 and earth's shadows flee; O, in that hour, fairer than day-light dawn-ing,

[STANZAS 1-3.]

[FINAL STANZA.]

Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.  
 Thine im-age in the waters of my breast.  
 But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.  
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee. A - MEN.

## 312

## Majestic Sweetness. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNET.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow;  
 2. No mor-tal can with him com-pare A-mong the sons of men;  
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief;  
 4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have;  
 5. To heav'n, the place of his a-bode, He brings my wea-ry f-et;  
 6. Since from his boun-ty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine,

## Majestic Sweetness. Concluded.

His head with ra - dant light is crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
 Fair - er is he than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train.  
 For me he bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief.  
 He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, He saves me from the grave.  
 Shows me the glo - ries of my God, And makes my joy com-plete.  
 Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine.

## 313 How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Arr. and partly composed by E. S. L.

1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true, and so  
 2. So pa - tient, so kindly, Tow'rd all of my ways; I blun - der so  
 3. Of all friends the fair - est And tru - est is he; His love is the  
 4. His beau - ty, tho' bleeding And cir - cled with thorns, Is then most ex -

### REFRAIN.

gracious, I've found him to be; How can I but love him? But  
 blind-ly, He love still re - pays;  
 rar - est That ev - er can be.  
 ceed-ing: For grief Him a - dorns.

love him, but love him? There's no friend above him, Poor sinner, for thee.

From "GOSPEL TEMPERANCE HYMNAL."

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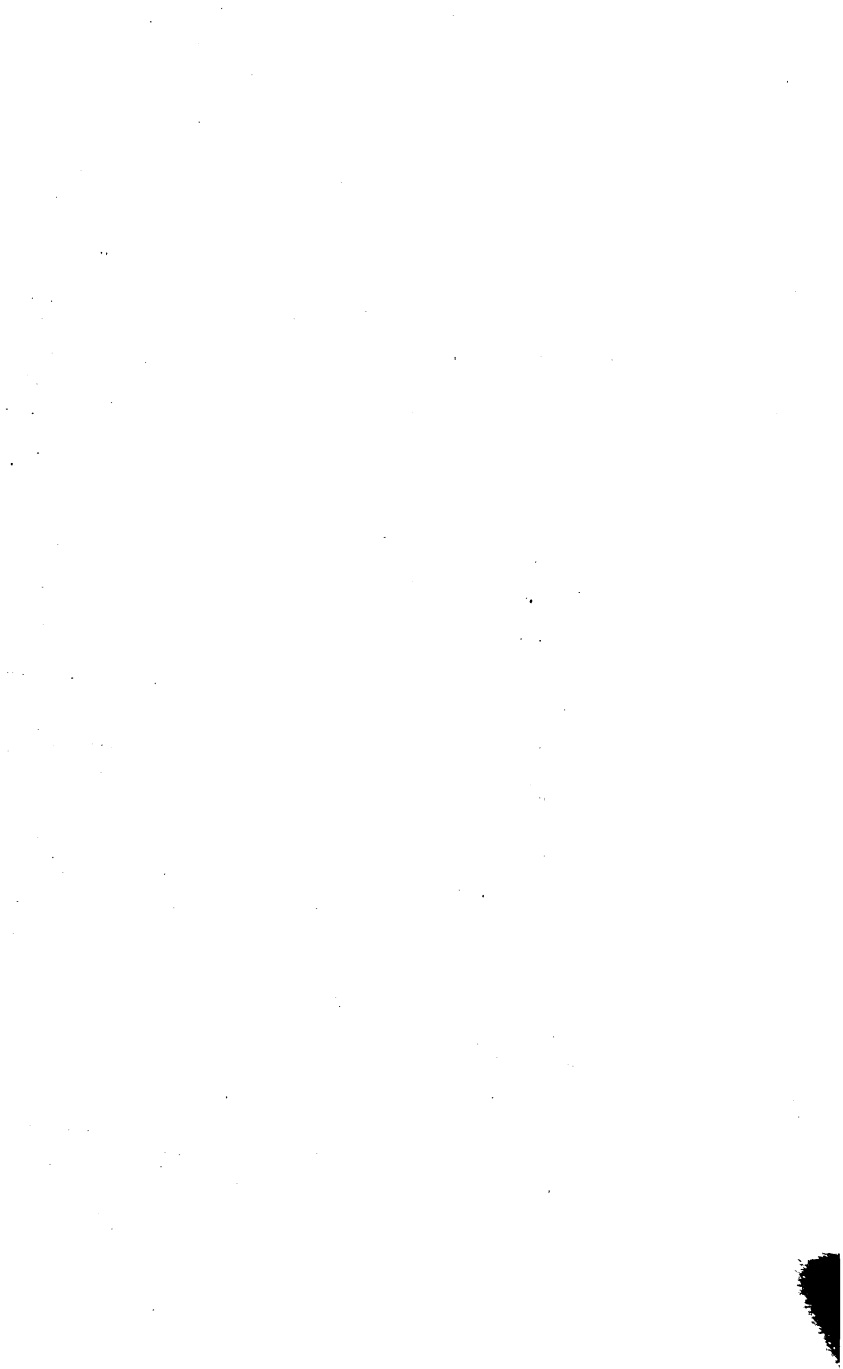
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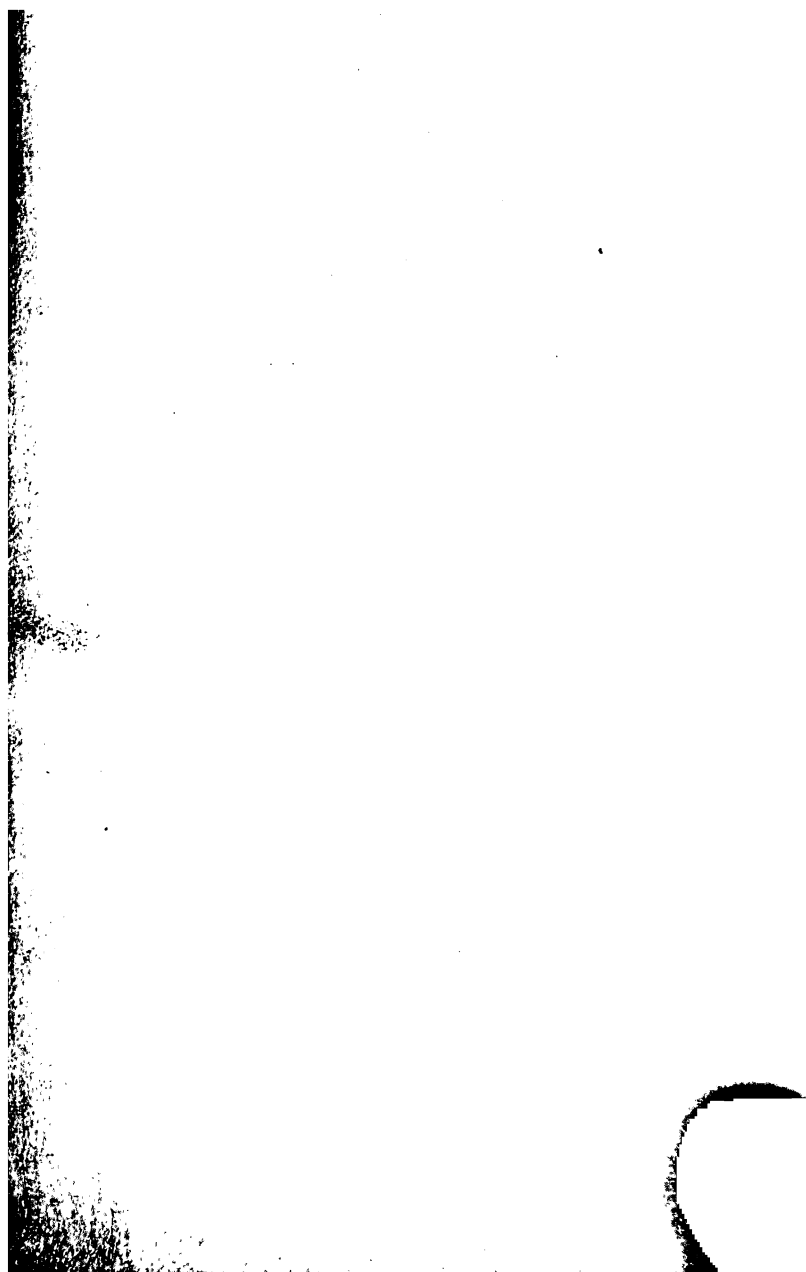


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